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MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTÈS,

(MADAME JUNOT.)

VOL. VIII.

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LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1835.

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Jun/Jun/mem
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OF THE

DUCHESS D'ABRANTES

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Commencement of the year 1813—The continental coalition—The Tugend-Band—The proclamation from Hartwell—A lesson from a pupil to his master—The Prince Royal of Sweden—Prussia joins the continental alliance and declares war against France—Military position of Europe—The Emperor's departure from Paris—The Imperial Family at Dresden—Erfurt—The battle of Weissenfeld—The defiles of Poserna—Marshal Bessières killed—Battle of Lutzen—Napoleon visits the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus—The King of Saxony and Prince Eugene—Scene between the Emperor and M. Metternich—Count and Countess Bertrand—The Prince Royal of Sweden joins the Allies.

THE sixth continental coalition was now formed against France. The Emperor had, perhaps, provoked the total defection of Prussia by his ill-judged rejection of the propositions addressed, on the 6th of February, by M. Hardenberg to Count de Saint

Marsan, our minister at Berlin. These propositions had for their object to make the King of Prussia a pacificator between the two Emperors:—not that the King was in any degree more friendly to France than heretofore, but he had suffered so severely during our wars with Russia, that he deemed it prudent to prevent another victory like that of Friedland, and another defeat like the last campaign of Moscow. Therefore, the court of Berlin, and especially the King, were perfectly sincere, when, in February 1813, they offered their mediation.

Two circumstances of little importance prevented it being accepted, and induced Napoleon to place but little faith in this friendly proposition, the protecting air of which was certainly ill calculated to please him.

Every one knows that, after the battle of Jena, the Emperor Napoleon received overtures from the famous association called the *Tugend-Band*, (the union of virtue). This association, which had already assumed a formidable character, invited Napoleon to emancipate Germany, and to confer on her representative and liberal institutions. The Emperor committed the impolitic error of refusing; and his refusal was attended by two fatal results to himself and to France. The first was to convert into an implacable and powerful enemy, a force which in his hands might have become the lever of the north of Europe, by placing at his disposal all the youth of Germany. The *Tugend-Band* had greatly augmented its power since the battle of

Jena. The cabinet of Berlin was under the influence of that association, and was its organ in important circumstances: it had been instrumental in determining King William to depart for Breslau, where other interests were to come under discussion. The *Tugend-Band* thus became the enemy of Napoleon through his refusal to espouse its cause. On learning that the King of Prussia was at Breslau, Napoleon smiled with an expression which enabled those, who observed him, to guess what was passing in his mind.—The note communicated to M. de Saint-Marsan was refused with some offensive remark. There were two causes which at that time urged the Emperor to a sort of half-revealed hostility towards Prussia:—the certainty he supposed he possessed of the treason of the cabinet of Berlin; and, on the other hand, the extreme confidence he reposed in the cabinet of Vienna.

In 1813 and even I may say in the beginning of 1814, the Powers of Europe entertained no intention of re-establishing the Bourbons on the throne of St. Louis. In the circles in which I mixed in Paris, I every day heard conversations in which the dangers of France were freely discussed; but the possibility of the Bourbons being brought back by the Allies was never thought of or alluded to. At length the famous proclamation of Louis XVIII was circulated on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany by English cruizers. This proclamation was ably written, like every thing which emanated from the pen of Louis XVIII. I cannot describe

the astonishment it excited in France—in Paris particularly!

The exiles of Hartwell had been forsaken and even forgotten by the English ministers since the year 1811. The efforts and the gold of the cabinet of St. James's had been tried in another quarter. But seeing all the advantage that might be derived from a diversion in favour of the deposed Bourbon family, Lord Liverpool joyfully embraced the scheme. It succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, and proved the death blow of Napoleon. The reverses of Russia might have been repaired. The affection of a great people would still have furnished their sovereign with immense resources; but ere Napoleon could ask for proofs of that affection, there suddenly rose up before him an unknown enemy. This enemy appeared like a man rising from the grave, to a multitude of persons who had abandoned the white flag, sincerely believing its cause to be lost for ever. Napoleon, who for fifteen years had occupied the throne of France, his claim to which was legitimately acquired by his services and the voice of the people, now heard the appalling words *Usurper!* and *Legitimacy!*—That which he justly regarded as the rightful inheritance of his son, was now about to be wrested from him in the name of the old cause, which he had every reason to believe was lost and forgotten. This new adversary was more fearful than all the rest.

About this period, March 1813, a great deal

was said about a letter written to the Emperor by the Prince Royal of Sweden. This letter was said to be a sort of lesson read by the pupil to his master; and it was very well known that that master had no inclination to take advice even from those he loved. Consequently, he regarded the demand made to him by Bernadotte to give peace to Europe, as an offence of the gravest kind. Bernadotte was evidently seeking a pretext for a complete rupture with France. He must have known Napoleon well enough to be assured of the effect to be produced on him by advice conveyed in the shape of remonstrance.

Meanwhile, Prussia declared war against France and proclaimed her accession to the treaty of continental alliance. We were then in a terrible position! The army commanded by Prince Eugene, which constituted our principal force, did not amount to two thousand men—veteran troops! The viceroy performed prodigies during the time he remained without aid, and almost without hope, surrounded only by allies ready to desert our cause and dissatisfied troops. We were still in possession of Magdeburgh; the Viceroy's head-quarters were at Stassfurth near Halberstadt; and Rapp, who was shut up in Dantzick, maintained himself like a hero.—Junot had departed for the Illyrian Provinces and Venice, for the English threatened the coast of all that part of the south, and the Emperor saw, in the hour of danger, the advantage of sending thither a man devoted to him like his old friend. Berlin was occupied by

the cossacks.—The new city of Dresden was taken by the Prussians. Hamburgh was evacuated, and the forces of the French army, though formidable in appearance, were not calculated to inspire confidence in men capable of appreciating them.

The Emperor's departure, which took place on the 15th of April, caused a deep sensation in the city of Paris. On all previous occasions his departure had never given rise to apprehension. Victory had ever been faithful to him!—But Fortune had ceased to smile, and alarm had taken the place of confidence. News was looked for with a mingled feeling of impatience and fear. It was known that negociations were opened;—but what would be their result!

The Imperial family assembled at Dresden. The Emperor of Austria, the best of men and most affectionate of fathers, was happy to see his daughter again, and above all to see her happy; for so she certainly was. At that time the Emperor Francis was not inclined to go to war. Austria was no doubt eager to repair her losses, and especially to make amends for the vast misfortunes which had beset her since 1805. Thus, in 1808, the cabinet of Vienna proposed to that of St. Petersburgh the triple alliance of Austria, Prussia, and Russia; which proposition was rejected. But, in 1813, if Napoleon had consented to restore the Illyrian Provinces and some other conquests useless to France, but important to Austria, the latter Power would have been, what natural and political laws have ordained she should be—our faithful ally.

But, unfortunately, Napoleon made no concession to a power whose existence he would never acknowledge, viz:—Necessity! that sovereign beneath whose iron sceptre the proudest and most powerful potentates must bow their heads.

Napoleon having left Paris on the 15th of April, arrived at Mentz on the 17th, and on the 25th reached Erfurt, a place which could not fail to revive painful recollections of his meeting with that sovereign who addressed him by the name of brother, and on the fidelity of whose alliance he thought he might count. He remained a few days at Erfurt, and then proceeded to his head-quarters.

The battle of Weissenfeld was fought on the 29th of April. Our advanced guard, composed entirely of infantry, for we had no cavalry since the disasters of Moscow, defeated the Russian advanced guard, which was composed entirely of cavalry. Alas! this partial triumph was the precursor of a sad reverse of fortune.

The ground was disputed foot by foot. Napoleon was well aware that the issue of the campaign depended on its opening. The enemy was also convinced that to be driven back upon the Vistula, after having crossed it, would be a repulse from which he never could recover. The conflict, therefore, was obstinate on both sides, and every little skirmish was attended with vast bloodshed.

General Wittgenstein commanded a numerous force of infantry and cavalry, with which he was instructed to defend the defile, or rather the defiles,

of Poserna. A formidable artillery force augmented the strength of this position, which, nevertheless, Napoleon resolved to carry. This was on the eve of the battle of Bautzen, and Napoleon made choice of Bessières for the dangerous enterprise.

Bessières was one of those sincere and devoted friends on whom the Emperor could confidently depend: his attachment to Napoleon was, I think, more deeply rooted than that of Lannes, who, though he loved the Emperor, was far from cherishing for him that devotedness which distinguished Junot, Bessières, Duroc, and some others. This, I think, Napoleon was aware of.

On opening the campaign of 1813, the Emperor gave a marked proof of his confidence and favour to Bessières: he made him commander-in-chief of all the cavalry of the army—an appointment usually given to the King of Naples. On the 1st of May, the Marshal, seeing the defiles of Poserna so formidably defended, and knowing how important it was for the French army to gain possession of them, entered the defile of Rippach, which was more strongly defended than the rest, and advanced, sword in hand, at the head of the tirailleurs, whom he encouraged at once by his words and his example. The heights were carried, the enemy was routed and we were in possession of the defile. At this moment Bessières, who was always the first to fly in the face of danger, received a fatal wound. A ball entered his breast, and he breathed his last before he could be fully aware of the glory that attended his death.

His aides-de-camp, and those immediately about him, for a time concealed the event from the knowledge of the army. A cloak was thrown over the body, and the Emperor was the only person made acquainted with the misfortune. The intelligence overwhelmed him. Bessières' death was an immense loss to Napoleon; he felt it both as a sovereign and a friend. That same night the Emperor wrote these few lines to the Duchess of Istria: "Your husband has perished for France—and he closed without pain his glorious life."

After this first disastrous loss, a triumph, though won with blood-stained laurels, was ostentatiously announced by the French journals. This was the battle of Lutzen. Napoleon probably wished to revive the recollection of Gustavus Adolphus, who died and was interred at Lutzen. The Emperor arrived at the latter place on the night of the 1st of May. His spirits were deeply depressed. The death of Bessières, which had happened only a few hours before, and which he was constrained to conceal;—the critical circumstances in which he was placed, all tended to cast a gloom on every surrounding object. Napoleon was not usually influenced by external circumstances; but here the moral effect produced a re-action. He visited the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, and there, in the silence of night, during the interval between the loss of a beloved friend and the gaining of a victory, Napoleon experienced impressions, which, by his own acknowledgement, appeared to him a sort of revelation. Be this as it may, the battle of Lutzen was

gained by a sort of phenomenon, or an inspiration of the Emperor's genius, which a mind like his might naturally attribute to a sort of predestination.

The battle of Lutzen, in the opinion of persons more competent to judge of it than I am, was one of Napoleon's finest military achievements. " This is like one of our Egyptian battles," said he, as he surveyed the ground—" we have infantry and artillery, but no cavalry,—gentlemen, we must not spare ourselves here !" He afterwards remarked, " I have gained the battle of Lutzen like the General-in-chief of the army of Italy, and the army of Egypt !" In the utmost heat of the action Napoleon alighted from his horse, and, to use his own words, he *did not spare himself*. Whole batteries were carried by bayonet charges.

In the meanwhile Prince Eugene, by a skilful and well-executed march, had opened the gates of Dresden to the good King of Saxony. This was the last exploit of the viceroy's brilliant campaign. Unfortunately Napoleon required his services in Italy. He returned thither on the 12th of May—the very day on which the King of Saxony re-entered his capital. On the 18th of May, Eugene was in Milan. By his intelligence and activity he raised a new army, and that army was fighting in Germany in the month of August following. It consisted of forty-five thousand infantry, and two thousand cavalry. All this partakes of the miraculous ; within the space of eleven months the army of Italy furnished nearly ninety thousand troops—forty thou-

sand at the beginning of 1812 ; twenty thousand in the autumn; and twenty-eight thousand at the end of March 1813. These latter, commanded by General Bertrand, joined the army of Germany on the very day of the battle of Lutzen. The departure of Prince Eugene made a deep impression on Austria. She regarded it, though perhaps unjustly, as a proof of distrust ; and at that moment, when she openly assumed the character of armed mediatress, she felt her dignity wounded.

Napoleon had a conference with Count Metternich, for at that time he had not been elevated to the dignity of Prince. The conversation was warmly maintained, and there appeared reason to apprehend that something unpleasant might ensue. The Emperor began to lose all self-command. He advanced towards M. de Metternich, speaking in an elevated tone of voice, and by a sudden motion of his arm, he struck the hat which M. de Metternich held in his hand, and it fell to the ground. Napoleon saw this, and appeared a little disconcerted at the accident. The interlocutors continued walking about ; M. de Metternich maintained his *sang-froid*, and took no notice of the hat.

This circumstance, so trivial in itself, had its influence on the mind of Napoleon ; he became preoccupied, and looked at the unfortunate hat every time he passed it, in a way that showed he was not a little vexed at his own warmth.

" What will he do ?" thought M. de Metternich, who was fully resolved to go away without his hat, rather than stoop to take it up. After two or three

turns up and down the room, the Emperor, by an artful manœuvre, managed to pass quite close to the hat, so that it came precisely in his way. He then gave it a gentle kick with his foot, *picked it up*, and carefully laid it on a chair which stood near him. In this little affair, so insignificant in itself, Napoleon showed all the address and presence of mind which he so well knew how to exercise in matters of greater importance.

Whilst the army of Italy was engaged in opposing the Russians, the most active communications were maintained between France and Austria. Count Louis de Narbonne, and M. de Caulaincourt, both of whom were very anxious to bring about peace, to which they were likewise convinced Russia was not averse, were appointed to negotiate on the part of France.

The battle of Bautzen was fought on the 21st of May. On the 2nd of May, the day on which the battle of Lutzen was gained, Napoleon had remarked: "We shall conquer about three o'clock this afternoon." A similar prediction preceded the victory of Bautzen. But what torrents of bloodshed sullied our laurels! Our loss was immense, though inferior to that of the Russians and Prussians. The Emperor, on his part, acknowledged the loss of twenty thousand men. Nevertheless the advantage attending the victory was immense. It rendered us masters of all the roads leading to Silesia, and thus opened to us the heart of Prussia. Another important advantage attending it, was that it conferred on Napoleon a new baptism of glory,

which represented him to the world as the first captain of every age. His reputation for superior genius received, by the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, a warrant of which nothing can henceforth deprive it.

The death of the excellent Bessières produced in Paris a general feeling of depression and alarm. There prevailed a degree of apprehension which succeeding events speedily justified. The arrival of every estafette was looked for with mingled impatience and dread. Junot's situation in Illyria and Venice relieved me from all anxiety on his account. He had nothing to fear but the landing of the English—an operation which they could only effect partially, and by small parties at a time. I felt no alarm whatever. General Bertrand, whom Junot had succeeded in Illyria, came with the Countess to see me on his return, and set my mind perfectly at rest as to Junot's safety and happiness. Madame Bertrand, whom I had scarcely seen before this visit, made a very pleasing impression on me. She is a lively, intelligent, and graceful woman. The general, whom I had known long, assured me that he thought Junot's residence in the Illyrian provinces was calculated to advance his interests in every way.

A piece of intelligence, which was at this time circulated, considerably augmented the inquietude excited by the state of public affairs. This was the junction of the Prince Royal of Sweden with the coalition of the allies. On the 18th of May, he had landed at Stralsund with thirty thousand Swedes.

This, on the part of Bernadotte, was an absolute treason to his country, which nothing can ever obliterate. At Stralsund, he assembled, under his own command, an army of a hundred and forty thousand men, consisting of Russians, Prussians, and Swedes. This was the army which, after having beaten Marshal Ney at Dumewitz, as well as the brave Oudinot, saved Berlin, by preventing Napoleon from profiting by the advantage gained at Dresden.

The battle of Bautzen, as I have stated above, was fought on the 21st of May. The banks of the Spree, accustomed to our triumphs, once more saw our eagles put to flight the vultures of the north. But the want of cavalry disabled our troops from continuing their pursuit of the enemy. We were compelled to abandon the important results which the victory would have secured to us, merely because we could not overtake the miserable Russian cavalry, which, without venturing to approach us, galloped about in the plain, pillaging the farms, and capturing straggling prisoners.

CHAPTER II.

Evening amusements—A visit from Lavalette—Duroc's letter—His death—The young Duchess of Frioul—The King of Naples—His alarm respecting the English—He rejoins Napoleon—Treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden—Defection of Prussia—Junot at Gorizia—The three hundred Croatians—Death of General Thomières—Savary's inquisitorial visit to me—General Moreau arrives in Europe—Meets the Allied Sovereigns at Prague—Engages to direct the operations of the campaign—The Emperor Alexander—General J———. —The two renegades—Moreau's death—His remains conveyed to St. Petersburgh.

PARIS was deserted. Those ladies whose husbands were absent with the army had set off to their country seats, or to the different watering places, and none remained in the capital except those, who like myself, had peremptory reasons for not leaving it. I was then four months and a half advanced in pregnancy.

A little circle of friends assembled at my house every evening. We amused ourselves with conversation, music, or billiards. Some of the company would employ themselves in drawing, for there was a table covered with albums, colours and pencils:

and sometimes the ladies would sit down to embroidery frames, of which I had several in my drawing-room. The library adjoined the billiard-room, and those who wished to read could examine a fine collection of books. At midnight tea was served up, and along with it a *pâté de Strasbourg*, a *terrine de Nerac*, and a cold chicken, and we supped. This was to me the most pleasant part of the day.

One evening (I shall never forget it) Lavalette came to see me. I observed with astonishment that he looked gloomy and chagrined, he who was always so cheerful and good-humoured.

"Heavens!" exclaimed I, "what is the matter? You look as melancholy as if you had come from a funeral."

Alas! how could I unthinkingly utter such a word! Lavalette changed colour. He put his hand into his bosom, and drew out a letter. It was from the grand army, and was in the hand writing of Duroc.

"Ah!" said I, "a thousand thanks for this. I have not had news for so long a time!"

I broke open the letter; it had been written at two separate times, and so rapidly that it was scarcely legible. He had begun to write to me on the eve of the battle of Bautzen, and had finished the letter next day—so at least I may imagine.

I had read my letter over for the third time, when I turned to shew it to Lavalette, for it contained some charming observations relative to the Emperor, which I wished him to see. To my sur-

prise, Lavalette was gone, and I was informed that he had departed much agitated. I took no particular notice of the circumstance, and retired to bed without any presentiment of the sad tidings that were in reserve for me.

Duroc's letter was as follows :—

" It is ten o'clock at night, and though I am ex-
" hausted with fatigue, I cannot allow the es-
" tafette to depart, without sending you a few lines,
" for it is very long since I wrote to you. But you
" will not accuse me of neglect, for you know all the
" friendship I cherish for you. I yesterday received
" a letter from Junot, which I will reply to when I
" have a moment's leisure. But in the meanwhile,
" until I can write to him, assure him that the Em-
" peror is satisfied with him, and is *still attached to*
" *him.*—Poor Junot! He is like me ; the Emperor's
" friendship is as dear to us as our lives. I cannot
" bear to see the Emperor's grief. The death of
" Bessières has completely overwhelmed him. Our
" friend is happy to be so regretted, and yet, never-
" theless, if I thought I were to be so deeply de-
" plored, I should be sorry for it. Why should we
" add to the Emperor's distresses ?

" Another victory !—It seems as though a happy
" presentiment had prevented me from closing my
" letter. This victory is one of the most brilliant
" events in the military career of Napoleon. You
" may tell this without reserve. Adieu ! Write to
" me. I am very anxious to hear from you.

" DUROC."

Next morning, before ten o'clock, M. de Lavalette again called on me. On recollecting his agitated manner the night before, a sinister idea crossed my mind, I thought of Illyria, and running to meet him as soon as he entered, I exclaimed :—

" What has happened to Junot ?"

" Nothing," he replied : and seating himself beside me he took both my hands in his, and said in that feeling manner, so peculiarly his own :—

" My dearest friend, we have sustained a great misfortune, for it is a misfortune common to us all." Then after a pause, as if fearful to utter the fatal words, he added : " Duroc is dead !"

I uttered a piercing shriek. " Yes," continued he, " Duroc is dead. He was killed at the battle of Ripenbach, or rather by one of those fatalities which Providence is pleased to inflict upon us—after the battle was ended !"

He then informed me that Duroc, standing behind the Emperor, in conversation with General Kirschner was killed by the rebound of a ball, which was fired from so great a distance, that it was inconceivable how it should have taken effect. It did so, however, but too fatally, for the second rebound inflicted Duroc's death blow.

This event deeply affected the Emperor. He followed the Duke de Frioul to a cottage, to which he was conveyed, in the village of Marksdorff, at the entrance of which the fatal occurrence took place. Duroc, who was scarcely able to breathe, was laid on a bed, and a sheet was thrown over him. On seeing the Emperor so deeply moved, he said :—

" Sire, leave this scene I entreat you; it is too much for your feelings. I consign my family to your care."

Duroc was one of those rare men who are but sparingly sent into the world. He was universally beloved and esteemed, and the favour, which the Emperor bestowed on him, never excited envy. His death was an irreparable loss to Napoleon. Duroc had lived with him for thirteen years on relations of intimacy, which showed the sovereign only in the character of the friend. These relations certainly were not in their nature similar to those which had existed between the Emperor and Junot: the latter had their origin during an unfortunate period of the life of Napoleon. He had suffered with Junot, and suffered even the want of the necessaries of life. The troubles which claimed the confidence and the sympathy of Duroc were very different from those of the dismissed general of 1795. There are deep and abstract mysteries of the human heart, which would be difficult to explain without deeply mortifying the dignity of man.

Duroc married a Spanish lady, Mademoiselle Hervas d'Almenara, with whom he received a large fortune. The issue of this marriage was an only daughter, whom the Emperor permitted to inherit her father's title, a favour exclusively extended to her. The young Duchess was eminently endowed with her father's amiable and noble qualities of mind.

I have already mentioned that I had many friends at Naples, attached to the court of the Queen and

King Joachim; and I received from them, about this time, letters which surprised me strangely. The King, I was informed, had received from the Emperor orders to rejoin him in Germany, and it was reported even in the interior of the palace, that Joachim refused to go. I may here briefly relate the circumstances which followed the inexplicable departure of the King of Naples, when he abandoned the French at Posen on the 17th of January, 1813.

Murat, doubtless, behaved badly to the Emperor; but a fact which I can certify, because I have proofs of it in my possession, is that a conspiracy formed in the bosom of his family was the sole cause of his first faults. It was likewise a very artfully contrived scheme, which occasioned his precipitate departure from Posen on the 17th of January. Unfounded alarms were raised in the mind of Joachim relative to the designs of the English on his dominions. Urgent messages were dispatched to him with the intelligence, that an English fleet was in sight of the coast of Calabria, and that preparations were making for a landing. This intelligence, together with letters from the Queen, induced him suddenly to leave his head-quarters at Posen. He set off accompanied by his aide-de-camp General Rosetti, and hurried to Naples, in a state of anxiety which almost deprived him of the power of sleeping or taking food. Sometimes he would rub his head, and wildly exclaim:

"The English!—The English!—Rosetti; you will see that when we get to Florence, we shall find

they have landed, and that they are masters of Calabria!"

Instead of repairing to Naples, he proceeded to Caserte, where the Queen and her family then were. The lady who furnished me with these particulars, was at that time at Caserte, in the exercise of her court duty. She assured me that the first interview between Joachim and Caroline was exceedingly cold and constrained; and that violent scenes ensued after the King's return. On the very day after the arrival of Murat, the Duke de ——— who was attached to the service of the Queen, received orders to quit the court, and in the course of a few days he was exiled. Several punishments of a similar kind were inflicted.

Murat rejoined the Emperor during the armistice of Plewitz. Napoleon gave him the command of the right wing of the army on the day of the battle of Dresden. From that time to the moment of his departure for Italy, which was after the battle of Leipsic, his conduct was worthy of what he had shewn himself to be when with the army of Italy and the army of Egypt. He seemed anxious to prove that he had no wish to spare his blood in the service of the Emperor.

Our ill-fortune in Spain produced a fatal influence in the north, in spite of the presence of Napoleon. The combined disasters of Russia and the Peninsula inspired our adversaries with renewed confidence. Alliances were signed against us in all quarters. The treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden gave to the coalition an army of two

hundred and fifty thousand men, and yet at the commencement of the campaign, England was so destitute of financial resources, that she could not grant subsidies.

About this time I received a letter from Junot, dated Gorizia. He had set out on a long journey along the shore of the Adriatic; but the information he received led him to apprehend that the English would effect a landing at Fiume. He immediately returned to Gorizia; and accordingly on the 5th of July the English really presented themselves before Fiume, with a small squadron, consisting of an eighty gun ship and several smaller vessels filled with English troops. The ships fired on the city, and after a short resistance, which was abridged by the defection of some Croatian troops, the English effected a landing. Junot received this intelligence at the moment when he was assailed with the first symptoms of his fatal illness. However, he was still himself, and he wrote to the Emperor rendering an account of the affair as follows:

"I shall order the arrest of the three hundred "Croatians who evaded fighting, and bring them "to a court martial. They deserve to be all shot, "but I will decimate them by lot, in order to awe "them the more. Officers or men, there shall be "no distinction ...."

He felt it necessary to take vigorous measures for repressing insurrectionary movements in the conquered provinces.

I was still in Paris, and exceedingly ill; I also suffered greatly from distress of mind, owing to the afflicting loss sustained by my dear friend, Madame Thomières, who had been a providence to me during my troubles in Spain in 1811. Her presentiments proved well founded. Her husband died in Spain, where she so anxiously wished to remain with him.* I never witnessed grief so distressing as hers. She wrote to me a month or two after the event, stating that she wished to come to me to share my condolence; for she knew well that I had tears to mingle with hers. I immediately replied, that I begged her to consider my house as her own, and that I awaited her with a heart disposed to offer her every consolation. She arrived a few days afterwards, and presented a picture of the most heart-rending affliction. Her habitual gentleness was manifest even in her grief; she uttered no complaints, but shed tears in silence. Poor Agatha! — how deeply she suffered! The mother whom she worshipped—her son, yet in his infancy—all had been cruelly snatched away by death. Only her husband remained, and in him all the affection of her fond heart was centred. What must have been the effect produced on her by the words:—"Your husband is no more!" I sometimes feared that she would lose her reason. On seeing the numbers of widows and orphans, whose mourning cast a gloom over the streets of

* He was killed at the battle of Salamanca.—Thomières was a much valued friend of Junot and Lannes.

Paris, people naturally enquired when there was to be an end of all these deadly conflicts. I then, for the first time, heard murmurs raised against the Emperor; and I confess, that even I could not excuse him. Alas! the moment was at hand when the knell of my destiny was to be rung!

Napoleon was not then in Paris. There were but the Empress and one man who could have repressed the germs of revolt, which now began to show themselves. But Maria Louisa had neither strength of mind nor inclination to aid her husband in this way; and the Duke de Rovigo augmented, instead of checking the mischief. One day he called on me, and in a very rough way told me that the Emperor was much displeased with me.

"You persist in receiving his enemies," he exclaimed, "always his enemies."

I looked at him with astonishment.

"Yes," pursued he, "I say you receive the Emperor's enemies! Who, for example, is this Madame Thomières who is residing with you at this moment; and who goes about weeping, *nobody knows for why*, and saying all sorts of disrespectful things of the Emperor's government?"

I was perfectly stupified; but the Duke thinking he had convicted me, continued, "It is disgraceful to you, Madame Junot; and if your husband knew it, he would be seriously angry, in spite of the empire you may have over him."

The last remark was tinged with all the hatred which I knew Savary bore both to me and Junot.

I could read twenty of his ministerial reports in the look he darted at me.

"From all this, Monsieur le Duc," said I, "I may presume that you have written to acquaint the Emperor that my house is *filled with his enemies.* Perhaps you may have even gone so far, as to say, that meetings of royalists are held here. If you were better acquainted with the *fighting* portion of our army, you might possibly have known the name of the brave General Thomières, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Lannes. The lady who is on a visit to me is his widow. He was killed at the battle of Salamanca; and surely the tears of his unhappy widow cannot be considered criminal."

Savary declared himself perfectly astonished at having discovered an old *brother in arms* in the man whom he had supposed to be one of the *Emperor's enemies.*

"But his wife is a Vendean," resumed he after a dozen *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Buts.*

"She is not a Vendean; only she resides at Mans," replied I, tired of this ignorant inquisition.

"Well," pursued he, "I was informed that she was a Vendean. At all events it is very certain that she does not like the Emperor; for, on Thursday last, at your own table, she declared she should be very happy to hear of his death."

"Monsieur le Duc," said I bitterly, "I know very well that you have spies in my house; but I beg that you will not trouble me with all the non-

sense they may invent to mystify you. Madame Thomières never used the words you have mentioned, nor any thing resembling them. I can scarcely prevail on her to leave her apartment, and when she sits down to dinner, she never utters a word, and opens her mouth only to eat a morsel that would scarcely satisfy a bird."

"And why the devil does she not eat?" exclaimed he. "There is nothing so insufferable as those women who try to make themselves singular."

The utter want of feeling betrayed in these words almost petrified me. I could make no reply, and merely answered by a silent courtesy when Savary took his leave. That man was sincerely attached to Napoleon; yet he did him more harm than the worst of his enemies.

General Moreau, who had resided for some time in America, embarked on the 21st of June for Europe, accompanied by his wife and M. de Swinine, a person attached to the Russian embassy. Moreau returned to Europe with revenge in his heart, and a determination to wreak it, at any price, even that of honour. He landed, I think, at Gothemberg, on the 24th of July, and from thence proceeded to Prague to see the Allied Sovereigns, who awaited him with a degree of impatience which seemed to say:—*We count on you to aid us in our designs on France.*

As to him, he was happy in returning to brave the man whom he never loved, and of whom he was always jealous; and he engaged with the Allied

Sovereigns to direct the operations of the campaign. No doubt he must have felt many bitter pangs of remorse, when he beheld those national colours and those uniforms which he himself had so often led against the Austrians and Prussians. On the eve of the battle of Dresden, the Emperor Alexander came to him and said :—

" I have come to receive your commands—I am your aide-de-camp."

A Russian officer, who was present on this occasion, assured me, that when the Emperor Alexander uttered the above words, Moreau became deadly pale, and trembled so violently, that it was easy to discern the painful state of his feelings. One day he met General J...., who, owing to some cause of dissatisfaction, had left the French army, in which he had long served. Moreau, though but slightly acquainted with him, was so happy to find some one situated like himself, that he stepped up to him and took him cordially by the hand. General J...., however, withdrew his hand, and replied coolly to the greeting of Moreau, though he would probably have shot any man who might have dared to say a disrespectful word of him fifteen years before.

" It is somewhat strange," said Moreau to his fellow renegade, but with a certain degree of reserve, for he saw the other was not inclined to meet his advances, " it is strange that we should meet here under circumstances so similar."

" It is one of the whimsical decrees of fate," replied General J...., " but after all, our cases

are not so very similar; for you must know I am not a Frenchman."

Moreau heaved a deep sigh, and covering his face with his hand, he turned away and said no more. This circumstance took place three or four days before his death.

He was killed in the following manner; accompanied by the Emperor Alexander he was making a reconnaissance before Dresden. The Czar, following up his declaration of being Moreau's aide-de-camp, obliged him to pass first along a bridge, which was rather narrow. A ball fired from the French army, struck Moreau, and shattered his right knee, then after passing through the body of his horse, it carried away a part of his left leg.* Consternation prevailed throughout the Russian camp. The Czar was deeply affected. As to Moreau, he suffered a martyrdom of agony. A litter was formed, which was supported on the cossacks' pikes, and in this manner Moreau was borne from the field of battle. He was conveyed to a house where the Emperor Alexander's chief surgeon amputated his right leg. He bore the operation courageously, and when it was over, he said to the surgeon:—

"But the left, Sir, what is to be done with that?"

The surgeon looked at him with surprise.

"Yes," pursued Moreau; "what is to be done

* This happened on the 27th of August 1813. He underwent amputation, but died two days afterwards.

with this fragment of a limb? It is perfectly useless."

The surgeon replied that he feared it would be impossible to save it.

"Then cut it off," said General Moreau, coolly; and he extended his leg with a stoicism which would have been truly sublime, had he received the wound *for* his country. He suffered the most terrible agony. The Emperor Alexander was deeply afflicted at the terrible death of the man whom he had called his friend, and taken as his counsellor. He shed tears upon his death-bed.

The whole of the allied army might be said to have received a wound in the person of General Moreau. It seemed as though the ball had been multiplied, and had struck all the commanders at once. The army was beaten at every point and completely routed. The torments endured by General Moreau might almost be regarded as a retributive punishment. An aide-de camp of the Emperor Alexander informed me that he was assailed by an intolerable thirst, and that he suffered the torture of a death in the desert. He expired on the night of the 1st of September. His body was embalmed at Prague, and conveyed to St. Petersburgh, where the Czar caused it to be buried in the catholic church in that city. I think I have already mentioned, as a curious coincidence, that when Moreau's remains were on their way to St. Petersburgh, the funeral train halted for a day in Warsaw, and the body was deposited in the identical chamber in which, a few months pre-

viously, Napoleon had been lodged, and where he meditated vengeance on abandoning the ravaged plains of Russia, in which four hundred thousand Frenchmen had found their graves.

On the 28th of August the curiosity of the passengers, in one of the streets of Dresden, was attracted by the piteous howling of a dog. He was one of those English terriers so remarkable for attachment to their masters. The dog wandered about, evidently lamenting the loss of some one he loved; at length, exhausted by fatigue, he lay down at the threshold of a door; one of the passers-by, who had been interested at the sight of the poor animal's distress, observed a silver collar which he wore round his throat, and on examining it, read the words "J'appartiens au Général Moreau."

CHAPTER III.

The Duke de Rovigo—Junot's illness—The Emperor's message—My departure for Geneva — Dr. Butini—The house on the bank of the lake—Disappointed expectation—Fatal letter—My premature delivery — Junot's father and sisters—Affectionate attention of the inhabitants of Montbard—Junot's deliverance — His death—An apparition — Effect of Junot's death on the Emperor—My brother-in-law's mission — The Emperor's correspondence with Junot—The strong box—The secret lock—Violation of the laws—The gold key—My sentence of banishment—Return to Paris—A nocturnal visit — Violent scene.

THE severe shocks I had sustained by the deaths of my two valued friends, Bessières and Duroc, had produced a serious effect upon my health—but, alas! a still more dreadful stroke awaited me.

One day, as I was reclining on my sofa, after a night of sleeplessness and suffering, I was startled by the voice of my brother, who was speaking loudly in the adjoining room. In his interlocutor I fancied I recognised the voice of the Duke de Rovigo. In a moment the door was opened, and the Duke, though held back by my brother, forced his way into the room.

"Monsieur le Duc," said Albert, in an angry tone, "I tell you again, I am decidedly averse to what you propose doing. My sister is ill, and is unable to receive you at this moment."

"I come by command of the Emperor," replied the Duke, "and in his name I must have free access every where."

At these words Albert ceased to dispute his entrance, and he advanced into the room, as I have mentioned above. Albert stepped up to me, and taking both my hands in his, he said in a voice faultering with agitation:

"My beloved sister—my dear Laura—summon all your resolution, I implore you. The Duke brings you sad tidings—Junot has been attacked with a serious illness."

These words pierced me to the heart—I uttered a stifled scream, but could not articulate a single word. Albert, perceiving the thought that crossed my mind, embraced me, and said:—

"No, on my honour, nothing has happened worse than what I tell you. My dear sister, compose yourself, for the sake of your children, for the sake of Junot, I entreat you."

The suddenness of the intelligence completely overpowered me. I had received, only four days previously, a long letter from Junot, which bore not the slightest trace of the terrible illness that was now so unexpectedly disclosed to me. At length I recovered myself so far as to be able to speak, and turning to the Duke de Rovigo, I said: "Monsieur le Duc, this intrusion is not kind."

"How!" exclaimed he, "do you attack me too? I am only obeying the Emperor's commands.—Here! if you would only read what he writes to you, instead of wasting time in this way . . ."

With these words he threw into my lap a letter, containing an enclosure. This enclosure was the letter which Junot, in the first moment of his delirium, had dispatched to the Emperor by an extraordinary courier. Napoleon's note was as follows:

"Madame Junot,—See what your husband has written to me. I have been painfully affected on perusing his letter. It will sufficiently show you the state he is in, and you must immediately adopt such measures as his condition requires. Depart without a moment's delay. Junot must, by this time, be very near France, judging from what the viceroy writes to me."

The Emperor's letter dropped from my hand, and I gazed wildly at my brother and the Duc de Rovigo. I must myself have been almost bereft of reason at that moment.

The Duke, probably impatient at the prolonged silence of Albert and myself, at length said, "I have some orders from the Emperor to communicate to you." The Emperor, he said, had desired him to call on me, and make me acquainted with Junot's sudden illness, and to desire that I would set off immediately to meet him.—"But one thing on which his Majesty positively insists," pursued the Duke, "is, that you *do not bring Junot to Paris —nor even to its environs.*—These are the Emperor's positive commands."

I know not what inspired me with strength and resolution at that moment; but I rose from the sofa, and advancing to the Duke de Rovigo, I said calmly but emphatically:—

"Monsieur le Duc, you have taken upon you a mission which ill becomes an old comrade, I will not say a friend, for you never were Junot's friend."

Albert made a sign to entreat me to be silent.

"No, brother," I continued, "I will speak; I must give utterance to the feelings that oppress me."

"Oh! if you are going to make a scene, I shall wish you good morning," said Savary, opening the door to depart; but by a movement more rapid than his, I drew him back, and closed the door.

"You shall not go, Sir," said I, "until you have explained to me the meaning of this command, not to bring my husband to Paris. Where else can he find the medical aid which his case demands. Would you have him go to his native village, to the house of his father, an old man nearly eighty, to whom it is more than likely that the sight of his son's dreadful affliction would prove fatal. It is impossible," I exclaimed, "it is impossible that the Emperor can have given this barbarous order. It would be nothing short of murder."

"Hush! hush!" said the Duke, going towards the door; "if you should be overheard, what would be the consequence?"

"Savary," said I, taking him by the hand, "it

is not possible that you have so little regard for your old brother in arms, as to let him perish for the want of requisite succour. I am certain the Emperor never could have given such an order. It emanates from yourself. But only retract it; say that you are sorry for it, and I will not mention it to any one; the Emperor shall never know it!"

I was almost distracted. Albert was alarmed at my agitation. I threw myself on the sofa, and fortunately a torrent of tears came to my relief. Savary again wished to go away, but Albert detained him, saying, that we must come to some determination promptly.

"But what can we do against the commands of the Emperor," repeated the Duke de Rovigo.

"Hear me," said I to the Duke; "I will set off to-morrow evening. This delay is indispensable, in order that my *dormeuse* may be got ready, and I trust I shall then be sufficiently collected to be able to undertake the journey without positive danger of my life. I will travel from Paris to Geneva without stopping. I have several friends in Geneva, and among them is Butini, one of the most skilful physicians in Europe. I will engage a house on the banks of the lake, and there I shall feel satisfied that Junot will have the care which his case so peculiarly demands."

Albert fully approved of this plan, and the Duke de Rovigo declared it would be impossible to suggest any thing better.

"Well," said I to Savary, "you may now render

me an essential service. You say you do not know by what route Junot is coming to France?"

"No," he replied, "the Viceroy has not informed me."

The thoughtlessness of the Viceroy surprised me. He made no mention of the route which Junot was to take; and I was reduced to the necessity of guessing it.

"Well," said I to Savary, "this is the favour I have to request of you. Send a message to Lyons by the telegraph, directing, that if the Duke d'Abrantes should come by the way of Mont Cenis, and consequently Lyons, he shall immediately proceed to Geneva. If he should come by the Simplon, as I shall be at Geneva, I shall meet him." Savary promised that the telegraphic dispatch should be forthwith transmitted to the Prefect of Lyons. He then took his leave, giving me the most solemn assurances of his friendship for me and Junot.

Madame Thomières offered to accompany me. I did not refuse her offer. I had even entertained the design of asking her. I had associated her with all my plans: there is a sympathy of the heart which never deceives. Albert also went with me.

We departed from Paris on the 17th of July, at eleven at night. We proceeded straight to Geneva, and engaged apartments at Dejean's hotel, at Secheron. I immediately sent for Dr. Butini,* and

* The uncle of the present physician of that name.

acquainted him with the melancholy circumstance which had brought me to Geneva. I did not wish to see any other friends, though I had many in the city who would have been happy to have shown me hospitality, and to have rendered me any service. But my situation required solitude, and I begged that Butini would not mention my arrival to any one. At two o'clock the same day he called to accompany me in search of a house suitable for Junot's reception. We drove along the Vaud bank of the lake, and engaged a beautiful little house commanding a prospect of Savoy and Mont Blanc. On our return to Geneva we hired servants, and sent them to the house; and at six o'clock that evening all was in readiness for the reception of Junot; for, according to the arrangements made by the Duke de Rovigo, I expected him that day.

I was overcome with fatigue, and I lay down on my bed, contemplating the dazzling glaciers of Chamouny, and looking with somewhat less inquietude for the arrival of Junot. Butini had questioned me, and judging from the information I was enabled to give him, he assured me that he thought the case by no means hopeless. I therefore began to feel more composed, when a letter was delivered to me with the Lyons post-mark. On receiving it I trembled. I looked at my brother, and had not courage to break the seal.

"How childish," said Albert, "open it. It no doubt announces the arrival of the travellers, and in all probability we shall see them to-morrow."

I opened the letter with a presentiment that chilled me to the heart. Alas! it proved but too well founded.

The letter was from a young nephew of Junot, a son of his youngest sister, whom he had taken with him to Illyria in the capacity of his secretary. Unfortunately, this young man's want of firmness and presence of mind was one of the causes of his uncle's tragical death. He wrote to me from Lyons the letter above referred to. It was as follows:

"My dear Aunt,

"On arriving at Lyons with my uncle, "we found a telegraphic dispatch from the Duke "de Rovigo, directing us to convey the Duke "d'Abrantes to Geneva. The officer who accom- "panies us by command of the Viceroy, decided, "that the telegraphic order could not be complied "with, because Prince Eugene's directions were, "that my uncle should be conveyed to his family. "As my uncle's state of health renders him unable "to come to any decision on the matter himself, "we shall immediately set out for Montbard, "where you will of course join us, my dear aunt, "and where I shall be most happy to see you.

"Your obedient and devoted nephew,

"CHARLES MALDAN."

When I had somewhat recovered from the shock produced by the perusal of this fatal letter, I declared my intention of immediately setting off for Montbard. Madame Thomières, who was

at my bedside, pressed my hand and wept.—"Wheresoever you go," said she, "I will accompany you." I was sure she would.

Albert gave orders for every thing to be in readiness for our departure at four o'clock next morning. At one I was seized with the pains of childbirth. The repeated shocks I had sustained could not fail to produce a fatal effect—my infant was still-born.

I desired my brother instantly to depart for Montbard, and to send me intelligence of Junot. He did so, and he arrived on the following night. Alas! my most dreadful anticipations were realised. The most unfortunate scene had ensued on the arrival of my husband in his paternal home. Junot's father, who was naturally of a melancholy temperament, sunk into a state of helpless stupor, on witnessing the afflicting malady of his son. Junot's sisters could do nothing but weep and lament, and his nephew, Charles Maldan, was a perfect nullity. Junot was, indeed, surrounded by the affection of the inhabitants of his native town, who seemed to vie with each other in showing him marks of the most noble and generous attention. My gratitude will invoke blessings on them till the last hour of my life.

Junot recognised his brother-in-law, to whom he was much attached, and he immediately questioned him respecting me and the Emperor, the two beings in whom all his dearest affections were centred.

There are events which the mind cannot endure

to dwell on, in spite of any effort to summon resolution. I can scarcely ever bring myself to think or speak of the melancholy scenes which ensued at Montbard after Junot's arrival. The mischief was done, and past remedy, before Albert could get there. Nevertheless, he immediately sent a courier to Paris for M. Dubois. He never left Junot's bedside until he breathed his last, which was on the 29th of July, at four in the afternoon.*

Meanwhile my premature delivery was attended by such serious consequences, that my poor children had well nigh been bereaved of both father and mother in the course of one week. I will here relate a curious fact, the accuracy of which can be vouched for by all who were near me at the time of its occurrence.

On the night of the 22d of July, whilst I was lying in a sort of feverish slumber, I was seized by an indefinable and at the same time painful sensation. I suddenly awoke, and distinctly saw at my bedside Junot, dressed in the same dark grey coat which he wore on the day of his departure for Illyria. He gazed on me with an affectionate and melancholy expression. I uttered a loud shriek,

* Now, after the lapse of a long interval of time, I can pardon though I cannot forget the culpable stupidity of Junot's family, who suffered the man whose safety they should have watched over from pride, if not from affection, to do what he did in the delirium of a brain fever. I can never forget it. On this point my heart will be vindictive. The recollection of what occurred is still a bleeding wound.

which awoke Blanche, my *femme de chambre*, and Madame Thomières. Both came to me immediately. They asked me what was the matter? Alas! I still beheld the fearful apparition; I say fearful, for Junot's countenance was pale, and profoundly dejected. It seemed to tell that we were separated for ever in this world. But what terrified me most of all was, to see the apparition walk lightly round my bed; whilst I could plainly perceive that one of its legs was broken. In short, I saw, as it were, by a mysterious revelation, the condition in which Junot then was. Yet I had received no intelligence of the circumstance, nor could I possibly have heard of it, since it occurred precisely at the moment when I saw the apparition. Albert delayed writing to me, in the hope of having better news to send; and he was apprehensive that the tidings might cost me my life in the situation in which I was.

"Bring lights!" I exclaimed, in a state of violent agitation.—"Open the window—let me have air, and, above all, light!" My eyes still followed the apparition, which sometimes approached me, and sometimes receded into a corner of the apartment, and seemed to beckon me to go to it. I felt a chill upon my heart that made me fancy I was dying. It was not until the approach of morning, that the apparition gradually disappeared in a sort of indistinct vapour. I do not attempt to explain this phenomenon. I merely relate it as it occurred.

On the 30th of July, when Albert returned from Secheron, he informed Madame Thomières of

the dreadful occurrence which had preceded the death of the Duke. She could not repress an exclamation of astonishment, and she told him in her turn what happened to me on the night of the 22d, the time when poor Junot rose from his bed, and walked a second time on his fractured limb.

This circumstance for a long time produced on me an effect which I cannot describe. It was a feeling of terror, which no exertion of my reason could subdue; and to confess the truth I cannot divest myself of the idea that it was a communion of two souls linked together by numerous and indissoluble bonds of union: I believe this, and I believe it firmly. There is a depth in the mysteries of Providence, which our eyes cannot penetrate.

Albert, before he left Montbard to join me, wrote to the Emperor acquainting him with the loss which he and I had sustained. I say *he* and *I*, for Junot's death was a serious misfortune to Napoleon, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, especially after the recent loss of Bessières and Duroc.

The Emperor was then at Dresden, and the armistice was not yet at an end. When Albert's dispatch was delivered to him, he immediately broke the seal, and on perusing the few first lines he struck his forehead violently, and was so agitated that the paper dropped from his hand. He picked it up with the rapidity of lightning, and then exclaimed in a tone of the most agonized grief:—"Junot!—Junot!—oh, Heaven!.." He clenched his hand so forcibly that the dispatch was completely crushed. "We have now one hero the less.

Junot !—Poor Junot ! !"....Those who witnessed this scene have assured me that the Emperor was completely overpowered by the sad intelligence.

At the moment when Napoleon learned that death had deprived him of one of his most faithful servants, I was lying ill at Secheron, expecting every hour would be my last. At what a time did this terrible stroke of fate come upon me ! when I was suffering from the effects of an *accouchement* from which my recovery seemed more than doubtful. I received by every courier, letters from my daughters and my friends ; I had every consolation that affection and friendship could suggest ; but for such a wound as my heart had sustained there could be no healing balm.

My convalescence was very lingering. I was sometimes so extremely pale that Albert was terrified to look at me. He thought my paleness must be the precursor of death. After my melancholy bereavement I learned to estimate my brother's amiable qualities better than ever I had done before. When we lost our mother, our sorrow was mutual; the hand of the one dried the tears of the other, and the weight of our affliction was equally divided. But in the present case my tears were personal. I should have suffered alone, if Albert's heart had not brought me succour, and made me feel the blessing of consolation. Alas ! I had much need of it.

One morning (the 25th of August) a caleche with post horses drove into the court-yard of our house at Secheron. Albert looked from the window of

his chamber, and to his astonishment saw, alighting from the calèche, my brother-in-law, M. Geouffre. On seeing him the thought occurred to me that some new misfortune had befallen me, and I held out my hand to him, exclaiming:—"My children! my children! what has happened to them?"

"Nothing," replied M. Geouffre; "on the contrary, I bring you an excellent account of all four."

"What then," enquired I, "has brought you to Geneva?"

He seemed embarrassed as to what answer he should make me; and no doubt he was. The fact is, that had he rejected the absurd mission on which he was now sent; I know not whom the Duke de Rovigo could have found to undertake it. He delivered to me a letter from the Duke, in which I was officially requested to deliver up the private correspondence between the Emperor and Junot. My husband possessed upwards of one hundred and fifty letters in the hand-writing of Napoleon, which he kept in a secret coffer.

"Now," added my brother-in-law, "here is another letter from the Duke de Rovigo; and he handed me a little billet containing only these few words:—

"Rely on your friends; for this state of things
"cannot last long.—Adieu! and believe in my
"sincere friendship!...."

I looked at M. Geouffre for an explanation of this note, and after a little hesitation he said:

"The Duke de Rovigo directs me to tell you that he has received orders from the Emperor not to permit you to come within fifty leagues of Paris."

Albert rose from his chair and said in a voice of thunder:—

"Impossible! The Emperor never can have given such a command."

I read over the little note a second time, and also the official letter requesting me to give up the correspondence.

"But I forgot to give you this letter," said M. Geouffre, and he handed me a letter from Junot's brother, the receiver-general.

I perused it with astonishment. The intrigue formed around me every moment assumed a darker and more sinister aspect.

The letter from Junot's brother, who was surrogate guardian to my children, (I being their legal and natural guardian) detailed to me an extraordinary circumstance which had occurred only five days previously in my house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées. This circumstance was as follows:—

When Junot went on any long journey he was accustomed to lock in a secret coffer all the papers to which he attached most value, such as the correspondence of the Emperor, and letters received by him from different members of the imperial family. This coffer was of iron; and it was lined with white marble, so that it was completely fireproof. The whole was kept in an iron case fastened

by one of Reignier's locks,* the combinations of which were said to amount to eighty thousand, and these combinations were doubled when the word was not correctly spelt. Whenever Junot used to go from home, he would tell me the word he had made choice of, and would write it in his pocket-book. He and I were the only persons who knew it. This explanation is necessary to enable the reader to understand what follows.

The coffer above mentioned was kept in the Duke's bed-chamber. The case was adorned with elegant bronze ornaments, and had the appearance of a cabinet for keeping jewels. The door was of massive mahogany, adorned with gilt bronze, and closed by a gold key, which the Duke always carried about with him.

The word which the Duke had employed in locking the coffer on his departure for Illyria was Paris, without the S..... He usually made choice of erroneous orthography in order to occasion the greater perplexity, in case of any attempt being made to open the coffer. I knew the word, and I felt perfectly at ease respecting the security of the papers until I read my brother-in-law's letter.

He stated to me the following particulars, at the same time asking pardon for his fault in a tone of humility which would have induced me to forgive him. even though he had not been the beloved

* The security of these locks is astonishing; and when the orthography is not correct, it is almost next to an impossibility that they should be opened by any chance.

brother of Junot, and one of the worthiest of men.

The Duke de Rovigo had called at my house and required the presence of the authorized guardians, to enable him to take possession of the Emperor's letters. My brother-in-law presented himself, at the same time observing, that as surrogate guardian he had no right to act, and that if he had he would exercise no authority in opposition to mine; that moreover, there were numerous creditors, and that seals were placed on every thing. In the meanwhile M. Geouffre, my other brother-in-law, and M. Fissont, the secretary to the Duke d'Abrantes entered the room. Both confirmed what M. Junot had said.

"Bah!" said the Duke de Rovigo laughing; "what signifies all this? I have my orders. I must have the Emperor's letters."

M. Junot and M. Fissont then observed, that there was an insurmountable obstacle to his obtaining them, which was the impossibility of opening the box.

"The Duchess is the only person who knows the word," said M. Junot, "now that my poor brother no longer lives—and even if we had the word, we have not the gold key, which the Duke always carried about with him."

"I beg your pardon," observed the Duke de Rovigo. "I have the key: here it is."

So saying he drew the key from his pocket. This fact is inexplicable. Albert had seen the gold key at Montbard, but being a scrupulous observer

of etiquette in matters of business, he would not bring it to me. How it came into the possession of the Duke de Rovigo, I cannot attempt to explain.

The Duke de Rovigo proceeded from the billiard-room through Junot's cabinet, and into the bed-chamber, where he himself opened the shutter of one of the windows.

"Monsieur le Duc," observed M. Junot, "I cannot, in my capacity of surrogate guardian permit the execution of this illegal measure without remonstrance, and without at least the observance of some little formality. Allow me to send for the *Juge de Paix* and the notary, who has the management of my late brother's affairs. I understand that the Duke has rough diamonds in this box, and other objects of great value. It therefore appears to me that....

"Pooh!" said the Duke: "why should we have all this ceremony about a bit of paper and a seal?"

With these words he tore away the two bands of paper, which had been sealed according to the usual custom by the *Juge de Paix*, and taking the gold key, he opened the door of the case in which the box was enclosed. "Let us see" said he stooping down, "the better to examine the lock; let us see how Junot locked up his treasures. It is not unlikely that he arranged this secret lock by the name of the Duchess....."

This was actually the fact. Junot frequently made use of my name, but with erroneous ortho-

graphy; for example, *Laur*, *Lore* or *Lorr.*. How could the Duke de Rovigo have known this?

After another trial, he said: "I will wager that when he was setting off, he thought of the city of Paris. We will try it without the S.

This attempt succeeded. The key was put in, the box was opened, and the Duke de Rovigo took from it the correspondence of the Emperor, together with a number of letters written to Junot by *another* individual of the imperial family.

My brother-in-law, M. Junot, fearing lest he should be compromised in the affair, would not be a witness of this violation of law. He withdrew into another apartment so that his presence might not sanction the illegal act committed by one of the first authorities of the country. This weakness proved very unfortunate: the fact, as I have above described it, took place in my house, in my absence, without any one, even of my servants having the spirit to oppose it; which might have been done by sending for the *Juge de Paix* or the notary, who had charge of our affairs. The seals were not even replaced. This last circumstance very much annoyed me, more especially as there was no reason for the neglect. But after all it would have been a useless ceremony, for on my return, I found nothing in the iron box but a few *gouttes d'eau*, (a species of white topaze), and some white sapphires, which Junot brought me from Lisbon, to ornament a dress. They were all of little value, as they were not cut. It could not be for them that Junot had so carefully fastened the box.

A few days after this affair the Duke de Rovigo sent for my brother-in-law, M. Geouffre, and said to him:

"You must immediately set off to Geneva, where I presume your sister-in-law still is, for I know she has been very ill. You must tell her that the Emperor desires that she shall not return to Paris for some time. It is necessary that she should keep at the distance of forty or fifty leagues from the capital."

I now found that the Emperor had determined to visit me with vengeance, similar to that which he had exercised on Madame de Staël, Madame de Chevreuse, and Madame de Récamier. Junot alone had hitherto protected me from it; but no sooner were his eyes closed than I was to be assailed by that all-powerful hand which dealt fatal blows wheresoever it struck. Such were my reflections on receiving the extraordinary intelligence of which my brother-in-law was the bearer.

"I am in haste," said M. Geouffre; "I cannot even stay to dine with you. I must be off immediately. What answer am I to take?"

"I will prepare it whilst you take a little refreshment," said I: "I shall not be long."

I wrote a few lines to the Duke de Rovigo, saying that I relied to him for bringing my *exile* to a termination. I gave the letter to my brother-in-law, to whom I merely said, when he insisted, for my sake, on knowing what course I intended to pursue, that I should without doubt go to Rouen. With this verbal answer, he set out a few hours after his arrival at Secheron.

When he was gone, Albert came to me to enquire what I had determined to do.

"I am determined to do my duty," I replied; "and that duty consists in returning home to my children. I shall depart to-morrow."

Albert embraced me. The resolution I had formed was precisely that which he would have advised, but that he dreaded the consequences, and he feared that my courage would fail me in this important circumstance of my life.

"Oh! you are my sister!" exclaimed he. "You are our mother's daughter! But do you not fear that the Emperor....."

"I incur less danger than you imagine, my dear Albert," said I. "I am convinced that the Emperor knows nothing of this business. And if he has said any thing on the subject, he is better served than he wishes to be. Why was not the order forwarded to me in writing?* Why has my brother-in-law been sent to tell me what might have been written. However, I do not wish to say any thing about it to Madame Thomières for fear of alarming her."

I spent the day in preparations. I still continued so weak, that the journey was very fatiguing to me, and I was extremely ill on reaching Versailles. There I found my children, for I had written to my friend, Madame Lallemand, requesting her to bring them to Versailles, I did not wish to appear to brave the Emperor by entering my house in open day,

* Why could not the Emperor himself have sent the message to me when he transmitted Junot's letter.

and I therefore stayed at Versailles until the evening. At seven o'clock I set off for Paris, and at nine I arrived at my house in the Rue des Champs Elysées. This was on the 17th of September 1813.

I found assembled in my house a number of devoted friends, who did not fear to give me, thus openly, a testimonial of their attachment. On alighting from my carriage, and finding myself surrounded by this groupe of kind friends, who were anxious to soothe the pangs they knew I must unavoidably feel, on entering my house for the first time after the death of its master, I could not repress my tears. They helped to mitigate the terrible impression of the first moment.

My friends remained with me about an hour, and then, knowing how much I required repose, they bade me farewell. It was about half-past ten o'clock ; the *suisse* had just closed the great gate of the hotel, when I was startled by a loud knocking. The gate was opened, a carriage drove rapidly into the court-yard, and in a minute after my valet-de-chambre announced the Duke de Rovigo.

" How !" exclaimed he angrily, " could you presume to return here after the message I sent you ? What will the Emperor think of the manner in which I execute my duty ?"

I looked at him calmly, for I was by no means irritated, though I was somewhat surprised ; for at five o'clock he ought to have received a letter, in which I acquainted him with my intention of returning home. I did not enter into any details ;

but I told him I had written to him, and that I must regard his silence as approval, or conclude that he had no authority to disapprove.

" Monsieur le Duc," said I, " I am in my own house. My proper place is near my children, of whom I am the legal and natural guardian. Besides, I have personal interests which demand my presence here. And let me ask you where you would wish me to go. To an estate in the country? You know I have none."

" You should have gone to Burgundy—to Montbard for example. You have a house there. It is not an estate, to be sure; but recollect, Madame Junot, your days of vanity are now at an end."

As he uttered these words the chill of death seemed to pervade my frame!—Montbard!—To ask me to go and reside in a place, the very name of which I could not hear mentioned without horror. To live in the house which had so recently been the scene of Junot's tragical death! I could not restrain an exclamation of horror.

" What has brought you here?" said I. " Surely I am not condemned to see you, and to hear the unfeeling things you say to me? I entreat you will leave me."

" I am come," resumed he, in a voice faultering with rage, " to know why you have presumed to disobey the orders of the Emperor. Why are you here?"

" I have already told you.... Now, Savary, hear what I say. It is my sincere belief, that

the Emperor has not given this order for my banishment."

"How!" he exclaimed in a furious tone. "Do you then accuse me of falsehood?"

"Answer me calmly. I say again, that I cannot believe the Emperor has exiled me—if he has, I am sorry for him. What offence does he accuse me of? If it be any thing of a personal nature, it would be more than absurd; if it relate to politics, with which I have never meddled, it would be still more so. If the Emperor can so far have forgotten himself, it must be because he has for a long time past been instigated against me and Junot by malignant reports. Now hear, in your turn, the message I wish you to deliver to the Emperor; for I will never address to him a supplication, either for myself or my children. I am the widow of Junot —of the man who shared with Napoleon his slender pecuniary means when he was in Paris without employment and even without bread. I am the daughter of the woman who acted the part of a mother to him in his boyhood and youth. And now, Monsieur le Duc, I am in the only asylum which it would be proper for me to fly to. I am in my own house, and I will not leave it."

Savary stared at me with astonishment; but immediately resuming his stern manner, and looking at me with an expression which would have provoked a man to some act of violence he said:— "Oh! oh! so the linnets have begun to sing. This is a sure sign that the master is absent; but Madame, I am here, and we shall see."

"Monsieur le Duc," said I rising, "I beg you will leave me; I am fatigued and in want of rest. However, there is one thing which I wish to warn you of. I will not quit this house voluntarily. Nothing short of force and violence shall drag me from it. I will call heaven and earth to my aid, and my cries shall tell the Parisians that the widow of Junot is carried from her house by gendarmes to be sacrificed as a victim to the man who has no longer power to subjugate nations."

"You are a fiend!" exclaimed Savary. "Who could have imagined such a character?"

I smiled contemptuously, and said:—"This at least will convince you that it is not every one who will submit to be arrested without self-defence."

I alluded to his own arrest at the time of Malet's conspiracy. This touched him at a vulnerable point. I knew it would. He made no immediate reply; but after a short pause, he said:

"I loved Junot, but he never liked me. I knew not why. I am also your friend, and I wish to prove myself such; but you rave like a maniac."

This was not true; for I was never more cool in my life. I was irritated certainly, but I had sufficient command over myself, to keep up the appearance of composure and self-possession.

"Let us have an end of this scene," said I to the Duke. "It originated in too serious a subject to be ended by a farce; and it would be one if you could persuade me that you were the friend of my unfortunate husband, whom you persecuted so bitterly throughout his life. If you speak

sincerely; then may heaven pardon you for the involuntary harm you have done him. But leave me, I beg of you. You know my determination. Nothing can alter it. It depends on you to create or prevent a public *éclat*. I shall not seek it."

"Write to the Emperor."

"I will not."

"Why?"

"Because I do not chuse."

"But you have a reason."

"I have, and I will tell it you. Were I to write to the Emperor, I must write in the tone of a supplicant. This is a character which Junot's widow cannot assume in relation to him whom she regards as the author of her husband's death. The prohibition against bringing Junot to Paris, where he might have had the benefit of skilful medical attendance, gave the finishing stroke to all the previous injuries. This renders it impossible for me to enter into any communication with the Emperor. I will not brave him openly. I shall always respect him as the object of Junot's most sacred veneration. But I will resist unjust oppression, should he attempt to exercise it on me. This is my resolution."

"But, by this conduct, you will prevent the Emperor from doing for you what he probably intends doing."

"The Emperor knows perfectly well that Junot leaves no fortune. He knows that his debts must swallow up the little property he possessed. He knows that I have four children, to two of whom he

is god-father. He knows that of all the dukes, Junot was the least richly endowed. He knows all this. He may or may not, as he pleases, do any thing for my children; for myself I will ask for nothing. I have my marriage dowry, which is settled on myself, and which is as much as one-fifth of my son's majorate. With these resources I need not stoop to be a suppliant. But my children, the children of Junot—it is the Emperor's duty to shew some interest for them. I know he does not like me, on account of the constant opposition I have shown to him whenever my conscience forbade my obedience to his commands. But I repeat, the children of Junot have a claim on his protection. I cannot suppose that the idle stories which were invented, after Junot's return from Portugal, are still credited by the Emperor. If they be, I shall consider it my duty to make him acquainted with the truth. You can certify it, for you were the first person who saw the contents of Junot's secret coffer, since you opened it in my absence."

"Oh yes! true. I have heard that you were much enraged with me for having broken the seals! —Pardieu! you are very childish. You ought to know, that in obedience to the Emperor's commands, I *shrink from nothing*—I would do any thing!"

I shuddered, for I recollected having heard him once say, "If the Emperor desired me to kill my own father, I would do it."

I felt myself completely exhausted by the exer-

tions I had undergone. That day had been terrible to me. Whatever degree of moral strength one may exert, the physical strength will yield under a continuity of prolonged distress. At length the time-piece in the apartment in which we were, struck twelve. The Duke de Rovigo rose, and taking my hand, said,

" Madame Junot, I shall be compelled to report what you have done to the Emperor—and I know not what will be the consequence."

" And I beg," said I, with firmness, " that you will not forget to tell him what I have requested you to say."

" What perverseness is this!" exclaimed he,— " Reflect, Madam, I entreat you, before I write to Berlin*."

" You little know me, Savary. Reflection would only the more confirm me in my resolution. This is all I have to say, and I entreat you to leave me."

He looked at me as if he had some further remark to make, but he checked himself, and at length he departed, leaving me at liberty to ponder on my misfortunes and my danger.

* At this time the Emperor was supposed to be at Berlin. The movement on Dresden, advised by Moreau, prevented him from proceeding thither.

CHAPTER IV.

State of Spain—Treaty of Alliance with Denmark—Opening of the Congress of Prague — Secret propositions to Austria—Rupture of the armistice — Renewal of hostilities — Prince Schwartzenberg—The battle of Dresden — Victory—Reverses —A magic compact—Spain—Admiral Bentinck—Surrender of St. Sebastian—New Treaty of Tœplitz—The battle of Katzbach—General Vandamme made prisoner—Wellington passes the Bidassoa—Maximilian of Bavaria—The battle of Leipsick —Death of Prince Poniatowski—The bridge across the Elster—Napoleon's visit to the King of Saxony.

THE intelligence from Spain, received in private letters, was very alarming. I felt a lively interest in the war in Spain, for I was attached to the country, and I admired the heroic courage exhibited by the Spaniards in their efforts to repel an unjust invasion. I certainly cherished no wishes hostile to my countrymen; but I earnestly prayed that the Emperor's eyes might be opened, and that he would adopt some wise resolution in the dangerous crisis which threatened us. But far from it; he still maintained the war in the Peninsula, and contented himself with sending back Marshal Soult, whose forces he diminished by taking twelve

thousand of the guards, and nearly forty thousand of the old troops. This was depopulating the army of Spain. The result of this measure was to oblige Marshal Suchet to leave Valencia, and march on the Ebro.

In the meantime we signed a treaty of alliance and reciprocal guarantee with Denmark, and the Congress of Prague was opened. At that congress were decided the destinies of Europe, and Napoleon lost the game he was playing against the sovereigns solely by his own fault. One of the causes, which chiefly contributed to his error, was the mistaken opinion he had formed of M. Metternich. I have heard him express this opinion in conversation. Subsequently, perhaps, he corrected it; but by that time M. Metternich's noble spirit was wounded.

In the situation in which Europe then stood, it is certain that the three northern powers would have been constrained to retreat, had Austria formed a union with France. On this union depended all Napoleon's strength; his vanity constantly blinded him to the fact. It was long before Austria declared herself against us. It was not until the eve of the arrival of the Duke de Vicenza that the treaty of adherence was signed by Austria. It was signed on the 27th of July. The Duke de Vicenza presented himself officially to the Congress on the 28th. Some difficulties arose respecting his powers. His official admission was refused, and the Congress broke up. The armistice was to continue until the 10th of August. Three days

previously the Duke de Vicenza made to M. de Metternich overtures of a nature sufficiently important to fix the attention of that minister, who sincerely wished for a general pacification. These overtures contained an enquiry as to what Austria would do to maintain the alliance which the Emperor Napoleon intended to conclude with the North. This enquiry was made under the seal of profound privacy, and Napoleon even desired that his own ambassador at the court of Vienna should not be initiated in the secret negotiation. M. de Metternich acceded to this condition, and mentioned the communication of the Duke de Vicenza only to the Emperor Francis. The latter, happy to see at length a prospect of ending the war, assured M. de Metternich that Austria would support only those conditions most honourable to France.

But time was slipping away, and Napoleon had now arrived at that point when he found himself compelled to regard a day as a year in the fate of France. Two days were spent in discussing the propositions of Austria, which I repeat were in the highest degree honourable. Thus far no reproach could be attached to the Emperor Francis; his conduct was praiseworthy, until the day when he threw a weight into the scale of Napoleon's misfortune.

On the 8th of August, Napoleon sent new propositions to the Emperor Francis. New discussions ensued. The 10th of August arrived; the

armistice was broken, and the Sovereigns of Sweden, Russia, and Prussia signified to France and to Austria their intention of resuming hostilities. There then appeared reason to believe, that Napoleon's object had been merely to gain the time necessary for the arrival of his troops.

As to the confederation of the Rhine, it was first proposed to break it up, then to continue it. The whole of Italy was to remain under the direct or indirect domination of France. We therefore became a dangerous rival to England, with our ports and those of Italy, Belgium, and Holland.

The war commenced. Napoleon now found himself abandoned solely to the resources of his genius. The allied forces amounted to six hundred thousand men, whilst those of France did not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand, two-thirds of which consisted of young conscripts scarcely arrived at manhood. To the numerical advantage of the Allies, must be added, the immense advantage they possessed in fighting on friendly territories, with the facility of obtaining provisions, etc.

On the 20th of August, Napoleon was informed of the junction of the Austrian troops with the Allies. Prince Schwartzenburg was appointed Generalissimo of all the forces of the coalition. Napoleon was still himself, and his presence at the head of his army had not lost its magic power. On the 20th of August he learned that Austria had abandoned him; and, on the 21st, he resumed the offensive, and defeated Blucher. Amidst the

triumph of Goldberg* he was warned of the march of the Allies on Dresden†, advised by Moreau. He consigned the army of Silesia to Macdonald, and hastened with his guards to succour Dresden‡. He arrived there at nine on the morning of the 26th. Some skirmishing was going on in the suburbs. Napoleon then gave an example of that luminous intelligence which elevated him to the highest rank among military commanders. His eagle eye scanned the battle at a glance. He immediately saw the course on which depended victory or defeat. Instead of waiting for the attack, he ordered it. The Prussians and Russians, apparently bewildered by the impetuosity of the movement, were repulsed to an inconceivable distance, leaving forty thousand slain on the field of which they had been masters in the morning.

On the evening of that day Napoleon entered Dresden with the 2d and 6th corps. Throughout the whole of the battle he had himself fought like a sub-lieutenant, sword in hand; he was always the foremost, leading the way with equal indifference to death or glory. During the battle he had only sixty-five thousand men to contend with one hundred and eighty thousand. Next day he arose

* A strong position, carried by our army on the 23d of August, 1813.

† The coalesced forces had debouched from Bohemia on Dresden, by the left bank of the Elbe, whilst Napoleon repulsed Blucher in the direction of the Oder.

‡ The troops marched 40 leagues in 72 hours, without receiving rations; and they fought for ten days without rest.

before day-light, having had only two hours' sleep. He placed himself at the head of his army, now amounting to one hundred and ten thousand men. He took his station in the centre, with the King of Naples on his right, and the Prince of the Moskowa on his left. In this manner he attacked the enemy, whose forces amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand. His plan was not, and could not have been arranged beforehand. He took his *lunette*, and examined the field of battle. He discerned a great void. This was to be filled up by the corps of Klenau, but it could not be brought up until two o'clock, and it was now only six. Napoleon at once improvised his plan of victory. As rapidly as the thought which conceived it, the attack was ordered, executed, and proved victorious. The enemy lost seventeen thousand prisoners, and fourteen thousand killed or wounded; among the latter, the justice of fate marked Moreau. Such were the results of this brilliant and ably-planned battle.

As I have before remarked, Napoleon marched from Goldberg to Dresden in the space of 72 hours. The distance is forty leagues, and the troops were without rations. He had conquered. He had defeated an enemy, whose very name operated like a spell against him. He was master of Dresden. Alexander was flying, and fortune had resumed her smiles. But, in the meanwhile, Marshal Macdonald had sustained a terrible reverse. Blucher was driving him from Silesia. Marshal Davoust also was evacuating Schwerin. General Vandamme was made prisoner in the mountains of Bohemia,

with twelve thousand men. Marshal Oudinot was defeated by his old comrade, Bernadotte. This event saved Berlin, which the Emperor had so confidently counted on entering, that decrees had been prepared, dated from that city. The disasters of the campaign were in a great measure attributed, and perhaps justly, to General J——, who carried over to the enemy documents which he had surreptitiously obtained from Marshal Ney. The intelligence thus conveyed saved Berlin, as it made known Napoleon's intention of proceeding thither.

One might almost be inclined to believe that a magic compact had been concluded between Napoleon and some superhuman power; and that this compact being broken, every disaster at once overwhelmed the man whom misfortune had shunned for the space of twenty previous years. Not only in the north, and under his own eyes, did reverses crowd upon each other; but Spain was escaping from him, province by province, village by village. Our troops bravely defended every inch of ground, and watered it with their blood; but resistance only served to prove our weakness.

Marshal Suchet, however, once more sounded the trumpet of victory. Admiral Bentinck, who had brought fresh troops from Sicily, landed them on the coast of Catalonia. A battle was fought at Villafranca de Pemada, eight leagues from Barcelona, and the English, who were defeated by Generals Suchet and Decaen, lost an immense number of troops. But such was our position, that we could not afford to lose a single man, even

though his loss might be compensated by slaying ten of the enemy. The victory of Villafranca de Pemada did not prevent the surrender of St. Sebastian. The English took that fortress after a protracted and inglorious siege; and they committed all the horrors which we read of in the history of the middle ages, on the occasion of the sacking of cities by the bands of condottieri or free troops.

Austria signed, at Tœplitz, a new treaty of alliance with Russia and Prussia, and finally broke all her bonds with Napoleon, by signing another treaty with England. This treaty presented one peculiarity worthy of remark. It is well known that England would never acknowledge the Emperor, nor apply to him that title. In the treaty above alluded to, in order to avoid the designations of Bonaparte or Napoleon, the term *common enemy* was employed by England and adopted by Austria! There was a good reason for this. Austria was receiving subsidies.

But the greatest misfortune of all those which simultaneously assailed the Emperor, was the loss of the battle of Katzbach by Marshal Macdonald. We lost twenty thousand men. This was an irreparable stroke. General Vandamme was made prisoner in this fatal battle, in which sixty thousand of the enemy were attacked by fifteen thousand French. About the same time, Wellington crossed the Bidassoa, and entered France.

There was yet one alliance which, if faithful, might maintain the Emperor in Germany. This was Bavaria. King Maximilian was in politics

the most honest and upright man in all that college of crowned heads which Napoleon had himself created. He assured the Emperor that he would remain faithful to his alliance till the end of November, whatever efforts Austria might make to detach him. How, then, can we explain the fact of the Bavarian army being united to the Austrian army on the 15th of October at Braunau!

In that same town Maria Louisa, the beloved daughter of Austria, was consigned to the hands of the Queen of Naples, on her way from Vienna to ascend the throne of France.

Hostilities had recommenced on the 28th of September, by a combined movement of three of the allied armies. The Emperor at first beat Blucher, and obliged him to retire on the Saale. Napoleon seemed now to flatter himself with the idea of renewing, on that line of the Elbe, the glory of Frederic in his wars with Austria. It is strange, that in such a position he should have allowed empty visions to engross his mind. His most important object was to secure the fidelity of Bavaria and Wurtemberg; and these two allies forsook him. He learned, at Duben, the defection of both from the King of Wurtemburg himself.

The Emperor entered Leipsick on the 15th of October. We now possessed only six hundred pieces of artillery, and the allies had more than a thousand. The Emperor was about to present to the enemy only one hundred and sixty thousand men, whilst three hundred and fifty thousand were opposed to him. He nevertheless possessed, scat-

tered about in Germany, upwards of a hundred and forty thousand troops, with whom he might dictated laws to his enemies. The garrison of Dantzick contained thirty thousand men, all veteran troops; there were twenty-five thousand in Magdebourg; fifteen thousand in Dresden, with Marshal St. Cyr; and nearly forty thousand with Marshal Davoust in Hamburgh. In short, all the veteran and most efficient portion of our army were shut up in garrisons; and Napoleon, by some inexplicable infatuation, awaited three hundred and fifty thousand men before Leipsick, with a feeble and dispirited force, scarcely amounting to a hundred and forty thousand.

The day after his arrival at Leipsick, Napoleon gave the enemy battle before a village called Wachau, and was victorious. Alas! these transient favours of fortune afforded him only a fatal encouragement. On the day of the battle of Wachau, a circumstance occurred, which brought to his mind a painful reminiscence of the days of his past glory. Count Meerfield, who had been one of the negociators of the treaty of Campo Formio, was made prisoner at Wachau. It was alleged that the Emperor appeared much struck with this incident. He released Count Meerfield, commissioning him to propose an armistice to the Allied Sovereigns. He acceded to one of their propositions, which was, to evacuate Germany as far as the Rhine. But it was too late. They refused the proposed armistice.

Dismay pervaded the minds of all the Generals

in Chief who surrounded the Emperor. Several of them held a council together, to which Berthier and M. Daru were summoned. After a great deal of discussion, they all agreed on one point, namely, that Napoleon should do any thing rather than come to an engagement. The conference being ended, Count Daru and the Prince de Neufchatel solicited an audience of the Emperor. Berthier represented the immense disadvantage of giving battle to the enemy with such an inferiority of force. He added, that the generals commanding the army-corps were themselves so disheartened, that they were unable to animate the sinking courage of their troops; and he closed his picture by representing the terrible chance of a lost battle, opening to our enemies the road to Paris.

Encouraged by the silence of the Emperor, who appeared to listen to Berthier with extreme attention, M. Daru spoke in his turn. He pointed out the destitute condition of the army, which had now no hospital in its rear; a circumstance which operated as a powerful discouragement to the troops; for the soldier, knowing he will have a good bed and medical assistance when he is sick or wounded, advances to battle with more tranquil confidence. "Your Majesty is aware," pursued the Count, "that it is not my fault, if we have not our accustomed resources; but it is not the less true, that we want them. It is therefore necessary that we should come to a determination, which, however mortifying it may be, is nevertheless urgent in present circumstances."

Napoleon looked for some moments at Count Daru and the Prince de Neufchatel, and then said, " Have you any thing more to tell me ?"

They bowed, and made no reply.

" Well then, hear my answer. As to you, Berthier, you ought to know very well that your opinion on such a question has not the weight of a straw against my determination. You might, therefore, have spared yourself the trouble of speaking. You, Count Daru, should confine yourself to your pen, and not interfere with military matters. You are not qualified to judge in this affair. As to those who sent you, let them obey. This is my answer." He then dismissed them.

Next day the battle of Leipsic was fought. What must have been Napoleon's feelings, when he beheld about one quarter of his troops pass over to the enemy, and point against their comrades, the guns which had dealt death among the enemy's ranks only an hour before. In this manner the battle of Leipsic may be said to have been both lost and gained by our army. The centre* and the right were victorious. The left was abandoned by the Saxons, and delivered up to the enemy. The battle of Leipsic, instead of being a defeat, may be

* The centre was commanded by the Emperor in person, and the right by the King of Naples. For the space of seven hours they resisted upwards of two hundred and seventy thousand men, with a force of nine thousand five hundred. The Prince of Sweden overpowered Marshal Ney on the left. The Marshal, nevertheless, defended himself for a considerable time with forty thousand men against one hundred and fifty thousand.

said to have been one of Napoleon's most brilliant military achievements. At all events, the day was as glorious to him as it was disgraceful to those who so basely betrayed him; and I may add to those who so basely bought over the traitors. The retreat was ordered, and it commenced in the most perfect order. Night was then drawing in. Before daylight the bridges were crossed, and all was proceeding without confusion, when an event, which has never yet been clearly explained, spread terror through the ranks of the French army. Malignity, which is ever on the alert to augment misfortune, scrupled not to spread the vilest calumny on the Emperor in reference to this event. I allude to the blowing up of the bridge across the Elster. The sub-officer, by whom this act was committed, either from want of judgment, or what is not improbable, being bribed by the enemy, was the sole author of the misfortune by which the wreck of our army was sacrificed. This officer, who was directed to blow up the bridge across the Elster, stated that he was deceived by a party of cossacks who had advanced and crossed the river; and the bridge was destroyed whilst ten thousand men were still engaged in defending the barriers of the suburbs to afford time to the reserve and the parks of artillery to pass, supposing the enemy to be still in possession of the city. This event which separated the troops who had crossed the bridge, from all the reserve, was a fatal blow to the French army: and the blame of the event has been calumniously at-

tached to the Emperor.* The rear guard having no means of retreating, was at the mercy of the enemy: then a frightful scene ensued. The troops hurried in disorder to the western outlets of the plain to reach the different passages of the arms of the river with which the road to France is intersected. Whole battalions were made prisoners, and others were drowned. Marshal Macdonald saved himself by swimming across the river. Then perished the Polish hero, Prince Poniatowski. He had been wounded in a charge which he had made in the streets of the city, at the head of the Polish lancers, and he arrived feeble from loss of blood on the banks of the Elster, still anxious to protect the retreat of those who will always be proud to call him their brother in arms. But there was no chance of escape. He plunged into the river and was drowned.

An admirable trait in the life of Napoleon, was the visit he made to the King of Saxony in passing through Leipsic. The venerable sovereign was sinking under the weight of his grief for the treason of his countrymen. Napoleon knew him too well to attribute to him any share of the odium of that

* This absurd accusation was freely repeated from mouth to mouth at the time. People even went so far as to allege, that one of the Emperor's aides-de-camps was the bearer of the order. This was M. de G....., who, for a long time after, was distinguished by the title of the *Marquis de Brule-Pont*. The real fact is, that the sub-officer was either a traitor or a fool. The Emperor had nothing to gain and every thing to lose by the consequences of this disaster.

disgraceful defection. He said all he could to console the lacerated heart of the Nestor of Germany. But this visit, which the old King prided himself in having received, brought upon him a cruel revenge. He was overwhelmed with every species of insult, and was even punished as a traitor for no other reason than that he had not been guilty of treason. The unfortunate old monarch was made prisoner by the allied sovereigns, as a pledge of their unhoped for ovation, and condemned like a criminal, to forfeit one-half of his states. This sentence was executed.

CHAPTER V.

Comparative amount of the French force at Erfurt and Leipsic—The French army crosses the Rhine—The Emperor's arrival at Mentz—Surrender of Pampeluna—The lines of St. Juan de Luz forced by Wellington—The typhus fever—Treachery of Prince Schwartzenburg and the Prince of Wurtemberg—Lavalette and Madame....., —Her letters and her portrait—The wife and the mistress—Generosity ill requited—Evacuation of Holland—The house of Orange restored—The Emperor's arrival at St. Cloud—Opening of the legislative body—Murat—Intrigues of England—The Duke de Vauguyon—Fouché—General Pino—Admiral Bentinck.

The French army, the amount of which at Leipsic was between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty thousand men, scarcely numbered ninety thousand on its arrival at Erfurt. Fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition helped to revive the drooping spirits of the troops, and they continued their march towards France. On the 2d of November, the army crossed the Rhine. This at least was a strong barrier. But alas! it had not been respected by our ambition, could we then hope that vengeance would respect it!

On the 3d of November the Emperor arrived at Mentz. This was the second time that he had entered his empire as a fugitive. But in the previous year his situation was very different, he had still

in his power great resources, which might enable him to command immense results. Now all was lost! I received from Mentz a letter which assured me that he was profoundly dejected. Whilst at Mentz he received intelligence of the surrender of Pampeluna. The fall of that fortress secured the liberation of Western Spain. The surrender was caused by want of provisions. This event augmented Napoleon's melancholy. He immediately left Mentz, and pursued his journey to St. Cloud. There, news of a still more mortifying nature awaited him. The lines of St. Juan de Luz, commanded by Marshal Soult, had been forced by Wellington. The French were now entirely driven from Spain.

At this moment Heaven visited us with another disaster! The wrecks of our army, which had escaped the fire and sword of the enemy, came home only to fall victims to a more horrible death. The typhus fever swept away in the space of six weeks, upwards of forty thousand men, who were crowded together in the hospitals, on the banks of the Rhine. The iron hand of Providence oppressed us with its utmost weight. The malady prevailed not only on the banks of the Rhine; it likewise extended its deadly ravages along the Elbe. Marshal Saint-Cyr, who was shut up in Dresden, with thirty thousand men, had six thousand sick.*

* Marshal Saint-Cyr was taken with twenty three thousand men, thirteen generals of division, twenty generals of brigade, and seventeen hundred officers. To these must be added, six thousand invalids in the hospitals of Dresden.

He was obliged to capitulate. And what was the consequence? The capitulation, concluded by Generals Tolstoi and Klemanne, was not ratified by the Generalissimo, Prince Schwartzenberg, who, abusing his title as commander-in-chief, did not scruple to make his lieutenants perjure themselves. The treacherous conduct of Prince Schwartzenberg soon found imitators. On the 1st of January, 1814, the Prince of Wurtenberg signed a capitulation with Rapp, at Dantzic, and afterwards refused to execute it.*

Lavalette supplied, though, perhaps, imperfectly, the place of my much valued friend, the unfortunate Duroc. He frequently came to see me, brought me news, and made me acquainted with matters which I could not otherwise have known, for I scarcely ever went out. Lavalette had always entertained a sincere friendship for Junot. He had indeed given my husband some proofs of friendship with which I might justly have had reason to complain; but I never reproached him, and he supposed me to be ignorant of the whole affair, until one day when he called on me, and I happened to be alone. I told him I had something particular to say to him, and enquired whether he had a quarter of an hour to spare; he replied in the affirmative, and thinking I was about to solicit some

* Had Napoleon been guilty of such an act of baseness, what anathemas would have been heaped on his head! He would have been overwhelmed by a torrent of vituperation. But acts which would have been pronounced base in him, were admitted to be honourable in others.

act of service, he drew his chair towards mine, eager to hear what I had to say.

" My dear Count," said I, in a serious tone, for the matter of which I was going to speak was serious, at least to me. " You were the sincere friend of Junot. I esteem you first for your own excellent qualities, and next for the friendship you bore my husband. You gave him many proofs of that friendship, among others these. ...."

With these words I took from a drawer in my secretaire, a large packet of letters written in a very small and regular female hand. Lavalette looked dismayed.

" These letters," continued I, " inform me that you had cognizance of this intrigue of Junot, for I will not call it a *liaison*. Most of the letters passed through your hands to be delivered to the person to whom they are addressed."

" Is it possible?" exclaimed Lavalette. " Junot kept these letters? How could he be so imprudent?"

" Why should he not?" said I. " They are prettily written; and they breathe sentiments which were probably sincere, or which at least Junot believed to be so. But this is not the matter with which I am about to trouble you. Hear me! Madame F..... behaved very basely to me in her relations with my husband; I was informed of this since we were in Portugal, but I disdained to seek any revenge. Now, however, the moment for vengeance has come without my seeking it, and I will not let it escape."

" Good heavens!" exclaimed Lavalette, " what do you mean?"

" Do not interrupt me, I beg of you." Then taking one of the letters from the packet which lay in my lap, I read to him the following passage:

" This evening, a prey to melancholy and bathed in tears, I ordered my carriage, and drove out in the hope of composing my agitated spirits. After making the tour of the outer boulevards, I again drove into Paris; my heart breaking with the thought that you were no longer there. I wished, at least, to have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing your house, and I directed my coachman to go through the Rue des Champs Elysées! There I stopped for a few minutes, fondly seeking to catch some trace of you, in the place which you inhabited only the day before yesterday. Judge what painful feelings arose in my mind, when I beheld a blaze of light within the windows! They were all open, and joyous sounds of music and singing fell upon my ear. Alas! what agony I suffered when I reflected that *I was there* weeping and alone in my carriage at the very threshold of your door. I, who had no power to check this ill-timed gaiety, and to envelope the house in the gloom of mourning, etc. etc."

Lavalette frowned. " This was very bad in Madame F.....," said he; " very bad indeed. And what could induce Junot to preserve such letters? Come, let us burn them."

There was a large fire in the grate, and he was about to throw them into it; but I prevented him.

"Stay, stay, if you please," said I: "these letters are not to be burned here. Listen to what I have to say. Madame F....., knows very well that I was made acquainted with the whole affair. The English newspapers spoke of it in 1808, when Junot returned to France—and the Emperor, fearing lest I should not be sufficiently informed of it, took care to tell me the story in all its details. In addition to this, Junot himself, when in Burgundy, committed the awkward blunder of addressing to me a letter intended for the lady in question.* In short, I know the whole affair as well as you do."

"But, if you knew all the particulars—if you knew—?"

"Say no more, my friend; say no more, I conjure you; let me execute my plan. I tell you then, that Madame F....., knows I have been informed of all. She has behaved ill to me latterly. She also behaved ill to me at Lisbon, and at Rochelle, on the landing of the army. She has, therefore, good reason to fear my vengeance, for she does not know me; and women in general, eagerly avail themselves of this sort of satisfaction. Now, suppose I were to seal up these letters in a packet, and enclose in it a portrait which lies there in the drawer, from which

* Junot, when he returned to Paris, after this mistake was a little embarrassed on seeing me; but I soon set him at his ease by saying:—"You know my dear, the great Condé, observed that an able general might be beaten, but *never surprised*. Now, the same may be said of a husband: he may be guilty of an infidelity to his wife, but he should take care not to let her know it."—"Ah!" he exclaimed, embracing me, "I love you better than any other woman in the world." I knew he spoke truth.

I took them; and if I were to address the whole, simply, to Madame F....., I should of course mortify her; but I might possibly, at the same time, endanger her domestic happiness, for her husband might be with her at the time of the delivery of the packet. However, on reading over some of these letters, I find that you were in some degree, nay, I may say, wholly, their confidant."

"But, my dear Madam," exclaimed Lavalette, "if you only knew—"

"I wish to know nothing," said I. "You are the best of men. You knew this lady when she was a mere girl, and you thought it better to serve her in this affair than to see her at the mercy of a *femme-de-chambre* It was done with your accustomed kindness."

"But, if you would only hear me....."

"I tell you again that I will hear nothing. Take these letters, take this portrait and restore them to your friend on her return to Paris. I believe she is at present in the country."

"She is."

"Well, on her return, tell her that I send her this packet of letters, and the portrait. That I wished to spare her the uneasiness she must have felt on knowing them to be in my possession. I entrust you with this commission, feeling thereby confident that it will be faithfully executed."

Lavalette took the packet and acquitted himself of the commission. It will naturally be conjectured that Madame F..... was extremely grateful to me. Not at all. On the contrary, she

alleged that I wished to humiliate her, and that I ought to have burnt the letters. If I had done so, she would have been in a constant state of inquietude from the suspicion of believing herself to be still in my power. I must confess that I was not a little mortified at finding myself blamed for an act which I thought was exceedingly praiseworthy.

But now to resume my brief narrative of those disastrous events which spread dismay throughout France. Holland was evacuated. General Mollitor, with fourteen thousand men, could no longer resist General Bulow, who had sixty thousand. The house of Orange was recalled. Dantzic, Dresden, all had capitulated, and all had been betrayed. There remained not a single friend to France on the other side of the Rhine. Denmark, herself, who had so long remained faithful to us, Denmark, who had been the friend of the Committee of Public Safety, and the ally of Robespierre, had not courage to adhere to Napoleon in his misfortune.

The Emperor arrived at St. Cloud, on the 9th of November, and lost not a moment in adopting the necessary steps for the defence of France. He saw the necessity of organizing a system of security in Paris. To extreme dangers he determined to apply extreme remedies. On the 15th of December, the senate had placed three hundred thousand conscripts at Napoleon's disposal. On the 2d of December, the Emperor had notified to Count Metternich his willingness to accept the conditions

of Frankfort. As a guarantee of his intentions he liberated Ferdinand VII, and on the 11th of December, signed the treaty of Valencey. On the 19th of December, the Legislative Body was opened by the Emperor in person.

I have now arrived at a subject which is the more important, since I never could have anticipated that France would have had cause to fear the man of whom I am now about to speak. I allude to Murat. For a long time previously his conduct had been such as to excite the suspicion that he meditated defection. England, ever ready to seize at any thing which might accelerate the fall of Napoleon, eagerly strove to bring to maturity this new germ of misfortune. Agents were sent to Italy: the condition of its different provinces was easily revealed, especially at the moment when the typhus fever had swept away almost the whole of that army which Prince Eugene had sent to Germany in the spring of the same year. A deep laid plan was then conceived; and to render the blow more severe to Napoleon, it was schemed that the hand of Murat should inflict it. But were the promises held out to him (Murat) to be faithfully kept? That is another question. I will describe the position in which Murat stood in 1815, with reference to France and Italy.

When Murat quitted the French army after the battle of Leipsic, to return to Naples, he passed through Milan. There he found living, in profound retirement, a man who was sincerely attached to him, and who deplored at once the misfortunes of

Napoleon, and that of his own sovereign. This man was M. de la Vauguyon. In the situation in which he stood, Murat felt the want of a real friend, and a devoted and faithful servant. He accordingly sent for M. de la Vauguyon. The latter was then enthusiastically bent on the attainment of a great and noble project, viz. the independence of Italy, by the re-establishing of the old powers, and rendering all the territory beyond the Alps mistress of herself, as she had been in the days of her past glory. M. de Vauguyon's mind was absorbed by this great enterprise, and it was the first subject he spoke of on meeting Joachim :—

" Sire," said he, " your Majesty must direct this movement, which already animates the heart of every patriotic Italian. I am firmly of opinion, that there is nothing which can more effectually consolidate your glory and your interest."

M. de Vauguyon spoke in that earnest tone of profound conviction, which never fails to produce a powerful effect. Murat was charmed by the picture he drew of the regeneration of a beautiful country.

" Well," said he, " go to Rome, take the command of the Neapolitan division, which must be there at this moment, and take possession of the ecclesiastic states. Write to me frequently, and inform me of the progress of your enterprise."

Murat set off for Naples, and M. de Vauguyon immediately proceeded to Rome. But a singular incident occurred on his way.

On his arrival at Bologna, he was much surprised

to meet, in that city, the Duke d'Otranto, who was on his way to Naples, after having been driven from his government of Illyria by the Austrians, then masters of the mouths of the Cattaro, of Zara, and of all the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Fouché was returning to Naples to resume an intrigue which he had planned before his departure for Illyria. The Emperor's blindness was inconceivable. Fouché invited M. de Vauguyon to dine with him, and he introduced him to a man who had made a distinguished figure in the Italian army. This was General Pino.

After dinner, the Duke d'Otranto addressed M. de Vauguyon in the following terms:—"The moment has arrived, Sir, for attaching your name to a great and glorious enterprise. Italy calls loudly for succour. There is but one man who can answer that appeal, viz. the King of Naples. With his courage, his reputation, and with the love of his people, who are wholly devoted to him, he may achieve great things. Italy must be free, and must gain her freedom instantly."

He developed his idea with infinite art. M. de Vauguyon listened attentively to all the arguments suggested by his subtle and ingenious mind. It was evident that he not only meditated the great movement of which he spoke, but that he had a view to more profound and more secret designs. He did not explain himself fully, but nevertheless it was easy to perceive that he meditated one of those vast conceptions, for the attainment of which life itself is frequently compromised. It was also

evident, that in this project he himself was to be the soul and the head to contrive, and Murat the arm to execute. General Pino, one of the commanders on whom the Emperor most confidently relied, was perhaps the least to be trusted of all the Lombard army. He was at first merely an auditor of the important conference; but he soon took an active part in it, and in a way which greatly astonished the Duke de Vauguyon.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing himself to the latter, "I have a proposition to make to King Joachim, which I think cannot but be agreeable to him. I have the command of Mantua; the garrison, composed of veteran troops, is wholly devoted to me. I offer to make you immediately master of the place, and to consign it to the King of Naples."

M. de Vauguyon understood the high importance of this proposition to the success of the enterprise. It would be an example to the rest of Italy, and as a first step would be an invaluable guarantee for the future. But he had at that moment with him only four men and a corporal, and he could not accept the proposition without first acquainting King Joachim. He immediately dispatched a messenger to Naples, to procure the King's consent. Murat made no reply. He was at that moment under the dominion of the Queen, who dreaded of all things the liberation of Italy, because it would deprive her of her influence as the sister of Napoleon. She preferred rather to resign herself to the mercy of Austria,

without considering that Austria was the most odious word that could be pronounced in Naples.

Lord Castlereagh, like an able minister, as he was, perfectly understood the importance, not only of gaining over Murat, but of maintaining him where he was. Murat had entered into some negotiations with England, and the preliminaries of a treaty had been exchanged. Of this treaty the following were the bases:

England was to acknowledge Joachim Murat as King of Naples, and to pledge herself to obtain a similar acknowledgment from Ferdinand, who was to abandon the Neapolitan states, and to retire to Sicily. The kingdom of Naples was to be augmented by the whole of the Marsk of Ancona. Italy was to be declared independent, and all the little sovereignties restored as they were before the conquest. To aid the fulfilment of this latter clause, England was to advance twenty millions to Murat for the expenses of the war which he would probably have to enter upon, and to place an army of twenty-five thousand men at his disposal. Admiral Bentinck, commander in chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean, was instructed to pursue this negotiation, in which England evinced a deep interest. M. de Vauguyon, who was then master of Rome, where he had succeeded General Miollis in the command of the Papal States, used all his efforts to bring Murat to a decision. But his courier repeatedly returned without any satisfactory answer. Nothing seemed to indicate any assurance that King Joachim would adopt the

course which he (Vauguyon) regarded as the only one fitting for him to follow. Mention was even made of a treaty with Austria. M. von Mire, the Austrian minister at Naples, had acquired an ascendancy over the Queen, which he turned to the disadvantage of his own sovereign; and Murat's weakness ruined him in this most important juncture of his life.

M. de Vauguyon remained in Rome, anxiously waiting till it should please Murat to come to a decision. Receiving no intelligence he began to be uneasy, when one day his valet-de-chambre announced that there were two strangers waiting, who earnestly requested to see him immediately.

"Have you told them I am dressing?" said the Duke, who was in fact at that moment at his toilet. "Yes," replied the valet; "but they say they will wait."

M. de Vauguyon continued dressing without hurrying himself the least in the world; when a second message, somewhat more peremptory, was sent to him. He then stepped into his cabinet and desired his valet to usher in the two visiters. He beheld before him two men of very common appearance: one of them, who was of short stature, thus addressed him in an accent which betrayed him to be an Englishman.

"I have requested this interview, Duke, with some degree of urgency, because I have but a very short time to remain here; but it is necessary that I should speak to you, since I cannot obtain any

intelligence from King Joachim. I am Admiral Bentinck."

The Duke de Vauguyon made every apology, but in truth his astonishment almost overwhelmed him. To see Admiral Bentinck in Rome!—almost in disguise—come to renew to his sovereign the offer of support from England. All appeared impossible, whilst at the same time he saw before him the evidence of its truth.

"General," continued Admiral Bentinck, "King Joachim does not behave well to my government. He knows what he may expect from England, and he ought to act with more candour and energy. In the crisis in which Europe at present stands, it is urgent that the affairs of Italy should be promptly decided. We offer twenty-five millions in money, and twenty-five thousand troops. Will your King accept these propositions, and with them the friendship of the English government? He ought to be aware that the alliance of Great Britain will secure to him that of all the other sovereigns of Europe; but he must promptly decide. From whom would he wish to derive his power? From England or from Austria? He must decide. The step I have now taken proves my personal esteem for your character by thus trusting to your honour; and it likewise shews the interest I feel for the success of what has been so happily begun."

The Duke de Vauguyon assured Admiral Bentinck, that he had spared no endeavour to bring

the King of Naples to the wished for decision. Bentinck was probably aware of this. It was his confidence in the noble character of the Duke de Vauguyon, and his personal desire to see the business settled, which induced him, as he afterwards told a friend of mine, to hazard a step, which, with some persons whom I could name, might have led to his imprisonment. But the Admiral had placed confidence in the honour of M. de Vauguyon, and that shield was sacred. The Admiral's boat was waiting for him at Civita-Vecchia, and he departed, recommending the Duke to spare no endeavours to secure the *interests of Italy*.

But what was the Duke's disappointment when, after having dispatched a letter to Joachim, more urgent than the rest, there arrived in Rome one of the King's aides-de-camp, who merely passed through the city, and was carrying to the Austrian advance posts, the ratification of the treaty which Murat had signed with Austria!

Amidst this conflict of intrigues, Murat had written to the Emperor a letter, to which he received the following laconic answer:

"Direct your course to Pavia, and there *wait* "*for orders.*"

Murat, naturally irritated by this haughty treatment, determined to occupy the papal states. Hitherto M. de Vauguyon had been in Rome only as commander of the Neapolitan division: the King

now ordered him to take the title of Governor-General of the Roman States. Murat set out from Naples to join the Viceroy with his army, and to advance on the Po; but it was with a tardiness, which shewed how little his fidelity was to be trusted.

CHAPTER VI.

Death of Count Louis de Narbonne—His mother, the Duchess de Narbonne—M. de Flahaut sent to convey the Emperor's condolence to her—Madame de Mailly—Louis XVIII—The interest of 5 per cent—General Bertrand's visit to the Duchess de Narbonne—A lawful debt withheld—The Duchess de Narbonne's death—Dr. Kappeler—Blucher crosses the Rhine—Comparative force of the French and the allied armies—Vast assemblage at the court of Napoleon—Committees of the Senate and the Legislative Body—Napoleon's speech—The Russians take possession of Dantzic—Broken treaties—Occupation of Langres, Dijon and Chalons—Liberation of the Pope, and Ferdinand VII—Napoleon's farewell to the national guard.

About this time I had the misfortune to lose my highly valued friend, Count Louis de Narbonne. After the rupture of the Congress of Prague, he had resigned his diplomatic functions, and resumed his post as aide-de-camp to the Emperor. Two letters which I then received from him, though obscure, enabled me to perceive that he was struggling under the weight of some heavy affliction. It was obvious to me, who had known the fears he entertained on his departure for Vienna, that those same fears were realized, and that the Emperor

seemed to impute to him the non-success of his endeavours to obtain peace. Napoleon was, in his heart, too generous to let him feel this in the intimacy to which he had accustomed him; but in the eyes of the world, he wished to throw upon him a colour of disgrace, and he sent him to Torgau to command the troops of the Vice-roy which formed the garrison of that place, and which were a tolerably considerable corps. Not only was this appointment a proof of the dissatisfaction of Napoleon, but it caused the death of my unfortunate friend. At the beginning of November, the typhus fever broke out and raged violently. M. de Narbonne, anxious to justify the confidence which the troops reposed in their commander, devoted his whole attention to the comfort and welfare of men, most of whom, however, were destined never again to see their country. Baron Desgenettes, physician-in-chief to the army, who was at that time in Torgau, seconded the Count's exertions with all the energy and benevolence of his character. Count de Narbonne had already recovered from the first effects of typhus, when he unluckily had a fall from his horse. This accident, which probably would have been speedily cured, under any other circumstances, had the effect of bringing on a renewed attack of typhus in its most malignant form. Baron Desgenettes made every exertion to save him, but death had marked his victim, and he expired on the 20th of November, 1813.

The death of Count Narbonne was deplored by an extensive circle of sincere friends: none,

however, could feel it more deeply than I did. It was as severe a stroke to me as the loss of my father; that father whom I loved so tenderly, and whose whole happiness was centered in me. When M. de Narbonne was in Paris, I was in the habit of seeing him regularly once, and sometimes even twice or thrice in a day; and there existed between us an interchange of confidence such as is rarely maintained, except between a father and a beloved daughter.

The Count was survived by his mother, the Duchess de Narbonne, who was a woman of extraordinary energy of character. She had returned to France after the death of the princesses,* to whom she was devotedly attached. Her son treated her with the most unremitting and affectionate attention. She detested the Emperor, and in spite of her fondness for her son, she could never pardon him for having attached himself to the Imperial family. Napoleon knew this, and he used often to jest with Count Louis at the old Duchess's prejudice.

The death of the Count de Narbonne was the more deeply felt by Napoleon, inasmuch as he thought it had been hastened by his appointment at Torgau. He wished, if possible, to mitigate the shock, which he knew the intelligence would occasion to the venerable Duchess, who was then in her eightieth year. He enquired who would be the fittest person to convey to her intimation of her melancholy loss. He was told that she had

* She was Dame d'Honneur to Madame Adelaide.

already been informed of it. He then sent for General Flahaut, and directed him to go immediately to pay a visit to the Duchess, and to give her every assurance of his (Napoleon's) condolence for the misfortune that had befallen her.

M. de Flahaut acquitted himself of his mission, though he undertook it with a degree of repugnance that might easily be accounted for. He knew the spirit of the Duchess de Narbonne, and he feared that she might reply to the Emperor's message in a way that would be painful for him to hear, and which he could not repeat to the Emperor.

When the Duchess saw M. de Flahaut, she betrayed considerable emotion. She advanced a few steps towards him, but was obliged to support herself by resting her hand on a table.

" Madame," said General de Flahaut, when he had conducted her to her chair, " I am sent hither by the Emperor, to express to you his sincere sympathy for the melancholy loss you have sustained."

The Duchess bowed her head and uttered some words which M. de Flahaut did not distinctly hear. After the lapse of a few moments, when she appeared more composed, he added :—

" His Majesty desires, Madame, that you will inform him how he can serve you,—in short what he can do for you."

The Duchess turned red, then pale, and was evidently struggling to conceal the agitation of her feelings.

" I can only return thanks," said she, cautiously avoiding to pronounce the name of the Emperor. " I do not, and I never will ask for anything, but," added she, with admirable dignity, " my circumstances enjoin me to refuse nothing."

The Emperor immediately granted her a pension of two thousand francs.

This is not a solitary example of Napoleon's benevolence. He was one day informed that the widow of a French marshal was living in Paris in circumstances of extreme indigence. This was Madame de Mailly. He immediately ordered the war minister to place her name on the pension list of widows of the great officers of the empire. This gave her an annuity of twenty thousand francs.

When Louis XVIII returned to France, Madame de Narbonne, whose attachment to the exiled family had never been abated, and who had given repeated proofs of the most disinterested devotedness, went to pay her court to the King, with the certainty of being received with distinguished attention. His Majesty, indeed, said many gracious things to her; and taking her by the hand, assured her that he would do something to ameliorate her circumstances. Two days afterwards he sent her a thousand francs. This was precisely the interest at five per cent. of the salary which the Count de Narbonne had received as aide-de-camp to the Emperor. This recollection was any thing but pleasing to the Duchess, and I have been assured that she sent the money back.

I must relate one more anecdote of the Duchess

de Narbonne and Napoleon. On the 21st of March, 1815, the streets of Paris still re-echoed the shouts of a joyous population. It was half-past six in the evening. The Duchess de Narbonne had just risen from dinner, having no company with her but Dr. Kappeler. The Doctor offered her his arm, and conducted her to her great arm chair, which was wheeled to the window. She then resided in the Rue Ferme-des-Mathurins. The Doctor took his seat beside her, and listened, as he always did, with renewed interest to those stories of past times which she, as well as her son, related so delightfully. Once or twice the Doctor adverted to the Emperor's return, which of course, was the engrossing topic of conversation every where; but whenever he alluded to the subject, the Duchess frowned, and in the peremptory tone of a woman of eighty-three, said:—

"Doctor, let us talk of something else."

Suddenly a carriage drove up to the door, and in a few moments the valet-de-chambre announced the grand-marshal. General Bertrand then filled that post. He is one of the most well-bred and kind-hearted of men. He advanced to the Duchess with all the respectful gallantry of a courtier of Versailles, and told her he had been sent by *his Majesty the Emperor* to enquire how she was, and to know whether she had been taken care of in his absence. He also begged her to inform him whether he could do any thing for her.

The interview was short; but it made a profound impression on the Duchess de Narbonne. As soon

as the Grand-Marshal was gone, she summoned Doctor Kappeler, who had retired into an adjoining room :

" Do you know, Doctor, that *that man* is not so very bad. What do you think ? He arrived only yesterday evening, and amidst all his occupations and embarrassments, he has thought of me :—of one who he knows dislikes him ! This is, really, very generous."

But the hundred days passed away, and there was another return ; and, perhaps, General Bertrand's visit to Madame de Narbonne was recollected with displeasure by the restored court. Such, at least, may be presumed to have been the fact, from the sort of refusal which was given to an application for thirty thousand francs, due to the Duchess de Narbonne ; and due to her the more justly, because her conduct at the death of Madame Adelaide had been truly noble. She had sent to Mittau, where Louis XVIII and the Duchess d'Angoulême then were, the property which she became possessed of in virture of her office, and which she was the better entitled to, inasmuch as she had lost all her own fortune by following her royal mistress in exile.

She counted confidently on the receipt of the thirty thousand francs due to her, and when she was informed that the payment was indefinitely delayed, the intelligence proved a fatal disappointment to her. In the morning, when the Doctor went out after breakfast, he left her well. On his return at five o'clock, he found her stricken with the hand of death. He loved her with the affection

of a son, and he employed all the resources of his art to restore that energy, which was the essence of her existence; but it was extinguished. All that he could do was to prolong her life for the space of two months. She then expired, at the age of eighty-four, possessing all her faculties as perfectly as if she had been but thirty. Doctor Kappeler assured me, that had her mind been kept in a state of complete quietude, he would have made her live to a hundred years old.

I was now in the sixth month of my widowhood, and since Junot's death I had lived in perfect seclusion. I did not even occupy those apartments of my hotel which looked towards the street; but my friends called upon me every day and brought me intelligence of what was going on. I was regularly informed of our progressive degrees of misfortunes, and this information was truly appalling. One day Lavalette called on me and told me, in a tone of despair, that all was lost. I was astonished to see him so dejected, for he was generally in good spirits.

"Blucher," continued he, "has crossed the Rhine, at the head of a formidable army—the army of Silesia! It appears that nothing has opposed him, and that he has effected the passage from Manheim to Coblentz, without encountering the slightest obstacle."

"Heavens!" exclaimed I, "is France no longer France! Are we not the same people who, in 1792, forced the Prussians to re-cross the frontier!"

Blucher's army amounted to one hundred and

sixty thousand men; yet it was only the second in force. Among the hosts who were pouring down upon us with all the fury of vengeance, the grand army commanded by Prince Schwartzenberg, amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand men; the army of the north, commanded by Bernadotte, counted one hundred and thirty thousand; then there were one hundred thousand troops headed by Generals Beningsen and Taeunzien; then General Bellegarde had eighty thousand men in Italy; and the German, Polish, Dutch and Russian reserves, presented altogether about eight hundred thousand troops. To this astonishing army may be added, two hundred thousand Spaniards, Portuguese and English, commanded by Wellington, who were thirsting for vengeance on the barrier of the Pyrennees, as Blucher was on that of the Rhine.

And what forces had we to oppose to this menacing invasion? No more than three hundred and fifty thousand men!—And how were they disposed?—One hundred thousand were shut up in the fortresses of Hamburgh and Dantzic, beyond the Oder, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Prince Eugene had a feeble army in Italy to oppose to Murat and Bellegarde. Soult and Suchet had scarcely eighty thousand men to encounter with the formidable army of Wellington.

The Emperor had under his direct command the corps of Marshals Ney, Marmont, Macdonald, Mortier, Victor, and Augereau. But what was the force of these army corps? Marshal Ney's scarcely

amounted to fourteen thousand men, Marshal Augereau's did not amount to three thousand, and the imperial guard was included in these numbers. Thus, to resist all Europe in arms against us, we had only an army in which each man counted four adversaries. Patriotism, it is true, might still do much; but personal misfortunes had unnerved us. We were no longer ourselves. Amidst these troubles and terrors, amidst the distant roar of Russian and Prussian cannon, arrived the last day of the year 1813.

About this time, Cardinal Maury was one evening at my house, taking a review of the remarkable events which had occurred in Europe since the Assembly of the Notables. He said, it was curious to observe how much ascendancy subjects had gained over sovereigns in that interval. He quoted the remarkable changes connected with the deaths of the following sovereigns, and which the subjoined necrological table may bring to the recollection of the reader:—

Charles III., King of Spain, died a natural death, December 13th, 1788.

Sultan Achmet IV., died of poison, April 7th, 1789.

Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, died a natural death, February 20th, 1790.

Leopold II., Emperor of Germany, died a natural death, March 1st, 1792.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, assassinated March 29, 1792.

Louis XVI., King of France, beheaded January 21st, 1793.

Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, deposed and died a natural death, November 25th, 1795.

Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, died a natural death, October 25th, 1796.

Catherine II., Empress of Russia, died of apoplexy, November 17th, 1796.

Frederick, King of Prussia, died a natural death, November 15th, 1797.

Pope Pius VI., dethroned, and died in imprisonment, August 19th, 1799.

Charles Emanuel, King of Sardinia, driven from his states, November 10th, 1798.

Paul I., Emperor of Russia, assassinated, March 24, 1801.

Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, driven from his States, February 12th, 1806.

Sultan Selim, assassinated July 18th, 1808.

Maria, Queen of Portugal, driven from her States, November 29th, 1807.

Charles VII., King of Denmark, died a natural death, March 13th, 1808.

Charles IV., King of Spain, forced to abdicate March 17th, 1808.

Ferdinand of Spain, forced to abdicate, May 6th, 1808.

Sultan Mustapha, assassinated July 28, 1808.

Gustavus Adolphus, deposed and banished from Sweden, May 10th, 1809.

Pope Pius VII., dethroned, and imprisoned July 5th, 1809.

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Thus, in the space of twenty-six years, twenty-two sovereigns had been removed from their thrones by death or violence, and in this long list I have not included the Doge of Venice, deposed in 1795; the Doge of Genoa, who was likewise deposed; the Grand Master of Malta, several Italian princes, such as the Duke de Modena, and several German princes, electors, and margraves.

On the 1st of January, 1814, Napoleon, for the last time, received the homage of his court. There was a numerous attendance at the Tuileries. When all the company had arrived, the Emperor entered from the inner apartments. His manner was calm and grave, but on his brow there sat a cloud which denoted an approaching storm.

Napoleon had appointed two committees to draw up a report on the state of France. These committees were formed from members of the Senatè and the Legislative Body. The committee for the Senate was composed of MM. de Talleyrand, Fontanes, Saint-Marsan, Barbé Marbois, Beurnonville, and was presided by M. de Lacepede. The committee for the Legislative Body consisted of MM. Raynouard, Lainé, Gallois, Flanguergues, and Maine de Biran, and the President was the Duke de Massa. M. Raynouard was the orator of the Legislative Body, and he spoke with a degree of candour and energy which was calculated to produce a fatal impression on the rest of France. The Emperor immediately felt this. The report of M. Raynouard likewise contained expressions disrespectful to the Emperor, the effect of which

could not fail to be like a tocsin summoning the people to revolt.

The Emperor said nothing the first day, on learning what had passed in the Legislative Body; but, on the 1st of January, when all the authorities of the empire were assembled in the *Salle du Trône*, he delivered a speech, the violence of which filled the offenders with dismay:—

"I have suppressed the printing of your address," said he; "it was of an incendiary nature. Eleven-twelfths of the Legislative Body are, I know, composed of good citizens; and I attach no blame to them; but the other twelfth is a factious party, and your committee was selected from that number. *That man named* Lainé is in correspondence with the Prince Regent, through the medium of the Advocate de Seze. I have proofs of this fact. The report of the committee has hurt me exceedingly. I would rather have lost two battles. What does it tend to? To strengthen the pretensions of the enemy. If I were to be guided by it, I should concede more than the enemy demands. Because he asks me for Champagne, would you have me surrender Brie? Would you make remonstrances in the presence of the enemy? Your object was to humiliate me! My life may be sacrificed, but never my honour. I was not born in the rank of kings; I do not depend on the throne. —What is a throne? A few deal boards, covered with velvet. Four months hence I will publish the odious report of your committee.

* * * * * * * *

"The vengeance of the enemy is directed against me, more than against the French people. But, for that reason, should I be justifiable in dismembering the state? Must I sacrifice my pride to obtain peace? I am proud, because I am courageous. I am proud, because I have done great things for France. In a word, France has more need of me, than I have need of her."

The Legislative Body, though mute that day, was nevertheless the organ of the nation. The committee had been maladroit in speaking as it did; but Napoleon was no less so in his reply, which, though it did not appear in the Moniteur as it was delivered, was nevertheless known throughout Europe eight days afterwards. It was like issuing a manifesto against France, whilst he ought to have held out a friendly hand to her in the hour of distress, when both mutually required support. The Emperor's reply, which was speedily circulated throughout Paris, gave rise to a multitude of commentaries. It was like the signal of discord. To the honour of Napoleon, it must be mentioned, that though he has been held up as a tyrant, ever ready to punish, and as a despot exercising the most arbitrary self-will, yet this affair was followed by no measures of severity. Among the members of the committee there were men who might justly have incurred punishment. M. Lainé had been actively engaged at Bordeaux, at the head of a royalist faction, and was about to resume his exertions. The Emperor knew this, and perhaps he did wrong not to detain

him in Paris. But I say again, the Emperor's disposition was not naturally tyrannical. He no doubt frequently adopted the most arbitrary measures, but in those instances it will be found that he was usually influenced by reports which obscured the truth, and biased his judgment. When left to himself to make a decision, it was almost invariably noble and generous.

On the 1st of January the brave General Rapp was obliged to allow the Russians to enter Dantzic after a most heroic resistance. On the 27th of September, a convention of evacuation had been concluded, and it was agreed that the place should be surrendered on the 1st of January, if in the meantime assistance should not arrive; and, in the event of the evacuation taking place, the besieged were to return to France with the honours of war, taking with them their arms and baggage. None of these conditions were observed; all were violated, and the garrison was sent to Siberia!

It is curious to note the three flagrant violations of treaties which took place during the time that Europe waged war against us. The first instance occurred in Egypt, at the treaty of El-Arisch, by Admiral Keith, and the brave Kleber. The second was the treaty with the Prince of Wurtemburg, at Dresden. The third, and perhaps the most dishonourable, if there can be any difference in a breach of faith, was the violation of the Convention of Dantzic. It is honourable to the character of the French, as a nation, that during the interval of twenty-two years, in which we maintained war

against the whole of Europe, our enemies cannot accuse us of a similar breach of faith. Our generals maintained their pride, even amidst perils and reverses; for true honour will never appeal to necessity as an apology for a direlection from duty.

Every day we learned the progress of the Allies from private letters, for the Moniteur still drew a veil over the truth. The line of hostile lances and bayonets was hourly more and more closely drawn, and we beheld the danger without seeing how it could be averted. Napoleon organised one hundred and twenty thousand of the national guards to cover Lyons and Paris, and to form a reserve. This was our last resource! The enemy had been for some time in possession of Langres, Dijon, Chalons, Nancy, and Vaucouleurs, and threatened immediately to march on Paris. Blucher had established his forces at Saint Dizier and Joinville.

On learning that the Austrians were in possession of Bar-sur-Aube, the Emperor at length determined to quit Paris. He had already liberated the King of Spain and the Pope; Ferdinand VII had left Valençay, and Pius VII had departed from Fontainebleau. By this measure, Napoleon hoped to secure the friendship of a man who had been guilty of deposing his own father. Ferdinand, however, remained his enemy.

Nothing is more curious than to observe the sudden coldness of feeling which some persons betrayed towards Napoleon the moment his happy star began to grow dim. In one day I heard ten different versions of the manner in which he took

leave of the national guard, and confided his wife and child to their protection. Many, who had witnessed the scene, returned from it with tears in their eyes; whilst others regarded as affectation the burst of sensibility which he had evinced when he presented his son to the national guard. If I had seen him I could have guessed whether his feelings were genuine or not, for I knew him too well to be deceived. But from all that I heard, I should be inclined to say, that he was really animated by the sentiments he manifested. He was a father, and he doated on his child. His heart must have been moved when he gazed on the lovely boy, who had been destined at his birth to wear twenty crowns; but who had been dispossessed of his inheritance by those who were his natural protectors. Whatever may now be said of Napoleon's farewell to the national guard, there can be no doubt that the enthusiasm of the Parisians was that day at its height. No person, who was then in the capital, can forget the prolonged shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!—Vive le Roi de Rome!*— The Place du Carrousel resounded with the oaths of fidelity taken by the officers of the national guard; and yet, before a few weeks elapsed, these oaths, so solemnly pledged, were betrayed and forgotten.

CHAPTER VII.

The Emperor quits Paris—The Duke de Vicenza's mission to the head quarters of the Allies—The Duke de Bassano and M. de Semonville—Their imprisonment—Cruel treatment of the Duke de Bassano—A deputation from the Academy of Mantua—Professor Castellani—The Duke's removal to Kufstein—How he employed the weary hours of his imprisonment—New sympathetic ink—The Duke de Bassano's manuscripts—His dramatic compositions—The comedy entitled, *l'Infaillible*—He discovers M. Semonville's place of confinement—A new language for the use of prisoners—Baron Spiaum—The King of Bavaria—Vestris, and *Poor Max*—Baron Spiaum's sinecure.

NAPOLEON quitted Paris, and left us in a state of the most painful inquietude. There appeared no means of escaping from the danger which threatened us. Whither could we fly? To what country could we emigrate? Where could we hope to find an asylum if fate banished us from our country? Spain and Italy were closed against us like the north;—in short, like the whole of Europe. America was our only place of refuge.

Napoleon was anxious to make one more attempt to bring the allied sovereigns to something like reasonable conditions; and he accordingly sent the Duke de Vicenza to the head-quarters of the

allied army. The Duke was a favourite of the Emperor Alexander, and Napoleon was perfectly aware of the importance of regaining the friendship of the sovereign of Russia. Alas! why did he ever lose it? Alexander loved him as a brother. Be this as it may, the Duke de Vicenza was on such a footing with the Emperor Alexander, as enabled him, with the chance of success, to make propositions of peace and friendship. Napoleon, with the view of heightening the Duke's consideration, appointed him his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

It now became necessary that the Emperor should have near him a minister to correspond with the plenipotentiary. The Duke de Vicenza could scarcely expect that the Emperor could himself maintain the diplomatic correspondence amidst the rapid operations of the prodigious campaign. The Duke de Bassano was nominated to this duty. It was a necessity to which he submitted, though not without regret. This intermediation might have been favourable to the Duke de Vicenza, if the plenipotentiary of Chatillon had used those full powers which the Duke de Bassano consigned to him two days before the opening of the Congress, and which were *to save the capital, and to avoid a battle, on which the last hopes of the nation depended.* The Emperor referred to his plenipotentiary the conditions of peace. M. de Vicenza was indebted for this proof of his confidence to the intervention of the Duke de Bassano; it was not the fault of the latter that the plenipotentiary did not turn it to the best account.

The Duke de Bassano is a man of perfectly French feeling. He is devoted to his country, which is sufficiently proved by the manner in which he has served her for the space of forty years. That same country, for whose sake he suffered exile and captivity, has, however, but poorly recompensed him by a title and a few empty honours.

At the commencement of the revolution, when he was a very young man, the Duke de Bassano was a victim to the hatred of foreign powers, especially Austria. This was in 1792. The Duke de Bassano, then M. Maret, was appointed minister from France to Naples. He set off, accompanied by M. de Semonville: the latter was going to Constantinople as ambassador. What offence they could have given to the Austrian government, it is not easy to guess; but they were arrested in Switzerland on neutral territory. Whilst they were travelling under the guarantee of pledged good faith, and protected as they supposed by their characters of ambassadors, they were arrested and thrown into the fortress of Mantua. They were each placed in solitary confinement, and *in chains*. The Duke de Bassano still bears on his right wrist the mark of one of the manacles with which he was bound.

His situation might well have excited the pity of an enemy whose cruelty had even a tangible motive. He was confined in a chamber, scarcely large enough to hold his bed, deprived of air, and not even allowed the society of his gaolor. Though in the vigour of physical and intellectual existence, M. de Bassano

felt himself, in spite of all his fortitude, sinking beneath the weight of misery, whose injustice rendered it doubly horrible. He contracted nervous convulsions, which lasted for ten hours every day for the space of six months. He was thought to be in a dying state. He happened to mention the name of his father, M. Maret, a skilful physician, whose talent had gained for him many friends in that very city in which his son was a captive. Through the influence of some of these friends of his father, he was removed to a fortress in the Tyrol. One day a deputation from the Academy of Mantua, with the illustrious Professor Castellani at its head, was introduced into his prison. It had come to offer consolation and succour to the son of a man, whose memory was highly respected by the learned body. M. Maret, the father of the Duke de Bassano, had been dead seven years. As perpetual secretary of the Academy of Dijon, he had for a long time corresponded with the Academy of Mantua. The object of the visit of the deputation was to certify the dangerous situation of the prisoner. On the report made to the Academy, two of its members were sent to Vienna to report to Baron Thugert, that if it were not wished to end the prisoner's life, he must be removed to another climate before the return of the summer.

The Duke de Bassano's removal to the fortress of Kufstein was determined on. It was there that the iron manacles, which were put upon his wrists, inflicted a wound of which he still bears the scar.

M. de Semonville was likewise removed to the

prison of Kufstein, which is situated in the wildest part of the Tyrol. There they were confined in separate apartments, without being allowed to speak or to communicate with each other, and without seeing any probable chance of being liberated for the remainder of their lives.

Both were young men, and both felt, profoundly, the bitter misery of thus being shut out from all communication with the living world. M. de Bassano was convinced, that if he once again allowed depression of spirits to overcome him, he should not recover, and might, possibly, lose his reason. He summoned all the energy of his naturally strong mind to help him to bear up under his hard fate.

He had neither books, ink, nor paper; nothing with which he could write a single line; nothing to divert those weary hours of captivity which time seemed to mark with a hand of lead. Why he was treated with this severity he was unable to guess; but, nevertheless, so it was. He had lingered in this solitary captivity for several months, when he thought of a scheme which might help him to divert the weariness of his solitude. He resolved to try literary composition. But how could he proceed, deprived as he was of pens, ink, and paper? He invented some excuses for procuring gum-arabic and vinegar; and he then scraped away the rust which had collected on the iron plates of the door of his prison. It struck him, that tea might afford a sufficiently strong astringent to produce the precipitate black. Under the pretence of indisposition, he requested some tea, which was

allowed him, and his experiment succeeded. He told me lately, that nothing could exceed the joy he experienced, when he saw the black colour present itself in proportion as he poured the tea on his first chemical preparation. Certainly none but those who have suffered the misery of solitary confinement, can form any adequate idea of his feelings.

But ink was not all—he likewise wanted paper. The Duke had obtained leave to be supplied with various articles for his toilet, which were no less necessary to his comforts in prison, than when he figured in the Salle du Trône of the Tuileries. Among these articles was tooth powder. On the pieces of paper in which this tooth-powder was wrapped, and on which are still seen in legible characters, the words, *poudre pour les dents*, the Duke wrote two exquisite little comedies in five acts, and in verse. They are written in a very clear hand, without blots, which is a circumstance worthy of remark, considering the quality of the Duke's writing materials. The Duke likewise composed a tragedy, and wrote it on the scraps of paper in which his gum-arabic had been brought. These pieces of paper are larger than the others, but coarser, and more difficult to write on. The tragedy contains eighteen hundred lines. It is written, like the comedies, in four columns, and there are two or three detached fragments of paper, on which are written a few scenes, composed after the piece was finished. As to his pen, the Duke found one in his bed, which was not of down,

as may readily be imagined. It is a very small goose quill, and he cut it with a flint which he found lying on the sill of his window. When he spoke to me of his manuscripts, I thought it was all a joke, and paid but little attention to what he said; but since then I have seen them and had the pleasure of reading them. One of the comedies entitled, *l'Infaillible*, is a charming production, characterized by the delicacy of observation, and that tone of elegant society which confer such charms on the conversation of its author. I know no one whose *causerie* is so delightful as that of the Duke de Bassano.

But when the comedies were completed; when the tragedy had received its last finishing touch, then came a renewal of the poor prisoner's misery. He was seized with a fit of spleen which there now appeared no hope of overcoming, for the last source of occupation and amusement was exhausted.

He often thought of his unfortunate companion, M. de Semonville. "What can have become of him?" thought he. "How happy I should be if I could only discover in what quarter of this fortress he is confined?"

One evening, the clock of the fortress had just struck nine. Silence prevailed around the prisoner, in his solitude, which was like a foretaste to his grave, when he suddenly heard a low sound, which appeared to issue from some apartment situated under his, and in an oblique direction. This sound arrested his attention, for he recollected

that for several preceding evenings he had regularly heard it at precisely the same hour.

" It seems like the sound of a chair which some poor prisoner draws to his bed side," said the Duke, with that delicacy of sensation and perception with which some persons are so eminently gifted. " It cannot be Semonville. No, that is impossible! Yet if it were, how happy I should be!"

There was in one corner of the chamber an old broom-stick. He eagerly seized it, and began to knock in a mysterious way against the wall, whilst his heart throbbed with anxiety and impatience. For the space of three days he repeatedly tried this experiment of knocking, but without success. At length he began to be discouraged. The glimmering of hope, which had momentarily cheered him, was about to be extinguished. At length, on the third day, he heard the prolonged sound of tapping against the wall. He was answered. He immediately took up the stick, which he had thrown aside in despair, and assured his friend, his brother in misfortune, of his joy at having discovered him. From that moment there were no walls, no bolts, no chains. The unfortunate men fancied themselves restored to liberty and happiness, by the feeble consolation which Providence thus sent them.

But I must explain to the reader the secret of the mysterious language, which thus found its way through the thick walls of the fortress of Kufstein.

A plan had been invented for enabling people to maintain correspondence in a prison, provided the cells were not at a very remote distance from each other. M.M. de Semonville and Maret had often conversed together about this invention, without ever dreaming that it would one day become serviceable to themselves.

This plan consisted in making as many taps as the letter required, was separated by others in the alphabet by A. For example, when M. de Bassano wished to know whether M. de Semonville was in the apartment below his, he first made five taps, which gave the letter (E), then eighteen (S), then nineteen (T), three (C), five (E), nineteen (T), fourteen (O), and nine (I). This signified: Est-ce toi? (Is it you ?)

Who can conceive the joy which gladdened the hearts of the two friends when they thus found the means of conversing together, and eluding the vigilance of their gaolor. The prisoners amused themselves, in this manner, for several months. They even simplified the plan, by dividing the alphabet into series, which enabled them considerably to abridge their knocking, and consequently to make less noise. In this manner they contrived to shorten the latter portion of their captivity at Kufstein.

One day after they had commenced their usual dialogue, they were surprised to hear distinctly a third knocking mingle with theirs. "What do you mean by that double tapping?" enquired M. de

Semonville. "I do not understand you; I have not been tapping a *single word,*" replied the other. "Listen then."

M. de Maret did listen, and was speedily convinced that some one, in a more remote part of the fortress understood, and was joining in their medium of communication. The distant knocking being interpreted gave the following words:

"Will you permit an unfortunate fellow prisoner to take part in your conversation?"

"Answer him," said M. de Semonville.

"Are you a Frenchman?" enquired M. Maret.

"No," replied the new interlocuter; "I am a German. I am Baron Spiaum, and I am imprisoned here for my opinions, which the Austrian government alleges to be subversive of order; though they have no such tendency."

The two friends willingly admitted their companion in misfortune to participate in their confidence.

After a time MM. de Semonville and Maret regained their freedom. They were liberated when Madame Royale was restored to Austria. They returned to France and left poor Baron Spiaum to introduce himself to new acquaintances by means of his stick.

Nine years after these adventures, M. Maret was Secretary of State to Napoleon, and accompanied the Emperor to Munich after the campaign of Austerlitz, at the time of the marriage of Prince Eugene, with Princess Augusta of Bavaria. One evening, just as M. Maret was preparing to go to bed, his valet-de-chambre in-

formed him that an old gentleman had called in the course of the day and had very urgently requested to see him.

"What can he want?" said M. Maret, who had very little leisure either for receiving or paying visits, for Napoleon scarcely allowed him time to sleep and take his meals.

"He says that he knows you, Sir," replied the valet-de-chambre, "and that he was once in prison with you!"

"In prison with me?" exclaimed M. Maret; "why, surely it cannot be Baron Spiaum?"

"It is, Sir," replied the valet, "that is the name he desired me to deliver to you. I requested him to call again to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Right! and when he comes, shew him into my cabinet."

Next morning at the appointed hour, the old Baron punctually presented himself at the door of the Minister of State. As soon as he was announced, M. Maret hastened to him; but just as he was about to open the door of his cabinet, a reflection suddenly crossed his mind. His singular adventure with M. de Semonville had been much talked of in Germany, as well as that part of it which related to Baron Spiaum. The person who was now waiting to see him might be an impostor, who, knowing that the Duke de Bassano and Baron Spiaum had never seen each other, had invented a devise for introducing himself to the man, who at that time was understood to possess the highest

influence with the Emperor Napoleon. The Duke de Bassano paused for a few moments, and instead of opening the door of his cabinet as he was prepared to do, he tapped with his knuckles, and said in the language of the fortress of Kufstein :—

" Are you Baron Spiaum ?"

Immediately a hand on the inner side of the door, answered :—

" I am Baron Spiaum."

" Pardieu ! you are welcome," exclaimed the Duke de Bassano, throwing open the door : then taking the old Baron by the hand, he conducted him to a chair and entered into conversation with the must cordial familiarity.

The old ideologist was unfortunate. For writing upon liberty he had got himself immured in prison. But liberty is a mistress who will not allow herself to be easily forsaken or forgotten. The old Baron was more than ever attached to liberty after he had passed ten years in the castle of Kufstein. But in the meanwhile he was starving, and he unfolded his miserable circumstances to the Duke de Bassano, who, with his accustomed generosity and kindness of heart, determined to make some exertion in his behalf.

Next morning he solicited an audience of the King of Bavaria, the excellent Maximillian.* " Sire," said the Duke, " I have come to solicit your Majesty to perform an act of charity;—to grant to

* On hearing of his accession to the throne, Vestris observed : " Ah ! I rejoice to hear that the Emperor has made *poor Max* a king."

Baron Spiaum some little pittance which may suffice to provide him with bread in his old age."

The affair was explained to the King of Bavaria, and the Baron had settled upon him a salary of one thousand florins, for some pretended employment, but which was, in reality, a sinecure. But at the expiration of a very little time, the King of Bavaria said to the Duke de Bassano :—

" Pray, Duke, who is this Baron Spiaum, whom you have sent as a present to me?"

" I hope he has done nothing to displease your Majesty," said the Duke, who perceived that the King was not very well satisfied with his *protégé*.

" Why," resumed the King, " he has begun to preach his doctrines to the clerks in all the ministerial offices. Owing to your recommendation of him, I have allowed his salary to be continued ; but he must take care not to meddle with the affairs of government. He is enough to set all Bavaria on fire."

CHAPTER VIII.

Scene in the interior of the Palace of Naples—Exiled women—Madame Recamier proceeds to Italy—Fouché and the post-horses — Madame Recamier's arrival at Naples — Recollections of Corinne—Her first visit to the King and Queen — Caroline of Naples and Catherine of Russia— Perpetual bantering — The Lazzaroni del Carmine—Caroline's coquetry — Madame Recamier's second visit at court—Murat's despair —Caroline's energy — A stimulating potion — Madame de Stael—Her second husband, M. de Rocca—Her death-bed—Benjamin Constant—English ships in the Bay of Naples.

About the time when Murat leagued with the enemies of France, a curious scene took place in the interior of the palace of Naples. Of this scene I can present to the reader an accurate description; for I received the details from one of the persons who were actors in it, and there were but three.

I have already frequently alluded to the females who came under Napoleon's sentence of proscription. This forms a dark page in his brilliant history; and his biographers must regret the necessity of recording it. Among the number of proscribed women, there was one who interested

me beyond all the rest, in spite of the sad fate of the Duchess de Chevreuse, who died of a broken heart at Lyons. But the person whom I most pitied, and whom I loved as I still love her, was Madame Recamier. She suffered like an angel doomed to punishment, and only sought a place where she might shed tears in peace and solitude. Madame de Staël had been banished from Coppet. In consequence of that measure, Madame Recamier, whose devotedness to her friend had been pronounced criminal, found herself constrained to go and reside at Lyons in a furnished hotel: she carried with her the melancholy consolation of being surrounded by a few faithful and affectionate friends, who sought, as far possible, to smooth for her the miseries of exile.

But she soon felt her existence burthensome, marked as she was with a seal of proscription more severe than any other. Her devoted friendship, rewarded by exile, seemed to be a mockery of all that is most sacred on earth. That which in ancient times would have been deified — which would at least have been recompensed as the utmost nobleness of heart, was visited with the heaviest punishment that despotism could inflict. Madame Recamier was miserable at Lyons.— Having no hope of seeing Madame de Staël at Coppet, she determined to proceed to Italy—to visit Naples, its beautiful bay; to see Vesuvius. Such magic scenery is balm to a wounded spirit!

She set out on her journey at the beginning of November. She travelled slowly, the better to

enjoy the benefit arising from change of scene and climate; and, on her arrival at Rome, she felt herself considerably improved in health and spirits. She stopped in Rome a very few days, and then pursued her journey to Naples. Political events were advancing to a crisis in Italy as elsewhere, and it was advisable to reach a secure place before the roads should become what they were in the time of the *Condottieri*. Madame Recamier knew Murat very well. She was but little acquainted with his wife; though they had a numerous circle of mutual friends. The difference was, however, that Madame Recamier's amiable disposition enabled her to keep her friends, and that those friends cherished for her sincere and lasting attachment.

Madame Recamier quitted Rome in December, 1813, and travelled by the way of the Pontine Marshes. On reaching Terracina, she was unable to procure post-horses.

"They are all engaged by a courier, Madam," said the mistress of the inn.

"A courier!" exclaimed Madame Recamier, "Oh! that is mine; then the horses have been engaged for me; pray put them to immediately."

The post-mistress, supposing Madame Recamier to be right, gave directions for harnessing the horses; and the lady was on the point of departing, when a calèche, coming from Rome, drove furiously up to the inn door. No sooner had the traveller alighted, than a loud talking was heard, accompanied by vociferations worthy of Pere Duchêne.

"Who has had the insolence to take my horses?" exclaimed the traveller, in a furious rage. "Tell me who has dared to do this! Where is the offender?"

Whilst he uttered these words, he paced up and down the corridors of the inn, looking into all the open rooms to try and discover the *robber!* Madame Recamier, who had recognized the voice of the infuriated traveller, opened her chamber door, and presenting herself before him with her usual calmness of manner, she said, in her gentle tone of voice,—

"Bless me, Duke! why all this uproar? I am the offender. I have, by mistake, taken possession of your horses!"

The person to whom she addressed herself was no other than the Duke of Otranto;—Fouché himself, who, having been driven from Illyria for the second time by the Austrians, was on his way to Naples for the purpose of fishing in troubled water for something that might have dropped from the hand of fortune.

On seeing Madame Recamier, he was bewildered with amazement:—

"How!" exclaimed he, "you here? From whence have you come? whither are you going?"

"Where I have come from Duke," she replied, smiling, "you well know. As to where I am going, that I scarcely know myself. I am going, if possible, to find a spot free from the turmoils of war."

Fouché shook his head. There was at that time scarcely a spot in Europe which was not likely to become the scene of bloodshed.

"Well," said Madame Recamier to the Duke, "are you still angry with me?" and she smiled so charmingly, that Fouché was surprised to find himself worked into good humour.

"La furia or placasi! ridde il babeo!"

"Angry with you!" he exclaimed; "Oh! no, I am not quite so bad as that. If you please, we may arrange this affair about the post-horses by travelling together; what do you say?"

"With all my heart," replied Madame Recamier; and accordingly they set off.

On her arrival at Naples, Madame Recamier fixed her abode at the *Hôtel de l'Europe,* on the Quay di Chiaya, and immediately formed her little establishment. Naples was to her a place full of interest. Cape Miseno, Portici, Vesuvius and its burning lava, all that Madame de Staël has described in her Corinne, and which were only the reflections of her own impressions, for never was any writer more guided by personal sentiments than Madame de Staël;—every thing, in short, which surrounded Madame Recamier reminded her of her friend, and excited reflections grateful to her heart. She proposed to live very retiredly, to make excursions in the city, and in its vicinity, and to consign herself to all the idle enjoyment of Neapolitan life.

But she made a wrong reckoning when she counted on repose, after having met with Fouché.

On the morning after her arrival, she was visited by the Neapolitan Minister for Foreign Affairs, who waited upon her by order of the King and Queen, to invite her to the palace.

Madame Recamier was more annoyed than flattered by this mark of royal graciousness. She had known Murat, but he had never been one of her intimate friends. Indeed, Murat's royal elevation had been so sudden, that he had been speedily removed from the sphere of all his early connexions. He had at one period of his life admired Madame Recamier, and had even made love to her, as he did to every attractive woman of his acquaintance; but she gave him to understand that his attentions were not acceptable, and he took the hint with a good grace. It was now very long since Madame Recamier had seen him. As to the Queen, she had scarcely any personal acquaintance with her, and she could not be expected to entertain any very strong predilection for the sister of the man who had persecuted her and all her friends. It was therefore with feelings rather painful than gratifying, that she repaired to the palace; for she accepted the invitation because she would not treat, with incivility, a mark of courtesy shown to her in a foreign land, when she was stamped with the seal of exile.

The Queen of Naples was a woman of considerable shrewdness, energy of character, and talent. I use this latter term in reference to her political life only. That excepted, she was as ignorant as a woman can well be, or, I ought rather to say, as

women were a hundred years ago. Though wanting in the knowledge which is usually acquired by the most ordinary education, yet, if a grave political question came under discussion, she could speak like a well-informed statesman. Catherine I did not know how to write, and yet she saved Russia and the glory of the empire on the banks of the Pruth. Whilst I was lately engaged in writing a biography of Catherine I, I was struck with the resemblance between the two women. This resemblance may be traced, not only in their minds, but in their persons. Both were small in stature, ill-formed, and high-shouldered, having fresh complexions and pretty faces. Both sovereigns, too, were alike vain of their pretty faces, and availed themselves, to the fullest extent, of the influence of their beauty.

Queen Caroline had a peculiarity of manner and temper which was very far from agreeable. I allude to her habit of ridiculing and jeering her acquaintance. For my own part, I can truly say, that I was always nervous for a week after we had any of our rehearsals of plays or quadrilles. This disposition, which she indulged to a most offensive extent, created for her more enemies than her beauty. One may accommodate oneself to a superior rivalry, especially if there be nothing very singularly superior in it; but to be continually reminded of that superiority is insufferable, particularly when one has not altogether a contemptible opinion of oneself.

Caroline received Madame Recamier with trans-

port. Madame Recamier was touched by the kind reception she experienced, and expressed her heartfelt gratitude to the Queen of Naples.

"Ah!" said Caroline, "I shall perhaps soon have to solicit a proof of your friendship, I hope you will not withhold it; I shall be much in need of it."

This was on the 16th of January. Every thing that was said in the palace was a subject of conversation in Naples, and all the gossip in the city was faithfully reported in the palace. There was an ample text for commentary on both sides.

"He must abandon the Emperor," exclaimed the populace. "We will no longer be dragged from our homes, to fight at the other end of the world. We must have peace."

These shouts for peace were, by a curious anomaly, raised by men armed with stilettoes, which they brandished with threatening attitudes in front of the palace of Joachim, the popular King; the king *à mille panaches*, who was a great favourite with the *Lazzaroni del Carmine*. His smiling good-humoured countenance, his fantastic costume, in short, all his peculiarities recommended him strongly to that class of his subjects above mentioned. Besides, Murat was a man of amiable disposition; he was a good husband and a good father. But after all, the love of his subjects was ephemeral, and it was chilled by the fear of war and the English invasion. Murmurs increased every day, and Murat could not go out of his palace without encountering dissatisfied groupes. Such

was the state of things when Madame Recamier arrived in Naples.

In compliance with the invitation she had received, she proceeded to the palace about noon. She found the Queen as amiable and as gracious as before. Nobody better understood the art of captivating those whom she wished to gain over to her interests than the Queen of Naples. She possessed this great charm in common with her brother Napoleon. Her apartments in the palace at Naples were fitted up with luxurious taste Her bedchamber, which commanded a view of the bay, was hung with white satin, the rich soft folds of which harmonized admirably with the brilliant complexion of the mistress of the apartment. She frequently received visiters whilst in bed, as she had been in the habit of doing in Paris. Her bed-curtains were of richly worked tulle, lined with pink satin.

On the day of Madame Recamier's visit, Caroline wore a *camisole* and a cap of the richest point lace lined with pink satin. She received Madame Recamier with the most prepossessing grace, expressed her regret at seeing her in exile; but assured her, that the hardships of that exile would be considerably mitigated by her residence in Naples. Murat, too, who was present at the interview, gave her every assurance of the interest he felt in her behalf. How could he do less! Who would not have wished to spare a pang of grief to the beautiful exile.

When Madame Recamier took her leave, the King and Queen invited her to visit them again

on the following day. She could easily perceive that very uneasy feelings prevailed in the interior of the palace. Public report, indeed, had Madame Recamier lent ear to it, would have informed her, that happiness was not an inmate of the royal abode, splendid as it was. But in Naples, as in Paris, Madame Recamier always kept herself aloof from gossip and scandal. She accepted the friendship that was offered, as a means sent by heaven to enable her to become a conciliatress.

On the following day, as she proceeded to the palace, every thing presented a strange aspect, from the Quay di Chiaya to the gallery of the throne. Being a stranger in the country, and unacquainted with the turbulent habits of the people, she was half inclined to return home, when she beheld the sinister agitation which prevailed. She passed through several apartments of the palace without seeing a chamberlain. At length she reached the door of the Queen's chamber; she tapped gently, and Caroline herself, who anxiously expected her, opened the door.

As soon as she entered, she was struck with the extraordinary picture that presented itself. The King and Queen were alone. Murat was pale, his hair disordered, his eye rolling wildly; and to all appearance he was under the influence of some overpowering excitement of mind. The Queen, on her part, was very pale, and much agitated, but her superior fortitude was evident in every glance which she darted on her husband—that man to whom Napoleon justly said: — "You are brave

only on the field of battle—in any other situation you have not the courage of a woman or a monk."

"In the name of Heaven! for the sake of your own glory! remain here, I implore you; and do not show yourself in this state!" exclaimed Caroline, on the entrance of Madame Recamier;—"would you wish to convince the Neapolitans that they have a king who is not worthy of the name? Stay where you are, I conjure you."

These words *I conjure you* were uttered in the authoritative tone of *I desire you.*

"Pray stay with him for a few moments," said the Queen to Madame Recamier; "I am going to give a few orders, and will return immediately."

No sooner had Caroline left the room, than Murat flew to Madame Recamier, and taking her by the two hands, said, with the deepest emotion,

"Tell me, tell me the truth—it is certain that you must think I have behaved very basely. Is it not so?"

"Be composed," said Madame Recamier; "Why this agitation? What has happened?"

"Alas!" continued the unfortunate Murat, sinking into a chair, "does not all France vent anathemas on my head! Am I not called Murat the traitor! Murat the renegade!"

He hid his face in his hands, and burst into tears.

On seeing this violent agitation, Madame Recamier immediately suspected that he had not deter-

mined to sign the treaty with Austria and England; a treaty which was calculated to alienate him and his children from France; for it would require more than the interval of a generation to wipe away such a stain. With her accustomed good sense, she immediately perceived that a little calm advice, offered by a friend, who, like herself, had no personal interest in the question at issue, might give a fixed direction to his wavering sentiments.

"Do you ask me for my opinion?" said she, with a serious air.

"Ah! give it me," he exclaimed eagerly, "draw me from the gulf that yawns before me. On all sides I see nothing but misfortune and disaster."

"Hear me, then," resumed Madame Recamier; "you know that I do not like the Emperor! I am myself an exile, and my friends are proscribed. All who are dear to me have been plunged into misery by Napoleon. But still, in spite of those considerations, I will give you the same advice which I would give to my own brother in the like circumstances:—you ought not to forsake the Emperor.—No, I say again, you ought not to forsake him!"

As she uttered these words, Murat became more and more pale. He looked at her for some moments without making any reply. Then, rising with impetuosity, he took her hand, and led her rapidly to the balconied terrace before the window,

and pointing to the bay of Naples, already filled with English ships, he exclaimed, in a voice half stifled with emotion:—

"Behold! look yonder! and now tell me whether this is the moment when France should address to me the title of *traitor!*"

Madame Recamier was astounded at what she heard; for judging from all that she had had an opportunity of observing within the past hour, she confidently believed that Murat had not yet come to any decision; and yet the English ships hoisted their flags in the very port of his capital. She said nothing. What, indeed, could she have said, she who never spoke but in sincerity and candour.

Murat had thrown himself on an arm chair, and seemed perfectly bewildered with despair and grief, when the Queen suddenly entered. She also was deadly pale. On perceiving the King in the pitiable state in which he was, she trembled, and running up to him, exclaimed:

"In the name of Heaven, Murat! be silent, or at least speak lower! In the adjoining room there are a hundred ears listening to you! Be silent! Have you lost all self-command?"

Finding she could produce no effect upon him, she ran to a table, on which there were water, sugar and orange flower water. She, herself, mixed a portion, and pouring into it some drops of ether, she brought it to him:

"Drink this and compose yourself," said she. "The crisis has now arrived. Murat, recollect

what you are. You are King of Naples. Do not lose sight of the duty you owe to your subjects and to your family. Hear me! In six weeks, perhaps, the Emperor may himself be in Italy."

At this sharp apostrophe, Murat again trembled.

"What ails you?" resumed Caroline. "What are you afraid of? Reflect on your situation. View it as it really is. The worst you have to fear is to find yourself face to face with the Emperor. Well then! Suppose he were now only fifty leagues from Naples, and that you are going to mount your horse to meet him."

Murat hid his face in his hands. "How! You dare not face him?" said Caroline, with a gesture of contempt.

"Then I will do so for you! Yes, I will mount my horse. I will place myself at the head of the army; and I will go to the Emperor and ask him by *what right* he is about to take from me that which he gave, as a reward for the blood you have shed for his glory!"

Madame Recamier gazed at her with painful astonishment, and could not help exclaiming:

"Oh, Madame!"

The Queen understood the reproach conveyed in these words: she paced two or three times up and down the apartment; and then, as if in reply to Madame Recamier, she said:

"Doubtless, I am his sister!....I know it but too well. Yet, why did he give me a crown? If I am his sister, I am likewise Queen of Naples!" Then, as if overcome by the weight of so many distressing

sensations, she threw herself on a sofa and was silent.

Presently a sort of murmur was heard on the quay. Caroline rose suddenly, ran to Murat, and looking at him steadfastly, said:

"Now you may shew yourself. Go, my dear Joachim:—and recollect who you are!"

Murat rose, passed his hand through his hair, and stepped up to a mirror to adjust the deranged appearance of his cravat. He then embraced the Queen, and taking Madame Recamier's hand, he said to her in a tone of sincere kindness:

"You will return and dine with us. We shall be alone; do not refuse."

Madame Recamier promised to go, and Murat then took leave of her and the Queen. When he had disappeared behind the numerous undulating folds of the satin curtains, which were drawn over the door, the Queen rushed into the arms of Madame Recamier, and shed a torrent of tears.

"You see," said she, "I am obliged to have courage for him as well as myself! At a time too when my own fortitude is scarcely borne up even by my affection for my children:—when I am hourly distracted by thinking of my brother, who believes me to be guilty of treason to him. Oh! pity me! I have need of pity, and I deserve it. If you could search my heart, you would see what torture I am doomed to bear!"

The conversation between Caroline and Madame Recamier was long and interesting. The Queen

detailed all the circumstances which had led to the unhappy situation in which she was placed. Madame Recamier, whose whole life had been a series of sacrifices, made for the happiness of her friends, could not easily understand the necessity of forfeiting the affection of a brother to whom Caroline owed every thing that was worth preserving, for the sake of that crown with whose gems so many thorns were intermingled!

On leaving the palace, Madame Recamier returned home to seek a little repose after the stormy scene she had witnessed. She reflected, with some degree of surprise on the strange destiny which had led her to Naples, and plunged her into agitating emotions, when she was anxiously seeking for tranquillity. And by whom had these emotions been excited? By the sister of the man who had destroyed her happiness, and that of her friends. In this coincidence, there was an ample text for reflection.

Madame de Staël was at that moment an object of the greatest interest to Madame Recamier. Banished from Switzerland, driven as it were, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, the fate of that extraordinary woman was no less singular in misfortune, than it had been in the days of her most luminous glory. Though then fifty years of age, she was passionately beloved by a man, at least twenty one years younger than herself, and she returned his affection with a heart which still glowed with all its primitive feeling.

I have been informed, that on the night of Madame de Staël's death, Benjamin Constant sat up with her. How many sad recollections of disappointed love must have been revived as he sat by the bed on which lay stretched the cold remains of the woman to whom he had once been so devotedly attached. What a long and melancholy history must have recurred to the mind of Benjamin Constant, when he gazed on the corpse of Madame de Staël; when he recollected how many tears he had shed on those beautiful hands, now cold and inanimate. His passion amounted to madness, and he took poison. Madame de Staël did not return his love. She never entertained towards him any other sentiment, than that friendship which was maintained, uninterrupted, to the last hour of her life.

At the time when Madame Recamier visited Naples, both were still living; but Madame de Staël had privately married M. de Rocca, and Benjamin Constant was publicly united to the Countess de ..... a Swedish lady, who loved him as he had loved Madame de Staël.

Madame Recamier, on returning to her hotel, was absorbed in reflections, all relating to the persons I have named above. Suddenly her attention was roused by a noise in the street. She ran to the window, and saw the whole population of the Carmine* and Santa-Lucia, assembled round

* *Il Carmine* is that part of Naples inhabited by fishermen and lazzaroni. *Santa-Lucia* is the district occupied by merchants and bankers. *Chiaya* is the fashionable part of the city.

Murat, who was parading the city on horseback. The intelligence of the treaty of alliance, confirmed by the presence of the English ships in the port, had excited the populace, and their enthusiasm for Murat and the Queen was at its height. The King was still pale, but he appeared in good spirits; as he passed the balcony of Madame Recamier, he looked up, and gracefully saluted her.

CHAPTER IX.

Advance of the Allied armies—Blucher at St. Dizier—Napoleon in Champaign—Intrigues of M. de Talleyrand—His interview with the Emperor at the Tuileries—The *coup de poing*—The campaign of Champaign—The battle of Brienne—Madame de Brienne and Napoleon—College recollections—Napoleon's first acquaintance with Bourrienne—The Congress of Chatillon—The Emperor Alexander and the Duke de Vicenza—Junot's debts—Napoleon's neglect of Junot's children—My uncle Demetrius—His high spirit and pride of birth—His devotedness to the Bourbon family—Louis XVIII's compliment to him—Battles of Champaubert and Montmirail—The Emperor refuses to sign the powers for the Duke de Vicenza.

THE fatal cordon of hostile forces, by which we were surrounded, approached us more and more closely. One day we learned that the Wirtemberg troops had entered Epinal; another time, that the Prussians were masters of Nancy; then Chalons-sur-Saône; then, that the Austrians were in Chambery, etc.

The army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher, established itself in the vicinity of Paris, for so we term St. Dizier and Joinville. The enemy was at length on the Marne. Then the Emperor quitted

Paris! He had long hesitated before he adopted this course, either because he was waiting to see the effect of the negotiations opened at Frankfort, or because he hoped that there would be a general rising in France at the sight of the foreign invaders. Doubtless, this was naturally to be expected from the bravery and energy of the French people. But he himself had worn out all their springs of action —they had lost their elasticity. The most determined required repose; and a general desire for it prevailed from the cottage of the soldier, to the palace of the marshal. Napoleon never could be brought to understand the law of necessity. He endeavoured to make every thing yield to him, whilst he himself would never bend to circumstances.

At this time Parisian society presented an extraordinary aspect. Grief and alarm now prevailed in those houses which had but recently been the scenes of uninterrupted festivity. The numerous families, arrayed in mourning, cast a gloom over the streets and public promenades, and it was particularly melancholy to observe the many young females who wore widow's weeds. This last circumstance struck the Emperor of Russia, as he himself informed me.

Whilst the Emperor was in Champaign exhibiting a last proof of that talent and energy which had raised him to one of the first thrones in the world, M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris, and his intrigues gave the finishing stroke to Napoleon's misfortunes. On this subject a droll anecdote is related.

It is said, that the Emperor, on the eve of his departure to join the army, summoned M. de Talleyrand to the Tuileries, and there spoke to him in a tone that might be called more than firm, of the affairs of Spain. It would appear that the Emperor was not at that time very well acquainted with the style of conversation which was maintained in the coterie of M. de Talleyrand, when the affairs of Spain came under discussion.

"Well, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said the Emperor, walking straight up to him, "I think it is somewhat strange that you should allege I made you the goaler of Ferdinand, when you yourself made the proposition to me!"

Talleyrand, assuming one of his inflexible looks: half closing his little eyes, and screwing up his lips, he stood with one hand resting upon the back of a chair, and the other in his waistcoat pocket.

Nothing encreases anger so much as coolness. The Emperor was violently irritated at Talleyrand's immoveability of countenance and coolness of manner, and he exclaimed in a voice of thunder and stamping his foot:

"Why do you not answer me?"

The same silence was maintained. Napoleon's eyes flashed fire. Talleyrand became alarmed, not without reason, and then he stammered out the following words, which were certainly any thing but satisfactory:—

"I am at a loss to understand what your Majesty means."

Napoleon attempted to speak, but rage choaked

his utterance. He advanced first one step, then a second, then a third, until at length he came close up to the Prince of Benevento. He then raised his hand to the height of the Prince's chin, and continuing to advance, he forced M. de Talleyrand to recede, which was no easy matter, owing to the defect in one of his feet. However, it was more adviseable to recede than advance, for the Emperor's little hand was still held up, and was clenched in the form necessary for giving what is vulgarly called a *coup de poing*. However, it was not given. The Emperor merely drove the Prince of Benevento, half walking, half hobbling along the whole length of the large cabinet of the *Pavillon de Flore*. At length the Prince reached the wall of the apartment, and Napoleon repeated:—

"So you presume to say that you did not advise the captivity of the Princes?"

Here the scene ended. It had already been too long; and at the same time not long enough. Since the Emperor had gone so far, he ought to have gone a little farther, and sent the Prince of Benevento to Vincennes, consigning him to the hands of General Dumesnil, with the recommendation to treat him with all possible respect, but to keep him rigidly *au secret*. Machiavel truly says:—*One should never make an enemy by halves.*

On the evening of the day on which this scene was acted, the Prince of Benevento had company. The Chamberlain, on duty at the Tuileries had overheard every thing, and had repeated all he heard; for the truth is, though I am sorry to

say it, the *servants of honour*, who dance attendance upon royalty, differ but little from servants of any other kind. As I was myself lady of honour to a princess, I may attack this class of people without the fear of being thought unjust or prejudiced; and I have often thought, when we were assembled in the *salon de service*, gossipping about what did not concern us, that we very much resembled those who were amusing themselves in a similar way in the story below us. However, this may be, it is nevertheless certain, that the chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries, whose name I need not mention, reported that the Prince de Benevento had received a *coup de poing* from the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand, as I have already observed, had a party that same evening, and one of the visiters, who was on familiar terms with the Prince, stepped up to him, saying:

"Ah, Monseigneur! what have I heard?"

"What!" enquired the Prince, with one of his cool impenetrable looks.

"I have been informed that the Emperor treated you!...."

"Oh!" interrupted the Prince, "that is a thing that happens every day, every day....."

The Prince had heard no mention of the *coup de poing*, which he flattered himself nobody knew of; and when he said *every day* he merely meant that the Emperor was out of temper and unreasonable every day.

M. de Talleyrand's friend, however, who had no very refined notions of etiquette, as may be readily

imagined from his address to the Prince took it into his head that Talleyrand was in the daily habit of receiving a *coup de poing*, or at least a *soufflet*, from the Emperor. This mistake gave rise to a fund of merriment when it came to be reported about, that the Prince de Benevento daily submitted to the Emperor's correction with that indifference which might be inferred from the negligent shrug of the shoulders which accompanied the words, "Every day!—Mon Dieu!—Every day!"

I am not competent to judge of the merits of the campaign of Champaign, but I have heard it alleged by military men, even the Emperor's enemies, that his military genius never was so brilliantly displayed as in that campaign. He drove the Prussians from St. Dizier, and this triumph was almost immediately followed by the battle of Brienne. What painful feelings must have arisen in his mind, while he was fighting to preserve his crown, under the walls of the old college where, in his boyhood, he had passed so many happy hours. At Brienne he had also fought battles, but they were followed by no pangs of grief or remorse. His soldiers were his college companions, his ammunition snow-balls, and the ransom of the prisoners some fruit, a book, or a print. I have frequently heard the Emperor describe his amusements at Brienne. I recollect in particular, one day, when Madame de Brienne paid a visit to Madame Mère, accompanied by her niece, Madame de Lomenie. The Emperor, who

was present, conversed with her for a considerable time with almost filial affection. The respect he showed to Madame de Brienne was unmixed with any trace of affectation; his behaviour to her was perfectly easy and natural. I am certain that Napoleon must have suffered cruelly on the day of the battle of Brienne. I am sure of it, from the complacency with which I have so often heard him dwell on the happiness he enjoyed at college. It was there that he first became acquainted with Bourrienne.

The battle of Brienne was followed by several others. In the midst of these conflicts, when cannon was roaring and blood flowing in every part of France, from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Mincio, a congress was opened, as if in derision of the impotence of human will. This congress held its sittings at Chatillon, in the heart of one of our provinces. Its members were Count Stadion, for Austria; Baron Humboldt, for Prussia; Count Razumowsky, for Russia; whilst Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cathcart, and Lord Castlereagh, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, represented the interests of Great Britain. This latter circumstance might have enabled Napoleon to see that his fate was decreed. England being represented by three members at the congress, and one of those three her prime minister, sufficiently indicated the degree of influence she was about to claim over the destiny of Napoleon; whilst, at the same time, the other powers showed their submis-

sion to England by each sending only one plenipotentiary.

As to France, she sent only one individual to the Congress of Chatillon, and that was General Caulincourt, the Duke de Vicenza.* He was then, nobody knows for why, Minister for Foreign Affairs. I know very well the private motive which induced the Emperor to send him to Chatillon; but one thing which I cannot comprehend is, how Napoleon should imagine that that reason could have any weight in the scale of general interests. The reason to which I allude is, the cordial friendship with which the Emperor Alexander honoured the Duke de Vicenza. It was one of those friendships, almost fraternal, which are so rare in the world, and, above all, rare among sovereigns. But in the circumstances in which Alexander stood, being called to the head of the gigantic coalition of Europe, he appeared in the face of the whole world as the opponent of Napoleon; and therefore the latter was wrong in flattering himself that any private interest could have weight with him, in opposition to the general interests. Sovereigns have two natures. Napoleon well knew this.

* The Emperor, who highly and justly esteemed the Duke de Bassano, had withdrawn him from the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, merely to satisfy petty passions, which he had not time to contend with. He gave the Duke de Bassano full powers to correspond with Chatillon. But to have done any good, it would have been requisite for him to have been on the spot.

Whilst the Congress was sitting, the allied armies were advancing on Paris, and enclosed us within their ranks. The Emperor fought and gained battles, and seemed to surpass himself in energy and talent. But what availed this? France was overrun with enemies, who were marching from all directions upon the capital.

We had now arrived at a fatal juncture! How shall I find words to describe it? How paint the deplorable picture to those who did not witness it? I cannot, even at this distance of time, think without agony of the moment when I heard the words, "All is lost!" My young family had lost the support and protection of a father. I was a widow, and my pecuniary circumstances made me dread the possibility of an overthrow of the government. The invasion threatened to deprive me of the little fortune that remained to me. I foresaw that the majorates would be forfeited, and the only legacy which my unfortunate husband had left to me and his children would be lost. We should have nothing left but a frightful mass of debts, amounting to 1,400,000 francs. Such had been the result of Junot's imprudence in undertaking the expensive repairs of our house in Paris. The great bulk of his debts arose solely from that cause.

I have been reproached with having shown too much pride in misfortune, after the death of the Duke d'Abrantes. Perhaps that pride ought to have yielded to the consideration of my children's interests; but it was a delicate question for any

one, except myself or the Emperor, to decide upon. Napoleon, however, resolved the question as far as regarded himself, by leaving nothing to my children in his will. I say nothing of myself; he did not like me; but I never felt mortified by that dislike, as I conceived it was founded in circumstances honourable to me. My admiration and my worship of his memory will not be the less sincere and lasting; but I felt pained by his neglect of my children. When Junot died of the result of his wounds and his fatigue in the campaign of Russia, the Emperor ought to have shown some interest for his children. I make this remark, from a sincere conviction of its justice, and not to gratify any vindictive feeling. With the same candour I will also acknowledge, that I felt the full force of my desolate condition, when I found myself alone and unprotected in the world, at the moment when France was threatened with destruction. The Emperor, it is true, was not then in Paris, and my friends, Duroc, Bessières, and Count de Narbonne were numbered with the dead!

At this time my uncle Demetrius, the chief of our family, and the last of the Comneni, came to me, and his presence helped greatly to maintain my courage. My brother Albert, too, who had been in Italy, returned about this period, and was a great comfort to me. But what could either he or my uncle do, to secure the inheritance of my children? This thought distracted me, and often, when I beheld my four children around me, and reflected on what might possibly be their future

destiny, my courage failed me, and I flew to my chamber to weep alone, and in silence.

The conduct of my uncle Demetrius had been most noble and dignified since his return from emigration. He never would solicit any thing from the Emperor, and never would suffer Junot to make any application in his behalf. The Emperor once offered him, through me, a chamberlain's key. I dared not tell him of it. I was sure he would never have seen me again. He was like my mother, high-spirited and proud, in an extreme degree. He would never accept the slightest favour from the Consular government, and still less from the Empire. He consistently persevered in this line of conduct, from 1800, the time of his return from emigration, to 1814.

My uncle was a man of singular character. He possessed a superior understanding, and a great extent of information. He perhaps attached too high an importance to his exalted birth; in this respect he was like an old Suzerain of the 12th century. This gave him a peculiar attitude in society. He did not consider himself a French nobleman; and this separation of his noble birth from that of the persons with whom he continually came into contact, placed him in a sort of hostility to the French noblesse; and yet he was devoted, heart and soul, to the Bourbon family.

"You do not feel as I do," he used to say to me; "Your mother! Ah! your mother—she was a true Comnenus.

I must needs confess, that though I was not a

little proud of being descended from eighteen emperors, and of counting among my ancestors a long line of heroes, yet I did not estimate the advantage beyond its worth. My uncle always reproached me for my lukewarmness on this subject. His devotedness to the Bourbons was so profound, that Louis XVIII said to me, the first time I saw him in a private audience,

"Your uncle is the best friend I have preserved in France."

This was merely one of Louis XVIIIth's handsome compliments, for no doubt there were among the French noblesse, and he well knew it, men as devoted to him as ever my uncle was. I merely record the observation to show the footing on which my uncle stood with the King. On the day when he returned home after his first audience of his Majesty, he assured me and Albert, that the King would certainly make a proper provision for me and my children.

I burst into tears. The thought of receiving a boon for my children, from any hand but the Emperor's, cut me to the heart. Albert understood my feelings, and taking my hand said:—

"My dear Laura, you view this matter in too serious a light. Listen to me: I can have no personal feelings of dissatisfaction towards Napoleon. I loved him, and faithfully served him for the space of fifteen years; and my conduct has, I trust, been that of an honest man and a devoted friend. But he did not behave well to you and your children; the children of Junot, the man who wor-

shipped him in life, died invoking blessings on his name, and who gave him bread when he was starving in Paris before the 13th Vendemiaire. What had your innocent children done to incur his displeasure? The great man may have his weak point, like any other man; he may be under the influence of human passion, and he may wish to punish you for a generous fault. But let me say no more on this subject, my dear Laura. Reflect on what your uncle has said to you. Be guided by him and me. We cannot point out to you any but the right course."

In spite of the power which Albert had over me, he could not for a long time shake my determination. What he proposed to me seemed like a subversion of all my affections. How I wish the Emperor could have read my heart, harassed as it then was by conflicting duties; he would then have seen whether I was inclined to league myself with his enemies! I sincerely loved and revered the Emperor, yet he always doubted it. On this point, Duroc used to say, he was like a woman, always fearful of not being loved enough.

The victory of Champaubert revived a faint ray of hope. Alsuview, the Russian General, was taken with a corps of six thousand men and forty-five officers: the Emperor was a Medusa to his enemies when they were not in a majority of a hundred to one. The battle of Champaubert was succeeded by that of Montmirail. General Sacken, with a part of the army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher,

was attacked and beaten by the Emperor. Twenty-five pieces of artillery, three thousand killed, two thousand wounded, and a thousand prisoners were the result of this battle, which, as well as the engagement of the preceding day, proved the inferiority of Blucher, and, indeed, of all who were opposed to the Emperor.

I may here relate a fact which is not generally known.

Two days before the battles of Montmirail and Champaubert, the Duke de Bassano, who had been daily urging the Emperor to send more extensive powers to the Duke de Vicenza, had at length prevailed on Napoleon to draw up the powers and to sign them, that they might be forwarded to Chatillon. On the eve of the battle of Champaubert, the Duke said to the Emperor:—

"Sire, the powers are ready."

"I will sign them to-morrow," replied Napoleon. "If I should be killed, they will not be wanted; if I should conquer, we shall then be able to treat with better advantage."

Next day, the Duke de Bassano, who it is well known, was with the Emperor in all his battles, went to him after the victory and presented to him the powers which he had promised to sign. The Emperor made the same reply as that which he had given on the preceding day. The Duke de Bassano withdrew much disappointed. On the evening of the battle of Montmirail he again urged the Emperor to sign the powers. But some

strange visions had entered the Emperor's brain. He smiled, and looking at the maps of France and Europe which lay before him:—

"I now stand in such a situation that I need not yield an inch of ground," said he to the Duke, "and I will sign nothing."

CHAPTER X.

Influence of Count d'Armfeldt on the fate of Napoleon—King Gustavus III—The Countess d'Armfeldt—She is appointed Lady of Honour to the two Empresses of Russia—Count d'Armfeldt obliged to quit Sweden and fly to Naples — He seeks refuge in Russia—He comes to Paris—Fouché's message —The Count's reply—The Duke de Sudermania—Count d'Armfeldt accused of an attempt to assassinate Bernadotte —His Defence—The Conference of Abo—Revival of Masked Balls—The embroidered Cambric Handkerchief—The Bouquet —*Eau de Mousseline*—Curious Personal Resemblance—Regina —Powerful Impression—Recollections of Italy—The Valley of Assina—The Festival of the Moccoli—The *Miserere* on Good Friday—Alarming agitation of Count d'Armfeldt—The Mask raised—The Dead restored to life—The Jest carried too far—My Letter to Count d'Armfeldt—He discovers me—Baron Ernestwart—The Black Domino.

THERE was a man whose enmity proved, about this period, very mischievous to the Emperor, and who is nevertheless but little known considering the great influence he exercised on the destiny of Napoleon. I allude to the Swedish Count d'Armfeldt. His own destiny was singular for a statesman. His life was interspersed with the

most romantic incidents. There was also an air of romance in the friendship which united him to Gustavus III.

The Count accompanied the King on his travels in France and Italy, and on his return home Gustavus united him to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the heiress of the noble house of La Gardia. Her influence over her husband was immense, and in 1811, when she filled the situation of lady of honour to the two Empresses of Russia, (Maria Fedorowna and Elizabeth Alexiewna) I am authorised to say, that she materially swayed her husband's conduct in reference to the affairs of France. She hated Napoleon, and her aversion, as may be readily imagined, was encouraged and excited by the Empress dowager. The Countess d'Armfeldt was, I may perhaps say is, for I believe she is still living, a woman of very superior talents and endowments.

Gustavus III died. If I had space I would relate in detail the extraordinary events in the life of Count d'Armfeldt: — how Gustavus, not being able to take the regency from the hands of the Duke of Sudermania, appointed Count d'Armfeldt a member of the Council of Regency and Governor of Stockholm;—how the Duke forced him to quit Sweden and proceed to Naples;—how his enemy vindictively pursued him, and even when he had reached the sea shore, compelled him to embark in disgrace, in order to escape assassination. The Count finally took refuge in Russia; from whence

he maintained, with his young Sovereign, a secret correspondence, in which he warned him of the designs of his uncle. The whole of the Count's adventures were most romantic and extraordinary; and I have thus freely adverted to them to prepare the reader for what I have said in reference to his relations with the Emperor Napoleon. Though under the ban of proscription, Count d'Armfeldt maintained extensive connexions in Sweden, and they enabled him to keep a vigilant watch over the Duke de Sudermania. The latter feared him, and remitted his sentence of exile. But d'Armfeldt wisely judged that this seeming favour was merely a snare, and he remained in Russia, which country he did not quit until the young King attained his majority. He then came to Paris. The Empire was not yet proclaimed, but the First Consul was *sovereign*. The presence of Count d'Armfeldt caused Napoleon some uneasiness. He mentioned the matter to Fouché, who was then Minister of the Police. Fouché nodded his head, and next morning an agent of the police waited on Count d'Armfeldt before he was up.

"What is your business with me?" inquired the Count.

The envoy declared that he was instructed to inform him that he must quit Paris. The Count smiled, and enquired by virtue of what law.

"By virtue of the authority of the First Consul," replied the agent.

"Indeed," said M. d'Armfeldt, "then I do not choose to go."

The agent stared with astonishment. He was little accustomed to such answers.

" Well," resumed the Count, " and if I do not think fit to quit Paris, what will you do? The case is this: I am in Paris. I find myself very comfortable, and I shall not go till it suits my convenience. Tell this to Fouché, and he may tell it again to the First Consul. After that, if he chooses to employ force, he may do so; but I shall not form the most favourable opinion of French courtesy and republican liberty."

The Duke de Sudermania then appointed Count d'Armfeldt ambassador from Sweden to Vienna, where he rendered himself a great favourite. But from that moment his hatred, for I can characterize by no other name, the sentiment which animated him against Napoleon, began to manifest itself. This hatred originated in a private cause, with which I happen to be acquainted. But, however, that may be, Count d'Armfeldt was a man of the highest honour. Charles XIII understood his character, and in spite of his aversion to the friends of his brother, he recalled Count d'Armfeldt; but Finland, where he had occupied the highest rank, had been transferred to the dominion of Russia. He retired to a beautiful chateau which he possessed there. However, he had for enemies, the Grand Chancellor, Nicolas Romanzoff, and the Minister Alopeus: but Alexander knew how to estimate men. Count d'Armfeldt was one of the most superior men who had fallen in his way during the whole of this sovereign's life. The hatred, which

the Count still cherished against the Emperor Napoleon, was perhaps one of the grounds of the favours which Alexander so freely bestowed on a foreigner. Nicolas Romanzoff, all powerful as he was, could not prevent Count d'Armfeldt from enjoying the confidence of Alexander. The Count did not acknowledge himself to be the enemy of Napoleon: he reproached him for the hostility which he constantly directed against the French Emperor.

"You are in error. I do not hate Bonaparte, (whenever he could, he avoided the title of *Emperor;*) no, I do not hate him, and if to-morrow he were to restore the throne of France to its legitimate sovereign, he would not have a more zealous friend than myself."

The restoration of the Bourbons was the object which constantly occupied his thoughts. In 1814 he made exertions for the attainment of that object, which were not even suspected at the time. Count d'Armfeldt was often heard to say:—

"I shall never be satisfied till Louis XVIII sleeps in the palace of his ancestors."

A report, very injurious to the character of M. d'Armfeldt, was at one time pretty generally circulated throughout Europe. It was alleged, that he he had made an attempt to assassinate Bernadotte. His devotedness to the person of the late King, and the reverence he cherished for his memory had given rise to this suspicion. But as soon as M. d'Armfeldt heard of the stigma that attached to his name, he published a justification of his conduct, and supported it by an appeal to all his past

life. He declared that he regarded assassination as the resort of cowardice, and solemnly repelled the calumny.

Napoleon was fully aware of the dislike which Count d'Armfeldt entertained towards him. This feeling had been manifested at the time of his first visit to Paris, during the Consulate.

"Who would believe?" asked Napoleon, as he one day gazed on the fine countenance and noble figure of Count d'Armfeldt. "Who would believe that that handsome exterior conceals a mind animated by such bitter and unreasonable resentment? What have I done to that man that he should hate me so?"

In the year 1812, d'Armfeldt was appointed by the Emperor Alexander to superintend the military magazines. The Count attended the conference which took place at Abo between the two sovereigns of Sweden and Russia. He could not but cherish very indignant feelings towards Charles John, who had seated himself on the throne of his lawful sovereign, and who had usurped the place of the heir of the Vasas. Yet his hatred of Bernadotte vanished in comparison with his hatred of Napoleon. He could calmly endure the sight of the Swedish usurper, for the sake of organizing with him a plan for striking to the earth the crown of Napoleon. It was the conference of Abo that decided the destruction of Napoleon's power. Bernadotte was wanted to complete the coalition against the colossus.

M. d'Armfeldt just lived long enough to see the

execution of the plans he had so deeply at heart. He died after the allies invaded France in 1814. He was then only forty-seven years of age.

Count d'Armfeldt was a remarkably handsome man. His figure was tall and dignified; and he concealed the most violent passions beneath a calm and even cold aspect He was a lover of the fine arts, and a liberal patron of artists. He had travelled over all parts of Europe, and spoke and wrote with facility the languages of the countries he had visited. I knew him not merely in France, when he resided there, but I likewise met him in other countries in the course of my travels. I scarcely ever knew a man whose conversation was more interesting, not only on account of his extensive information, but from his agreeability of manner. The Swedes are, it is said, the French of the north, and Count d'Armfeldt was a striking example of the truth of the remark.

I have mentioned that he was a man of violent passions, and several anecdotes which were related of him when in Italy proved that political interests were not the sole objects which claimed his attention. In one of my rencounters with him I became involved in a curious adventure.

M. d'Armfeldt was, as may naturally be supposed, a favourite with the fair sex. His reputation was of that kind which never fails to produce an impression on women of a romantic turn of mind. He was celebrated throughout Europe for his chivalrous qualities, and for pure and disinterested attachment to his sovereign. Women always love

that sort of devotedness. The man who sacrifices his life for his friend may well give it to his mistress. How happy must be the woman who possesses the heart of such a man ! Dreams like these bewilder even the most virtuous of the sex.

But to come to my story. M. d'Armfeldt was in Paris. Masked balls had just been restored. I attended the first in company with my husband and my aunt, Princess Comnenus. On a subsequent occasion Baron Ernestwart, a man distinguished for talent and wit, asked permission to accompany me to one of the balls, telling me he had a plan in view which would afford me a fund of amusement. His object was, he said, to play off a joke upon M. d'Armfeldt. To do this, he assured me my assistance was indispensable, and all I should have to do was to receive my diplomatic instructions from him, and follow them implicity. I readily acceded to these conditions. In the course of the day my friend sent me a sheet of paper containing a detail of some very extraordinary facts, and I was to make myself acquainted, not only with these facts, but also with a number of names which it was requisite I should have at my tongue's end. Along with the paper I received a beautiful bouquet of jasmine and roses, made up by Madame Bernard.* It had been procured with great difficulty, for the flowers were very rare at that season ; but it was indispensable for the due per-

* Madame Bernard was an eminent florist; the Madame Prevost of her time.

formance of my part. Noon arrived; and having by this time learned my part tolerably well I rang for my *femme-de-chambre*.

" Go immediately," said I, " to Mademoiselle d'Olive and enquire whether she can let me have a very fine cambric handkerchief, embroidered with the initial letters R. and O. If she has not got one, go to Mademoiselle Minette, or to Madame le Bœuf, and enquire if either of them can get one ready for me by eleven o'clock this evening."

Mademoiselle d'Olive had nothing of the kind ready made. Mademoiselle Minette had many very superbly embroidered handkerchiefs, but they had royal coronets, and the initials M. and L. They had been prepared for the Queen of Spain. At length my *femme-de-chambre* procured what I wanted from Madame Noel, Rue St. Honoré. The letters were not embroidered, but they were completed by the appointed time.

The next thing was to obtain a perfume which was difficult to be procured, inasmuch as its peculiar odour was destined to revive old recollections. It was called *eau de mousseline*. I smiled when I recollected Madame de Genlis' romance, in which this *eau de poudre à la mousseline* produces such surprising effects.

" Your figure," said my friend, " is precisely like that of the lady I wish you to represent. Our plan will succeed admirably."

I set off to the opera in high spirits, well versed in my part, and prepared to enjoy an amusing evening. In my thoughtless gaiety I did not re-

flect that I was making myself an instrument for others to play upon, and that I was speaking a language which I did not understand. I soon discovered this, and I was very sorry for the part I had unsuspectingly undertaken.

The painful emotion, caused by a name, enabled me to understand, that the story to which that name referred was one of tears and sorrow. The sight of the bouquet which I carried in my hand, the peculiar odour of the *eau de mousseline*, together with the remarkable resemblance of my figure to that of another lady, filled Count d'Armfeldt with evident dismay. A sort of vague terror seemed to be depicted in his countenance as he gazed upon me.

" Well Count," said I, in a half whisper, " have you quite forgotten Regina?"

He started and exclaimed: " Regina? Regina, did you say?.... Surely my ears deceive me!"

" No Count," I said, " Regina.... Sit down and let us talk of her."

He followed me, but evidently labouring under the most painful embarrassment.

Our conversation turned on a variety of subjects. We spoke of Florence, Prague, the Cassini and Naples. There was in the latter city, a convent which was an important object in the adventure to which our mystification related. I, like a parrot, merely repeated the lesson set down for me, without in reality knowing any thing about it. But that lesson was so precise, and I followed my instructions so implicitly, that I produced a power-

ful effect on the Count. This vexed me. I began to feel mortified at the little confidence reposed in me by Baron Ernestwart. I resolved to avail myself of my assumed character to discover the secret which he had concealed from me.

Count d'Armfeldt retained an impassioned recollection of Italy, independently of many *souvenirs de cœur* connected with his visit to that country. Thus he was transported when I spoke to him of Florence, Turin, and above all Rome. That country in which

"Chaque pierre a son nom, chaque débris sa gloire,"

revived in the mind of Count d'Armfeldt, dreams of poetry and romance. I was about to leave him, but he entreated me to resume my seat, and surrounded as we were by the gay and noisy throng, we renewed our conversation. My curiosity was roused, and I closely watched every movement of Count d'Armfeldt's countenance. I perceived he smiled when I alluded to the *Moccoli* of Rome, whilst he became melancholy when we spoke of the Lake of Como. Count d'Armfeldt seemed totally to forget where he was. We were no longer at the masked-ball at the Opera. We were at the point of Bellagio, or on the heights of Legatro. What a happy woman was Regina to have power to conjure up such vivid and delightful recollections after a separation of a dozen years? When I mentioned the truly Arcadian valley of Assina; its shady groves, its pellucid streams, its verdant hills, he distinctly remembered the most minute

objects, even the Campanile of Mandello. The notes with which I was furnished must have been written by a person deeply interested in giving them a vivid colouring, for the effect my remarks produced was most powerful, I may almost say terrible. After we had chatted about the Festival of the Moccoli, Shrove-Tuesday, and the Corso at Rome, I mentioned the procession of Ash-Wednesday, alluded to the contrast of the white robes of the Camalduli, and the dark dresses of the Franciscans, and above all dwelt upon the appalling effect of the *Miserere* on Good-Friday. Then I felt convinced that I had been made the instrument of revenge, and of revenge the most cruel.

I spoke to the Count in Italian, which is in fact almost my native language. While he listened to me, Count d'Armfeldt turned so pale that I became alarmed. Taking my hand, he said with violent emotion :

" I know not who you are—you cannot be—no —that is impossible— and yet—"

His voice faultered. He gazed steadfastly at me, and the strong resemblance which he traced between me and Regina, made him shudder with horror. He took my hand. In compliance with Baron Ernestwart's instructions, I wore no rings, not even my wedding ring. I had my gloves on.

" Would you permit me," said the Count, in a tone of respectful entreaty, which put it out of my power to refuse. Besides I did not care to let him see my hand, and I immediately drew off my glove.

He gazed on my hand, trembled, and then let it drop, at the same time murmuring, " Regina ! Regina !"

" Why Count," said I, without considering the effect my words would produce. " Why do you so obstinately refuse to recognize her ?"

" Oh ! for pity's sake," exclaimed he, " do not speak to me thus ! you distract me !" and he gazed around him with a bewildered air.

I began to feel embarrassed. Several masks, attracted by our animated conversation, were eyeing us with curiosity.

" Let us withdraw," said I, " give me your arm ;" and I led him like a child to a box in the balcony, next to mine. When we were seated he again took my hand, and looked at it with increased emotion.

" What a singular resemblance," he said.

" Do you, then, still doubt who I am ?—This is unkind, Gustavus."

" How !" exclaimed he, starting, " you know my name !"

" Yes, and now tell me mine."

He trembled, leaned his arm on the front of the box, and resting his head on his hand, he remained for some moments absorbed in profound reflection. At length he said :

" I must absolutely see your face. You say I know you. Where, then, is the harm in shewing me your countenance ?"

" Oh, none whatever. But I can only let you see a part."

I then raised the black silk barbe of my mask, and shewed him my mouth and chin.

" Those are the same teeth! the same mouth! —but—good Heavens! what am I to think—"

At that moment the bouquet of roses and jasmine, which I had passed through my waistband, caught his eye. He had forgotten it:

" Come, come," said he, in a voice faultering with doubt and emotion. " Some one has been relating to you certain incidents in my life, for the purpose of mystifying me. This is all, is it not so?"

In justification of my own conduct, I must say that I had thoughtlessly entered into the joke without being aware of the pain it would inflict on Count d'Armfeldt. Baron Ernestwart had told me only half the story. This was very blameable on his part. I kept up the delusion till the agitation of Count d'Armfeldt alarmed me. I looked for the Baron; but could see him no where. I have since been informed that he was near his victim and was counting, with malignant pleasure, every throb of his beating heart.

It was now getting late. I began to be weary of the effort of keeping up my assumed character and I felt, too, that the deception had been carried too far. I wished to escape to my own box; but the Count kept close to me, and held my arm tightly within his. I had spoken to him of things too deeply interesting to permit him to part from me easily. He, also, began to speak to me with

more confidence, and again urged me to raise my mask. As he had never seen me but once, which was at a dinner party at the Marchioness Lucchesini's, I had no great scruples about letting him see my face, and I accordingly untied my mask. Whilst he looked at me he turned pale, and had not power to articulate a word. The fact is, that my resemblance was most extraordinary to Regina, whom I had undertaken to represent. The Count, who had been for some time under a terrible illusion, looked at me for some moments, and then laying his head upon the front of the box, he murmured:

"Surely, the dead is brought to life."

At that moment Baron Ernestwart entered the box. He was masked, which was the reason I had searched for him in vain in the early part of the evening. He shook the Count by the arm, and then turning to me, said, in a whisper:

"Do not mention my name!—He is quite insensible. Let us conduct him to your box. But, how shall we get him there in the state in which he is?"

The Count revived. He opened his eyes, and again trembled as he gazed on the black and silent figure who stood beside him. The Baron offered him his arm. He rose and allowed himself to be conducted to my box. The Baron procured for him a glass of water with *fleur d'orange*, and then he withdrew into the corner of a box

where he stood motionless, without uttering a word, I stepped up to him and requested he would conduct me to my carriage.

" Baron," said I, " is this the amusement you promised me? You have made me represent a person whom the Count must suppose has risen from the grave."

" You have acted the part sublimely," replied the Baron, laughing. " Why would you be out of humour with a character you have played so well. The die has been thrown exactly to my mind. What does it matter to you, though Regina be dead; you are alive?"

" But what is to be done with the Count," said I; " the agitation of his feelings has rendered him quite insensible."

" Certainly," replied the Baron, " he has shown himself a greater fool than I supposed him to be. But do keep up the affair a little longer. We will return to the *salle*. It is only five o'clock. You will not think of returning home till seven?"

" Oh! certainly not!"

" Then we have two hours to amuse ourselves yet," said the Baron.

I was silly and thoughtless enough to continue what Baron Ernestwart termed *amusement*. The result was, what was to be expected. Count d'Armfeldt had passed several hours, perhaps the most painful of his whole life, at a masked ball, an entertainment which he seldom frequented on account of the melancholy associations connected with the tragical death of King Gustavus. But

when his agitation was so far calmed, as to enable him to take a reasonable view of the matter, he concluded that I had availed myself of my knowledge of some singular events in his life, for the purpose of hoaxing him. But in all that had passed, he was convinced that there was something more than the wish to play off a joke. The handkerchief embroidered with the initials of Regina—the perfume—the flowers—all the details with which I was so well acquainted must, he was assured, emanate from a source which it was important to him to discover. He spent two days in useless investigation. On the third, he received at the Hotel de Nord, Rue Richelieu, where he resided, a letter written in an unknown hand. It was as follows:

"Pardon a woman incapable of inflicting an additional pang on your already suffering heart, for the pain she involuntarily caused you. She who lately assumed at the masked-ball the name and the character of Regina, was utterly ignorant of the misery she caused, by conjuring up recollections of a friend long since in the grave. She, however, discovered the mischief of which she had been guilty in sufficient time to avoid augmenting it. Pardon her—she is young, thoughtless—but not malignant. She entreats your forgiveness, invoking the name of that same Regina, whom she ventured to represent."

But before M. d'Armfeldt received this letter, he had discovered who I was. Observing that I spoke in a tone of authority to the woman who

opened the box-door, he himself questioned her. I had forbidden her to name me, but the sight of a few pieces of gold proved too powerful a temptation for her, and thus Count d'Armfeldt succeeded in discovering me. As soon as he heard my name, he took it into his head that the First Consul had been the contriver and instigator of the mystification which had given him so much annoyance. I did not learn this fact till some years afterwards, and I then wished to rectify the mistake under which M. d'Armfeldt laboured. He was at that time in Russia. But Baron Ernestwart was no longer living, and leaving no testimony on which to corroborate my own statement, I would not write to Count d'Armfeldt. He, in consequence, continued firmly convinced that the First Consul having become acquainted with an interesting incident in his life, wished to torment him with the aid of a woman, who, by her strong resemblance to Regina O—— would necessarily excite terrible and violent emotions in his mind. Such at least is what he declared to a lady of my acquaintance, who met him in Vienna and Dresden sometime afterwards.

M. d'Armfeldt did not know me. He also knew as little of the Emperor, or he would have felt assured that Napoleon was as incapable of conceiving such a plan as I was of executing it. But he knew neither the one nor the other of us. Thus it is that erroneous judgments are often formed of individuals.

As to Baron Ernestwart, it is certain that he must have had a very strong motive for acting as he did, and without laying claim to any extraordinary degree of penetration, I may conjecture that that motive was revenge.

Not the least curious part of this history, is the effect it produced on myself. I never spoke much of it, because I could never recollect it without considerable pain. For a long time afterwards, I suffered from a strange sort of nervous excitement whenever I dwelt on the events, with which my fancy filled up the rough outline formed by the names of persons and places indicated in the notes with which I was provided. I felt too, a degree of displeasure at the conduct of Baron Ernestwart, which it required some time to assuage. The whole affair was indeed calculated to wound my vanity; for I felt that Baron Ernestwart had not reposed in me the full extent of the confidence which I conceived to be my due. I had conversed with a man for the space of five hours, on a subject deeply interesting to him; I had caused him for some moments to mistake me for a woman raised from the dead—and yet I knew nothing of the real history.

M. d'Armfeldt never pardoned the Emperor for this adventure of which he firmly believed him to be the author. He also, as I have since been informed, suspected Junot was the black domino, who was constantly watching us, and who was no other than Baron Ernestwart himself.

It was shortly after this, that Count d'Armfeldt received orders to quit Paris, by the message from the minister of the police which I have above mentioned.

CHAPTER XI.

Errors committed by Napoleon — The Campaign of France— Count d'Artois at Vesoul—M. Wildermetz—His message to the Emperor Alexander—The Emperor's reply—Horrors committed by the Cossacks—Buffon's Country-house—Suppression of news in the journals—First performance of the Oriflamme —M. Geoffroy—His dramatic criticisms—Anecdote—Geoffroy's death—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—His Paul and Virginia— His plan for founding a republic on the banks of the Caspian Sea—Catharine II and Count Orloff — The insurrection in Poland—Saint-Pierre joins the party of Prince Radzivil—He visits Warsaw — Introduced to Princess Maria R——l—His romantic attachment—Infidelity of his mistress—J. J. Rousseau —His reason for not embracing the Catholic religion.

The Emperor Napoleon was encompassed by that hostile circle which daily drew nearer and nearer, and which threatened to hurl him from his throne, rather than allow him to descend from it with dignity. The wisest heads and the noblest hearts were affected with the delirium of vengeance— for delirium it certainly was. The Emperor showed himself something more than mortal during this campaign of France! He had committed faults which can scarcely be excused. His misfortunes may

induce us to pardon them, but to attempt to justify them would be madness, and a violation of every sentiment of patriotism. When, after receiving the Frankfort propositions, he saw that France did not rise *en masse* to repel the foreign invasion, he should have yielded to the necessity he himself had provoked. He should have accepted the conditions offered him by the Allies. It was idle in him to protest that they were not proposed in good faith; all he wanted was a few months of repose to recruit his army. Time, and time alone was required to render his triumph certain.

The campaign of France is a sublime effort of Napoleon's genius, and places him in the rank of the most celebrated captains, if not at their head. But what result did he anticipate? What conclusion could he expect from partial victories like those of Montmirail and Champaubert, whilst innumerable legions covered our plains on the north and south. The Congress of Chatillon, it is true, held out some hope, but, as I have before observed, the presence of three envoys from England (one of them the Prime Minister of that country), might have opened the eyes of the Emperor, even though he had been blinded by the blaze of his ancient glory.

I have now to relate a curious anecdote, and one, the correctness of which I can vouch for, because I had it from the party concerned.

When the Count d'Artois arrived at Vesoul, he was accompanied by several persons attached to the Bourbon cause, while a crowd of persons,

who came to meet him, were awaiting his arrival to pay homage to him such as never was rendered to Napoleon. One of these I know to be a man of undeviating consistency, and consequently worthy of the esteem of all parties. My brother-in-law, M. Junot, was then the Receiver-General of Haute-Saône, and he furnished me with some details respecting the sudden appearance of one of our princes, after so long an exile. He had little to boast of in the reception the Vesulians gave him.

The Prince had with him an old Swiss officer, named Wildermetz. This person was dispatched to the Russian head-quarters to request that the Emperor Alexander would authorise the Count d'Artois, and I believe the Duc de Berry, to proceed to the head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns, and enter themselves as volunteers during the campaign for *reconquering* France. M. de Wildermetz was charged with a similar message to Count Stadion for the Emperor of Austria. He likewise had a letter accrediting him to Prince Metternich. On his arrival at the Russian head-quarters, he saw the Emperor Alexander, who addressed him thus:—

"Monsieur Wildermetz, you will tell the Count d'Artois that I am extremely sorry to be obliged to refuse his request; but we are just now engaged in conferences of a serious and important nature. They may terminate in *maintaining the Emperor Napoleon on the throne of France.* Under these circumstances, their Royal Highnesses would be

placed here in an awkward position; and, in every respect, it is better that they should remain some time longer on the frontier."

M. de Wildermetz returned to Franche-Comté, to report this answer, but the Princes had left the place before he arrived.

Napoleon hoped to draw the whole of the hostile army after him, when he fell back upon Saint-Dizier. This was a noble resolution, and one the generosity of which the Parisians ought to have been sensible of. But he was pursued by only a corps of ten thousand men, and the entire mass of the allied force fell upon Paris, with all the fury of a tempest. The Emperor of Russia waited only to direct the attack on La Fere-Champenoise, and then proceeded to Paris, as if he had been making a journey from Moscow to St. Petersburgh.

It is impossible to reflect, without pain, on the anathema which Heaven seemed to have pronounced on France. The enemy was at the gates of Paris, and yet no measures had been taken for the defence of the capital. The Russians had the courage to burn their palaces, why did we not fire our faubourgs for their reception? We had not even arms wherewith to equip our men. Our ammunition, too, was wanting. Was this from want of foresight, or was it the result of treason! Alas! it is too true, that we had among us at that period many who were unworthy the name of Frenchmen.

The Cossacks committed atrocious horrors in the department of the Ain. They then marched

upon Sens. I received letters from Burgundy, the contents of which were most distressing. Dijon was laid under a contribution of two millions. Semur was subjected to their insults, not only in the persons of its inhabitants, but in those of its municipal body; and Montbard! Montbard, which now contained the grave of one who would have valiantly defended it;—Montbard, which was likewise the cradle of a man whose fame belonged to all Europe, was delivered up to the pillage of the allied troops. Montbard was the favourite retreat of Buffon; he had fitted up a house there with exquisite taste. The gardens were superb, and the greenhouses and plantations were objects of curiosity to travellers. All was now laid waste. My father-in-law's house was visited with a similar fate by the exterminating hand of the invaders. The unfortunate old man was unable to bear up against this new calamity, following so closely on the death of his much-beloved son. He died a few weeks after the invasion, without ever recovering his speech, which he lost by a paralytic attack, occasioned by the sight of the Russian and German uniforms.

Our fertile provinces were now inundated with battalions of barbarians, and every day their destroying lines approximated closer and closer. At this period I maintained a pretty extensive correspondence, and received accounts on which I could rely, from all parts of France. These accounts filled me with the most poignant grief. The government, acting on its secret principles, pro-

hibited the journals from publishing the truth. Whether this measure were wise or unwise, I do not pretend to determine. This, however, I can say, that the intelligence most cautiously concealed was always well known, and that, perhaps, it would at the time have been better and wiser policy to allow a perfectly free interchange of thought.

Throughout the whole of this crisis the Emperor's conduct was doubtless admirable; but yet all he did led to no effective result. The battle of Montereau was doubtless one of the most brilliant conceptions of his genius, and one of the most remarkable examples of the valour of our troops, and the skill of our generals. But what we then wanted was peace—with peace, all might have been saved.

An opera *de circonstance*, entitled the "*Oriflamme*," was brought out in Paris, at the very time when the Count d'Artois was at Vesoul. At such a time the title might well have appeared ominous, but a sort of general vertigo seemed to prevail. I well remember the first performance of the *Oriflamme*. It was like a national convention of the *beau monde*. Every box was filled. The Faubourg St. Germain saw, with enthusiasm, the title of the *Oriflamme*, and prepared to bestow on the piece the most extravagant applause. I was then in the habit of seeing many of the residents of the royal Faubourg, and their joy knew no bounds. I never could understand the affectation which suggested the production of Charles Martel, the *Oriflamme*,

les Gaulois et les Francs and various other *pièces de circonstance*, in which there appeared an array of old names, like the dead exhumed from their graves. The success of the *Oriflamme* was extraordinary. The authors certainly could not be accused of royalist opinions. For one of them, at least, I think I can answer, that is M. Etienne. The other was M. Baour Lormian. The music, which was exquisitely beautiful, was the joint production of M.M. Paer, Mehul, Berton, and Kreutzer.

Having been led to speak of the journals and the theatres, I may mention the death of a man which happened about this period, and which passed by almost unobserved, though at any other time the event would have excited great interest in the literary and dramatic world: the individual I allude to is M. Geoffroy.

The influence exercised by this theatrical Aristarchus was immense. Geoffroy was a man of sound judgment and perfectly classic taste. But he had his prejudices, a serious fault in a man whose avocation was to judge. I used to meet him frequently at the house of an old friend of my mother's; and I recollect that he somewhat infected me with prejudices against Talma and in favour of Lafont. This was not just, either in conscience or in taste. But it is certain that Geoffroy possessed great power. He seemed, as it were, to *impose* his opinion on others; and it seldom happened that any one ventured to differ from him.

He was a man of crabbed temper and not very courteous, even to his favourites; it may therefore

be imagined what he was to those he disliked. The following anecdote is characteristic of him. A provincial actor, I think from Besançon, made his debut at the theatre Louvois, of which Picard was then manager. His performance did not please Geoffroy, and he expressed his disapproval next day in his *feuilleton* in the language he was accustomed to use. The actor, indignant at the critique, enquired who had written it; and on being informed, he called on Geoffroy for the purpose, as he said, of teaching him to show more respect to men of talent. Geoffroy was writing in his cabinet, when the young actor was ushered in.

"What is your business with me, Sir!"

"I come to desire that you will retract what you have said of me."

"Sir," said Geoffroy, with one of his cynical smiles, "I never retract: but I will tell you what I will do: I said in my article the other day that you were a wretched actor, and that you would never play any thing well; when I next have occasion to write about you I will add that you are very foolish and extremely impertinent."

Geoffroy wrote the dramatic *feuilleton* of the Journal de l'Empire (afterwards the Journal des Débats), from the year 1801 to the period of his death, which happened in 1814. The *feuilletons* are, I believe, collected in a separate publication. He is the author of a work, entitled "Commentaries on the Tragedies of Racine," and a translation of the Greek dramatists. Geoffroy's death was a

great loss to the drama, especially as he had latterly, in a great degree, corrected that acerbity which gave to his criticisms so much the appearance of injustice.

Some weeks previously to the death of Geoffroy we lost Bernardin de St. Pierre. Cardinal Maury, who called upon me the same day, announced the event to me in the following singular way :—

" Well ! " said he, as he entered, " the master is dead ! I presume all the school will go into mourning, beginning with the head scholar."

" What do you allude to ? "

" Why ! is it possible that you have not heard of the death of the *Patriarche des Mornes ?* " That was the nick-name he gave to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. He could not deny his talent ; but the Cardinal was no less severe a critic than Geoffroy. He alleged that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had made M. de Chateaubriand, and all the romantic school. He and I used to have some very warm disputes, for he acknowledged the merit of Paul and Virginia, though he said nothing could be in worse taste than to disfigure it with *calembourgs.*

" What *calembourgs ?* " said I, the first time I heard him mention this. I must confess that I was not a little astonished to hear such a charge brought against Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

" Don't you recollect," resumed the Cardinal, " that passage in which Virginia says to her young companions,

" Where shall we meet again ? "

" At the sugar canes," they answer.

" Then our meeting *will be the more sweet*," replies Virginia.

This *jeu de mots* is, I must acknowledge, in bad taste; but still I think the word possesses beauties sufficient to obliterate the blemish, if it be one.

I was deeply grieved at the death of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. During the few first years of my marriage I had frequently met him at the residence of one of my mother's friends, near Essone; and my heart most sacredly cherishes its remembrance of him. He was a man apart from the mass of human nature. At the time when I knew him his mind retained all the primitive freshness of his youth, and he was then sixty years of age. It was easy to trace in his turn of thought and feeling all the purity and candour of Virginia, combined with the ardour that had depicted the passion of Paul. When narrating any pathetic story, I have often seen him turn his head aside to conceal his tears. I asked the lady at whose house I was in the habit of meeting him, whether she could explain to me the cause of the sudden melancholy which sometimes overclouded him when he was surrounded by gay society.

" I should wish him to tell you himself," said she. She sent for M. de Saint-Pierre, who with a melancholy smile heard Madame Cherny tell him what excited my curiosity.

" You are too young, Madame," said he, " to comprehend the effect of misfortune on an ardent mind. No doubt, illusions are continually reviv-

ing; but what satisfaction can they bring, when they come accompanied by bitter deception! Be advised by me, do not thus early interrogate sorrow. The answer would perhaps lead you to take a gloomy view of that world which your young imagination pictures so very luminous, though it is but too often lighted only by an overclouded sky."

His conversation was habitually gentle and calm, religious and philosophical.* His mind soared to regions beyond the ordinary limits of thought. I was deeply interested in all he said, and that I might not lose any remark that fell from him, I frequently seated myself next to him. Perceiving how eagerly I sought his society, he one day said to me with the most perfect kindness of manner:—

"I find that you do not fly from the company of a poor old man, who is always dull, and sometimes very cross. Well! I am glad of it. Perhaps we may derive a mutual advantage from improving our acquaintance with each other. It may afford me consolation, for you appear amiable and good tempered; and you may possibly find some seeds worth gathering in the field of my intelligence."

He was profoundly mortified at finding himself unable to promote the happiness of the generation in which he lived. He had been appointed to a professorship in the Institute, and he wished to lecture in conformity with his own peculiar feelings

* I cannot understand how he ever could incur the charge of being malignant.

and opinions. But there were too many enemies to his pure and holy doctrine to suffer him to speak in full liberty. I have heard him complain bitterly of this restraint upon his vast projects for the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

"Good Heavens!" he would frequently say. "How man struggles with happiness to prevent it from approaching him!"

His first wife, the mother of his two children, Paul and Virginia, was living at the time I knew him. It has been alleged that he rendered her very unhappy and that she died of a broken heart. She may have died of grief, that I know to be very possible; but that her grief was caused by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, is another question. I know some particulars of his life, which serve to explain why he was gloomy, and sometimes perhaps morose. I heard these particulars from Dupont de Nemours. I knew how his youth and a portion of his maturer age was blighted by one of those passions over which reason exercises no control. One day I happened to speak of Poland when he was present, and he turned as pale as death. Poor Bernardin, the lapse of years had not obliterated the beloved remembrance!

The story to which I here refer differs, perhaps, little from others of which love forms the subject; but the name of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, of course, imparts to it a peculiar interest. I will relate it as it was related to me by persons who were acquainted with the facts from their own personal knowledge.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was, in his early life, constantly intent on putting into practice certain utopian schemes, all tending, as he benevolently believed, to promote the welfare of mankind. The object of one of these schemes, was to found a republic on the banks of the Caspian Sea. The project, however never made any advancement, though sanctioned and approved by the celebrated Munich and other distinguished men. Unluckily for Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, he submitted a memorial of his plan to Count Orloff, then all-powerful at the court of the Empress Catherine. Orloff scarcely knew how to read, at the commencement of his reign of *favouritism*, and even had he been as learned as an academician, he could not have relished any scheme which had a republic for its object. The word republic was unknown at the court of Russia, and consequently the memorial was thrown aside without claiming the slightest attention.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was then in Moscow; whether he had been attracted by the splendid coronation of Catherine II. I have often heard him speak of Orloff and her. It was curious to hear his opinions of Catherine. It was evident that he did not like her, and yet the charm exercised by the great Autocrat of the north, still influenced him. He confessed that he was dazzled when he kissed her hand. At that period of his life he must have been a very handsome man: and it may seem strange, that Catherine did not seek to awaken in him any other feeling than that of

admiration. Be that as it may, M. de Saint-Pierre left St. Petersburgh, and travelled into the interior of Russia. Every thing that presented itself to his observation, in the course of this journey, filled him with a most profound contempt of the Russian nation. A remark which has been erroneously attributed to M. de Segur, was made by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.

"Russia," he said, "is like a fine fruit, spoiled before it has ripened."

The first symptoms of the insurrection in Poland now began to manifest themselves and the confederation of Radom speedily denoted that the Poles were resolved to assert their independence. Saint-Pierre enthusiastically espoused the cause of Polish freedom, which he determined to aid by his courage and his talents.* He left Moscow and its oriental pomp, its gilded spires and its ancient Kremlin. He bade adieu to St. Petersburgh and its modern magnificence, and immediately joined the party of Prince Radzivil. I once heard him relate a curious anecdote of his arrest by the Russians. He was alone with a guide who was conducting him to Lithuania, by roads which ran in a circuitous direction through the woods. They were arrested in a solitary house, in the middle of the night, and not only were the life and liberty of M. de Saint-Pierre in great danger, but owing to some papers he had in his possession, the French

* He was an engineer; but he never distinguished himself in that profession. Some misfortune constantly occurred to thwart his talent.

and Austrian ambassadors would have been greatly compromised. Saint-Pierre, anxious to give time to the man who accompanied him to burn the papers, placed himself against the door of the room in which he was shut, and defended it with the courage of a lion against a party of cossacks, twenty in number.

He escaped by a miracle, and succeeded in reaching Warsaw. There he attained the great crisis of his destiny. He was introduced to Princess Maria R.....l, afterwards married to Count M.....k. She was a woman of singular beauty and talent, and she was enthusiastically devoted to her country's glory. When she eloquently advocated the cause of Polish liberty, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre fancied he was gazing on one of the beautiful statues of antiquity, animated by sacred fire. He loved her with all the fervour and devotion of his ardent heart. He loved her as he had never loved before, and as he never could love again. The Princess returned his passion. Saint Pierre no longer remembered that he had offered his aid to the Polish patriots. Maria was extremely fond of company, and in spite of her attachment to Saint-Pierre, she went a great deal into society. Bernardin followed her. He loved solitude, but, with Maria, he found it everywhere; for he saw no one but her. I have been assured by a person who was at that time in Poland, that nothing could convey so perfect an idea of the poetry of love, as to see these two beings together. At length the world began to busy itself with their attachment;

for it is ever jealous of any happiness which it does not confer. Maria's mother herself, came to Warsaw and removed her daughter. Saint-Pierre was overwhelmed by this blow, which was to him more severe than all the inflictions with which fortune had hitherto visited him. He was seized with a dangerous fit of illness, during which, the violence of his fever and delirium, rendered it necessary to bleed him several times in four and twenty hours. After his convalescence, he departed for Berlin. Warsaw had now become to him only a scene of horror and regret.

At length time somewhat mitigated his despair, and it settled into a profound melancholy. His grief was calm, though perhaps deeper than ever. The most cruel pang he had to suffer, was being deprived of Maria's letters. At length he received a communication from Poland. It was dated Warsaw. He recognized the handwriting of Maria, of her whose fate was unknown to him, and whom he supposed he had lost for ever. He eagerly broke open the letter: it breathed that language of love which had so long been to him and to the writer, the only language in nature.

"I no longer live, since I have been separated from you. My life is but anticipated death—I can no longer endure it—Oh, my beloved! when shall we meet again!"

On perusing this letter, whose burning lines found a response in his heart, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre fell on his knees and returned thanks to

Heaven. The assurance that he was still beloved, banished all his misery, obliterated all his past misfortunes. He beheld before him a bright and happy future. He lost not a moment in setting off for Warsaw. He travelled night and day, and reached the capital of Poland on the sixth day after that on which he had quitted Berlin. He hastened to the palace of the Princess; for Maria had informed him, she was about to return to Warsaw. He asked to see her; he was informed that she was at a ball and had been gone about an hour. What feelings of disappointment and anxiety arose in his mind when he heard the words: "the Princess is gone to a ball."

He enquired at whose house she was, then immediately returned home to change his dress, and hurried to the palace where he was informed he should find her. He arrived, and after passing through several crowded saloons, he at length found her brilliant in beauty, adorned with splendour that heightened her charms, and surrounded by an admiring throng, who offered her the incense of intoxicating flattery. On perceiving her thus surrounded, and smiling on all with perfidious fascination, the handsome countenance of Saint-Pierre turned deadly pale. An individual who was present, and who observed him at that moment, assured me that there never was anything more expressive of mental suffering, than the agonized and accusatory look which he cast on the perjured Maria. At length her eyes met his. They were

fixed upon her with an expression of reproach, and yet of affection. She blushed slightly; but without attempting to affect an emotion, which she did not feel, she merely noticed by a cool courtesy the man to whom she had given such repeated assurances of ardent and faithful attachment. The chill of death pervaded his heart. He rushed from the ball-room—from the house—and he returned home, with a determination to end an existence which was no longer endurable.

But before his death, he wished once more to write to Maria. "It is impossible," thought he, "that she can have ceased to love me!" Hope still lingered in his impassioned mind. He wrote, and two hours after he received an answer. It was not merely the answer of a woman unworthy to possess the affection of such a heart; but of an unfeeling woman incapable of loving anything but herself.

"I no longer love you," said she. "Depart; your presence here may compromise me. I might have submitted to that when I loved you; but now it would be merely annoyance without any compensatory happiness."

Fortunately for Saint-Pierre, the first effect of this letter was to irritate him; but his anger soon changed to contempt. He quitted Warsaw, and proceeded, I believe, either to Berlin or Saxony. This affair influenced his whole life. The fatal wound never healed, and it for ever blighted his happiness.

Joseph Bonaparte settled upon Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, a pension of six thousand francs, which, together with some other property he possessed, afforded him sufficient means of subsistence. He died at a country house, which he possessed a few leagues from Paris.

It was extremely interesting to hear Bernardin de Saint-Pierre converse about Jean Jacques Rousseau. He had been his pupil, and he was much attached to his master. I one day advised him to write his conversations with J. J. Rousseau, and to publish them.

" No," said he, " I cannot prevail on myself to do that."

" Why?" enquired I.

" Because I should feel as though I were putting my friend's noble thoughts up to sale ; and I could not tolerate that idea."

He told me that one day he and Rousseau went to dine together in the country :—I think to Belleville or Menilmontant. Rousseau was profoundly melancholy that day. He was suffering from that nervous state of feeling which rendered him unhappy beyond the power of consolation ; and made him see misery where he might often have found happiness. Bernardin respected those moments when Rousseau's mind seemed to retire within itself. He walked silently beside his friend, speaking only in reply to the observations made to him ; leaving him undisturbed to his reveries, for he knew by experience that solitude and silence are

the best friends of grief. As they walked in this manner, side by side, Rousseau sometimes stooped to gather a flower, which he placed in his herbal that he might afterwards compare it with a corresponding one in the Flora of Linnæus. He had with him a book, in which he noted down his observations. At that moment the bell of a distant convent announced the hour of vespers. Rousseau started, then throwing himself on his knees, he ejaculated a fervent prayer, and in joining his hands, he let fall some flowers which he had just gathered. His prayer being ended he rose, and the two friends continued their promenade. After a few moments' silence, Rousseau said to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre:

"I have often felt inclined, in moments like this, to become a catholic. Do you know why? —That I might turn monk!"—

His friend looked at him with astonishment.

"Yes," pursued Rousseau, "I firmly believe that a solitude like a monastery, peopled by men serving God, must be a foretaste of heaven."

Bernardin shook his head, with an air of doubt, and said:—

"Then why not enter our communion. You will found a *Pareclet*, in which you soon will have more disciples than Abelard."

"The reason why I do not put that design into execution," said Rousseau, with a melancholy smile, "is, because if I were to quit the world, I must relinquish love—and, how is it possible to live without love?"

The death of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre has carried me a little away from the current of events which, at that period, engrossed attention;—but the loss of such a man is an important occurrence in the annals of a country ; for literature is one of the main-springs of national existence.

When Cardinal Maury announced to me the death of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the reader may readily imagine, from all that I have related of my former acquaintance with this celebrated man, that I was much shocked at the intelligence.

" It is curious," said I to Cardinal Maury, " that within a very short time you have been the first to acquaint me with the deaths of two very celebrated men, viz. the Abbé Delille and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre."

" True," said the Cardinal, pausing and looking thoughtful. Then taking my hand, he said:

" I wonder who will be the first person to tell you of my death. Let us see—It will be Millin! no —Cherval! no — Talleyrand!—yes, it will be Talleyrand !"

" Nonsense," said I, " judging from your looks, your Excellency bids fair to outlive me."

He shook his head sorrowfully. He was depressed in spirits ; for he foresaw the denouement of the drama that was passing before us. He had a presentment that the Empire would not long survive—and he told me so with painful emotion ;—for he was much attached to the Emperor.

" Well !" said he again, " I should like to guess who will tell you of my death ?" ·

It was a postillion of Viterbe.

CHAPTER XII.

The Austrians before Grenoble—Paris in the winter of 1814—False reports of the enemy's progress—Saint-Dizier—Review on the Place du Carousel—Presentation of flags to the city of Paris—Cardinal Maury—He predicts the return of the Bourbons—The Duke d'Angouleme enters Bourdeaux—Rupture of the Congress of Chatillon—The treaty of Chaumont—Ferdinand VII re-enters Spain—Murat—Defections — M. Talleyrand's influence in the restoration of the Bourbons—The Empress and the King of Rome leave Paris—Romainville—The attack on Paris—Madame de Remusat and the Prefect of the Police—MM. de Rovigo, Talleyrand, and Bourrienne—Mystification—My letter to the Duke de Ragusa—His answer and advice—Capitulation of Paris.

THE Austrians were now before Grenoble, maintaining a heavy cannonade. Affairs every day assumed a more sombre aspect. The invaders were advancing upon us with such terrible speed and regularity, that nothing seemed likely to check their progress. The Austrians were penetrating into Dauphine; the English and Spaniards were

advancing by the Pyrenees. Hitherto our attention had been exclusively directed towards the north; but now the torrent was gaining upon us on all sides.

One of the most remarkable singularities of that period, was the gay aspect of Paris during the winter of 1814. Masked balls and private balls were given without intermission, and yet the disastrous intelligence, that was daily received, put dozens of families into mourning.

Meanwhile the Emperor acquired some partial advantages over the allied armies. But what did they avail? Only to show the more convincingly that all was lost. Treason, too, had made rapid progress. In many towns the white flag was concealed in some of the houses, in anticipation of the favourable moment for raising the cry of "Vive le Roi." How was it that the Duke de Rovigo, who was sincerely attached to the Emperor, did not make himself acquainted with the real state of France at that time? But the truth is, that the Duke was a most incompetent minister of the police. Toulouse, Bourdeaux, and a great part of the south, where trade had suffered greatly by the war, ardently prayed for peace, setting aside any wish for the return of the Bourbons.

Will it be believed, that Napoleon's evil star now so completely ruled his destiny, that he allowed himself to be misled by false reports of the march of the enemy's forces!.... He, being in France, and the Allies advancing with a degree of cir-

cumspection truly extraordinary, considering their overwhelming numbers. These false reports, however, caused the loss of Paris.

After the affair of Saint-Dizier, the Emperor's object was to make a diversion, to draw together all the enemy's forces, and to give a decisive battle, which should deliver Paris. Information, which was subsequently ascertained to be false, whether designedly or accidentally, I know not, induced Napoleon to march to meet the corps of Wetzingerode, with a force amounting only to ten thousand men, all cavalry. In his rear there were no infantry, in short, no army. The marches and countermarches requisite for this operation caused Napoleon to lose four days. This loss was irreparable.

Now that I have arrived at the moment when we bade farewell to our days of glory, I must mention an occurrence which I think sufficiently important to claim a place in these Memoirs; I allude to the presentation, to the city of Paris, of the last flags taken by the Emperor from the enemy. It was a most imposing ceremony, and the recollection of it must still be vivid in the minds of many of my age and opinions. I shall never forget what I felt on that occasion.

I went out with my brother. It was on a Sunday, and the weather was superb for that season of the year; it was then the end of February. An immense concourse of people thronged the quays of the Louvre, the Place du Carousel, and the Rue de Rivoli

Every arrangement had been made to render the ceremony as imposing as possible. The Minister of the War Department, who, already in his heart, had pronounced an anathema on the colours which he bore in triumph, took a conspicuous part in the ceremony. The cortège passed along the Quay, the Place du Carousel, and the Pont Royal, in admirable order. First came General Hulin and all his staff, preceded by a numerous military band; then followed the staff of the gendarmerie of Paris, the national guard, and finally the ten flags, two of which were borne by officers of the imperial guard. I could not help remarking the expression which was imprinted in the countenances of these two men. It partook at once of the pride of triumph, and the dejection which necessarily followed the reflection,—*These flags were taken from the enemy only twenty leagues from Paris!* The other eight flags were borne by four officers of the line and four officers of the national guard. Next came the Minister of the War Department, in his carriage, followed and preceded by his aides-de-camp, likewise in carriages, which, by the way, I may observe, had rather a ludicrous effect. The procession was closed by the imperial guard and troops of the line. It entered the court of the Tuileries by the triumphal arch of the Carousel, and the Minister of the War Department, having halted under the vestibule de l'Horloge, there received the flags, which he was afterwards to present to the Empress.

The emotion experienced by the spectators was

lively and profound. As to myself—why should I conceal it?—I shed tears.* The flags, the music, the pomp all announced a victory, and yet I was sad. My mind was profoundly impressed with the conviction of our misfortune.

King Joseph, whom the Emperor had left in Paris as his lieutenant-general, that day reviewed the national guards. The Place du Carousel and the Court of the Tuileries were filled with troops. I saw King Joseph, at a distance, riding along the ranks of the national guards and troops of the line. His striking resemblance to the Emperor might have made me fancy myself transported back to the glorious days of the Consulate and the Empire. When the flags were carried through the Court of the Tuileries the drums beat and the national

* I may here mention, that I witnessed the return of the National Flag at the Revolution of 1830. I was then at L'Abbaye-Aux-Bois. It was on a Thursday. The Parisians had just taken the Swiss barracks in the Rue de Babylone, and shouts of victory resounded on all sides. I was standing on the terrace of L'Abbaye aux Bois, in front of the convent. I was accompanied by my eldest son. Suddenly turning round, I beheld, illumined by the bright rays of the July sun, the beloved colours which, in my childhood, my youth, and throughout my whole life, I had been accustomed to cherish and revere. A thrill of joy pervaded my whole frame. I burst into tears, and embracing my son, I pointed to the flag, the sight of which carried me back, in memory, to the happiest days of my life.

"Behold!" I said, "There is the flag under which your father fought for twenty years! Those are the colours which France should love; for they are sanctified by the blood of her sons."

I bowed in reverence before the tri-coloured flag.

guards presented arms; that movement was electrifying, and a general shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was once more re-rechoed by the walls of the Tuileries.

The Minister of the War Department first proceeded to the hall of the Council of State, where he was received by a master of the ceremonies. He was afterwards conducted to the *Salon de la Paix*, where Count de Segur, as grand master of the ceremonies, awaited him. The Count de Segur introduced him to the *Salle du Trône*, where the Empress, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, the princes, grand dignitaries, ministers, and grand officers of the Empire received the flags, presented to her by the Minister of the War Department (the Duke de Feltre). A formal speech was delivered by the Duke, to which the Empress replied very briefly. After this solemn ceremony the flags were conveyed to the Invalides, and consigned to the care of that same Marshal Serrurier, to whom Napoleon gave such a good-natured reproof, when a year afterwards he found the *Hôtel des Invalides* deserted by his old brothers in arms, who had fought with him in Egypt and Italy.

Of the ten flags one was Austrian, four Prussian, and five Russian. They were brought to Paris by Baron Mortemart, one of the Emperor's orderly officers.

I, this year, lost another old friend and comrade of Junot, in the person of General Reignier.

He was a man of great military talent, and was commander-in-chief of the second corps, during Massena's campaign in Portugal. He died in Paris, about the end of February, 1814, leaving a young widow and a child.

One evening Cardinal Maury came to visit me. When he entered, I observed that he looked particularly dull. I had two or three friends with me, and he asked me to favour him with a few minutes' conversation in my cabinet. As soon as we entered he closed the door, threw himself on a sofa, and folding his arms with an air of despondency, he said—

"All is lost! Heaven alone can save us by a miracle! We must now invoke that miracle, for I have ordered prayers of forty hours."

I shuddered! Prayers of forty hours! It seemed like the preparation for death. It was the precursor of the death of our country.

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely we may hope that the genius of the Emperor ——"

The Cardinal shook his head mournfully.

"He is dragging us into the abyss into which he has plunged himself! His obstinacy banishes all hope. Oh! that we lived in the days in which ecclesiastics bore the halberd and the sword. Old as I am I would mount my horse. I would go to the Emperor and say, "Sire, if those who are about you have not courage to let you hear the truth, I will tell you that you are hurling yourself and France to destruction. I have come to lend my feeble aid in her defence."

"No, Cardinal," said I, "do not regret your mission of peace and conciliation. Remain with us and pray for the success of our arms."

The most disastrous news had succeeded the delusive hope which, for a moment, cheered us. In the space of five days the Emperor had beat all the corps of the army of Silesia, and driven them between the Aisne and the Marne. The five corps of the army of Silesia lost more than twenty thousand men in the space of five days. The genius of the army of Italy once more favoured Napoleon; yet her smiles were but transient. The Emperor's able and rapidly conceived plans were all defeated by whom? By Blucher, the fugitive of Jena! the prisoner of Lubeck!

In the meanwhile the party of the old *noblesse* was gaining strength. The Cardinal told me many remarkable particulars on this subject, which I noted down the same evening.

"The Emperor," said he, "does not attach sufficient importance to old recollections. Even the defects of the regime of the Bourbons, when contrasted with those of his, were converted into blessings. The pusillanimity of Louis XVI. and all the abuses of his reign vanished, in comparison, with the absolutism of Napoleon's."

"Do you then think it possible," said I, "that the Bourbons will ever return to France?"

At first he made no reply. This subject did not please him. The Bourbons would certainly not receive him on their arrival in France. His letter

to Bonaparte was an insult, and he had been so usefully devoted to the royal cause that his defection could not but be regarded as treason.

" Yes," said the Cardinal, after a pause, " they will return; and the emigrants, who have been continually blundering, will, for once, probably see their way rightly, and will manœuvre by instinct, if not by talent. If this result do not arrive, it must be owing to a renewal of the same faults which they committed at Coblentz, at the time of the emigration. The Emperor has loaded them with favours. He will see their gratitude."

The Cardinal was right. The greatest fault Napoleon ever committed was to have surrounded himself with men who, whilst they kissed his hand, were plotting treason against him. He who so often followed the maxims of Macchiavel ought to have borne in mind the following precept:— " Never restore to men the half of what they have lost, for they will use it against you."

Bourdeaux soon opened its gates to the Duke d'Angoulême. The prince was preceded by an Anglo-Spanish advanced guard.

At length I received from Châtillon, where I had many friends, intelligence of the rupture of the congress. Napoleon, after long insisting on the bases of the treaty proposed at Frankfort, presented, through the medium of the Duke de Vicenza, a counter-project, declaring that he, Napoleon, would consent to remain Sovereign of France circumscribed within its old limits, with only

the addition of Savoy, Nice, and the Isle of Elba.*

The allies rejected all these propositions, and faithfully adhered to the declarations of the treaty, offensive and defensive, signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March—the situation of Napoleon had changed since the treaty of Frankfort.

The definitive reply was given on the 19th of March. Napoleon resolved, that if he fell, his fall should be without a parallel. On the 20th and 21st of March, he fought the battles of Arcis-sur-Aube. On these two days he exposed himself to danger like a common soldier, giving proofs of the rarest courage and presence of mind, at a time when he must have been a prey to the most harassing anxiety. The enemy's artillery kept up a terrible fire! The balls bounded through the air without intermission. In the very heat of the engagement, there came up a corps of that sacred phalanx, composed of men, whose courage had been tried in a hundred battles—I mean the old guard. At the moment when the corps arrived on the field, the Emperor saw that the danger was imminent. He formed the troops into squares. The enemy's fire redoubled; and a bomb-shell fell close to the foremost rank of one of the squares. In spite of the long tried courage of the veterans, this occurrence caused a movement in the ranks. Napoleon immediately saw how important was the

* He also wished to retain a portion of Italy for Prince Eugene, the Grand Duchy of Berg, and the principality of Neufchâtel. The latter was for Berthier. A clause for Berthier!

result of that moment. He spurred his horse and galloped up close to the bomb-shell, and turning to the troops, said with a smile:—"Well! what is the matter? surely you are not frightened at this?"—In another instant the shell burst; and not only did Napoleon and his horse escape unhurt, but no injury was sustained by any one. This was the way in which Napoleon led his troops to victory.

Ferdinand VII had now returned to his kingdom. On his arrival at La Flania, near Figuieres, his person was delivered up by Marshal Suchet, in the presence of the two combined armies. Thus did the long Peninsular war terminate just at the point at which it began:—and to complete the mortification, Spain, whose soil had been drenched with the blood of so many martyrs of liberty, was a few months afterwards again made subject to the stupid and tyrannical yoke of right divine. Slavery was the reward of all the noble sacrifies made in the cause of freedom.

I have now arrived, though tardily, at the crisis of our misfortunes. The Emperor was forsaken by all his allies. Murat had totally abandoned him. He occupied Tuscany, and had become, as it were, the ally of Ferdinand IV, his enemy, the man who regarded him as a usurper. Both now marched together against the French.

I have already mentioned that the Emperor Napoleon was misled by a false report, either through treachery or accident. This error was fatal to Paris, which was abandoned, with no other

defenders than Clarke, the War Minister, and King Joseph: the latter abandoned us. Though I entertain a profound respect for General Clarke, I must confess that I do not think he was equal to the important trust reposed in him.

But the main spring which set all the machinery in motion was M. de Talleyrand, whom the Emperor would have done well to have lodged in Vincennes. It was not the unassisted efforts of the Faubourg Saint-Germain that brought about the restoration: it is a great error to suppose so. No doubt the royalists had in Paris very active coteries of intriguing priests and women; but these obscure arsenals merely prepared the arms which were directed against the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand was not the sole author of the restoration, he merely fixed the cockades which were already prepared. To this he will owe all his celebrity, and not to a political career, which is not signalised by any incident important to his country. In spite of the *Hosannah* at that time chanted by a chorus of old women, in honour of the genius of M. de Talleyrand, it might fairly be asked what he had ever done either *for* or *against* France. He is a man of wit, and his bon-mots are excellent. But wit is his only qualification. It is a finely painted curtain, behind which there was absolutely *nothing* till the 30th of March. On the 30th of March M. de Talleyrand distinguished himself by doing something important *against* France. I will briefly trace his course during that memorable period.

The danger became daily more and more press-

ing. The Emperor momentarily received intelligence of new defections. France was like a building, in which the key stone having become detached, all the rest of the fabric seemed ready to fall. The conscripts were refractory and discontented: treason multiplied in the departments and rendered more frightful the disasters caused by the presence of the allied troops. There were no recruiting, no contributions, no money! Our most fertile provinces were desolated by the requisitions of the enemy. This disastrous state of things was aggravated by Napoleon himself, by his fatal distrust of the population of Paris. He was afraid to arm that population long in advance; and when the hour of danger really arrived, perfidy had neutralized our means of defence. He was deceived, as I have said, at Saint-Dizier, by Wintzingerode's corps of cavalry which he took for the enemy's advance guard. But having repulsed it, he discovered his error and concluded that he had been betrayed. He then saw before him his own ruin, and that of France. He determined on a retrograde movement behind the forest of Fontainebleau.

The inhabitants of Paris were in a state of the most painful anxiety. What was to be their fate? We concealed all that we could conceal of our valuables, and prepared for flight. The English were advancing by the way of Guyenne; the Austrians by the Lyonnais, the Bourbonnais and Burgundy. Champaign was the theatre of war as well as the east and Flanders. On all sides there were

disasters and ruin, towns and villages burnt, and the earth deluged with blood.

On the 28th a Council of Regency was held by the Empress, and it was resolved, that she and the King of Rome should quit Paris. Who could have advised a measure so impolitic, and productive of no dvantage to the Empress herself? Was it expected that the English would shew her more respect than the Austrians if she had encountered them? Maria-Louisa was our shield, and we would have been her defence. The departure of the Empress and the King of Rome is still an affair of mystery.

They proceeded to Blois, accompanied by an escort of two thousand six hundred picked troops, leaving Paris to be defended by King Joseph and the national guard without arms. Doubtless, Napoleon ordered their departure, but he must have been deceived. Maria-Louisa was followed by all the ministers and all the grand dignitaries, except M. de Talleyrand, Savary, and Clarke, who were not to depart till the 30th. The approaches to Paris were defended by Marshals Marmont and Mortier; the former having with him only two thousand four hundred men of good infantry troops, and eight hundred cavalry. Marmont defended the heights of Belleville and Romainville. What associations must the latter place have revived in his remembrance, as well as in that of most of the fashionable society of Paris. At Romainville was situated the beautiful country house of Madame de Montesson, bequeathed by her to

M. de Valence. When we dined and spent so many delightful evenings there, who could have foreseen that the enemy was to bombard our capital from those hills, beneath whose shade the Parisians assembled to dance!

The Duke de Treviso had to defend the intervening space from the canal to the Seine, and Marmont from the canal to the Marne.

On the day of the attack, the 30th of March, universal terror prevailed. The interior of every house was like the abode of mourning and despair. Paris seemed like a city struck by the malediction of Heaven.

The Duke de Rovigo had received instructions not to quit the capital before the Prince of Benevento. This was strange, and it may serve as an answer to those who allege that the Emperor never respected human social liberty where his interests were concerned. M. de Talleyrand was free to depart, it was only the Emperor's minister who was detained captive, for his departure depended on that of the Prince of Benevento.

But to quit Paris at that particular moment would not have suited the Prince's purpose. It was necessary to invent an excuse, and the following was thought of. I know not why the Duke de Rovigo has not related the circumstance as it really happened. Perhaps he wished to disguise, under the veil of silence, the sort of mystification that was played upon him.

Prince Talleyrand still remained in Paris; for his absence was not wished by the party who had

been busily preparing white flags and cockades. That party wished to get rid of the Duke de Rovigo. He was devoted to the Emperor. I must render him this justice if I have been severe to him on other points. What was wanted was to get him to depart, and to allow the Prince de Benevento to stay. This object was effected by the clever management of Madame de Remusat.

That lady repaired to the Prefecture of the Police. She was on terms of intimate friendship with M. Etienne Pasquier then Prefect.

" My dear Baron," said she, as she entered his cabinet, " I have come to request that you will do me an act of service."

" What is it ?"

" M. de Talleyrand must not quit Paris."

Accustomed as M. Pasquier was to extraordinary revolutions of opinions and parties, he could not repress a very significant expression of surprise whilst he listened to Madame de Remusat. It was some time before he made any reply. At length he said, " What can I do Madame ? M. de Talleyrand must quit Paris like all the rest of the great dignitaries. You would not have me disobey the Emperor's order ; for he is still Emperor, and he may be back again to-morrow."

Madame de Remusat shrugged her shoulders with an air of contempt :—

" Come, come Baron, surely you are not one of those who think he has power to work miracles ! He has no longer any army, no empire."

Baron Pasquier shook his head.

" But that is nothing to the purpose," said he; " you propose a thing that cannot be done. It is perfectly impossible to do what you wish. Where is M. de Talleyrand?"

" At your door, in my carriage."

" Is not your husband at the Barrière du Maine with his company?"

" He is."

" Well, I should imagine that he is the best person to detain M. de Talleyrand in Paris. Let him set out in his own carriage, with his own liveries, so as to let it be seen that he does set out. On his arrival at the barrière, your husband may detain him if he pleases. I have no need to appear in the business. This is my advice; and if you think fit, you may follow it."

Madame de Remusat left the cabinet of the Prefect, perfectly satisfied. M. de Bourrienne, who was already perfectly willing to aid in the downfall of his benefactor, was very serviceable in this affair. He arranged the scenes of the little drama of which the Prefect of the Police had traced out the plot, and all passed off in the most perfect order.

As soon as the Duke de Rovigo was informed, by his spies, that the Prince de Benevento had left his hotel, he left his, and quitted Paris, without seeking any further information, and without knowing whether the enemy was not practising some artful scheme. I beg his pardon for speaking of him thus candidly; but his conduct was worse than maladroit—it was stupid.

When M. de Talleyrand learned that the Duke

de Rovigo had thus left the field open to him, he said nothing; but he smiled with that satirical expression so customary with him.

He returned to Paris, and his conduct there is so well known, that I need scarcely describe it. He, without any reserve, placed himself in hostilities to the falling party; and joined the party that was triumphing. There certainly is, in M. Talleyrand's nature, some quality which attracts him towards those who are gaining power, and repels him from those who are losing that same power. We saw proofs of this on the 18th Brumaire, in 1814, and in 1830.

Thus it was that M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris after all the members of the government had joined the Empress at Blois. The poor Duke de Rovigo was so ill served by his spies, that they gave him false reports, and the account of the above affair, as given in his Memoirs, is incorrect. The story is as I have related it. Several of the actors who took part in the drama, are still living. My account may possibly displease them; but they can only deny my statements without proving it to be untrue.

While all these incidents were passing, the inhabitants of Paris were in a dreadful state of alarm. I had concealed most of my diamonds in a girdle which I wore over my corsets. My pearls and some other jewels of minor value, were concealed in a similar manner by Madamoiselle Poidevin, the governess of my daughters.

Towards evening, my drawing-room began to

fill. Madame Juste de Noailles was among my visiters. She was very uneasy at the aspect of affairs, though not alarmed for the safety of herself and family. In the event of a return of the Bourbons, the Noailles were sure of standing on a favourable footing. But her husband was at the head quarters of the Emperor Alexander, and she was anxious to see what turn affairs would take. As to myself, I was truly miserable. I was tolerably well informed of all that was going on, and I saw nothing but an abyss. At length eleven o'clock struck. The fatal morning was approaching, and I had as yet formed no settled determination. I sat down and wrote to the Duke de Ragusa. The friendship which had united him to the Duke d'Abrantes induced me to appeal to him for advice, and I felt assûred that he would direct me to the most prudent course. I therefore wrote to him that being *alone* in my house with my four young children, I was greatly perplexed, and did not know whether it would be most advisable to depart or to remain where I was. I sent my letter to the Hotel de Ragùsa, where the Marshal happened to be at that very moment engaged in drawing up the capitulation, or rather in receiving the conditions. Occupied as he must have been, he seized his first moment of leisure to return me an answer. The following is a copy of his letter:

" I thank you, Madame, for the proof of confidence you have given me. Since you ask for my advice, I would recommend you not to quit Paris, which to-morrow will certainly be more tranquil

than any place within twenty leagues round. After having done all in my power for the honour of France and the French arms, I am forced to sign a capitulation, which will permit foreign troops to enter our capital to-morrow! ..... All my efforts have been unavailing. I have been compelled to yield to numbers, whatever regret I may have felt in doing so. But it was my duty to spare the blood of the soldiers confided to my charge. I could not do otherwise than I have done; and I hope that my country will judge me as I deserve. My conscience expects this justice . . . ."

I received this letter at two o'clock in the morning. I read it to the friends who had assembled at my house. It of course decided us not to leave Paris; but, at the same time, it profoundly grieved us. A capitulation!—and before the very barriers of Paris!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Allies enter Paris—First appearance of the white cockade—The allied troops and their white scarfs—The Duke de Dalberg—The Emperor Alexander arrives at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand—The Abbé de Pradt and the Abbé Louis—M. de Talleyrand—M. de Nesselrode —Viscount Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld—The Council Chamber—The Act of Abdication—Napoleon and his Marshals at Fontainebleau — A conspiracy — Berthier deserts the Emperor — The Duke de Ragusa and General Souham—Deputation of the Marshals —The Emperor of Russia—His answer—Napoleon's conversation on suicide —He takes poison—His recovery.

The allies had now entered Paris. The Duke de Ragusa had retired on the Essone, together with Generals Souham, Compans and several others whom I shall presently have occasion to mention in explaining the true causes of the fatal step taken by Marmont.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of March, that day so important in the history of France, the capitulation of Paris was signed. The Bourbons would consequently have been proclaimed at day break by their party, had the assent of the allied powers been positive and unreserved;

but even at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, nothing betokened the intended restoration. It was not until twelve o'clock that some white cockades and flags became visible in the Place Louis XV.

These demonstrations of royalty were paraded along the Place, by about forty persons on horseback who waved the flags and shouted *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* But the people were mournful and silent, and did not join in these cries. This is an unquestionable fact. The Archbishop of Malines, himself declared, that however desirous he was to see the fall of Bonaparte, yet that he neither heard nor saw anything on the 31st of March that could lead him to expect the return of the old dynasty. The Duke de Dalberg who was at a window in the hotel of M. de Tallyrand, exclaimed,

"They are mounting the white cockade!"

Then some of the party, assembled at M. de Talleyrand's, went out merely *to see*, as one of them expressed it, what had caused the uproar. Ten men on horseback, with white flags, proceeded in the direction of the Boulevard de la Madelaine. As they passed through the Rue Royale, the shouts became louder. Windows were opened—white cockades were thrown out, and ladies waved white handkerchiefs.

The group of persons, described above, were on the Boulevard de la Madelaine, when they met M. Tourton, a general officer of the national guard. He was on horseback and was accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. Both

were stopped by the group who continued to shout *Vive le Roi! . . . Vivent les Bourbons!* M. Tourton said he could not grant them the protection they required until he had orders from the government, and the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp seemed very much embarrassed. These two gentlemen proceeded to the Barrière de Belleville, leaving the groupe on the Boulevard. The fact is, that all this movement was perfectly partial, and that if a squadron of the Imperial guard had only galloped through Paris, the little party of Bourbonites would speedily have been dispersed.

On the 31st of March the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris. As they advanced into the capital, the demonstrations in favour of the Bourbons became more positive; either because the fear of Napoleon had hitherto repressed the real sentiments of the populace, or because that populace merely followed the inclination natural to mankind, to salute the rising sun, and to turn from the setting sun. A circumstance, trivial in itself, had a singular influence at this crisis; it was observed that the Allied troops had all white scarfs tied round their arms; they were worn as the sign of victory, and not as the indications of French royalism. Most people, however, regarded them in the latter point of view, and the royalists, artfully profiting by the mistake, reported that Louis XVIII was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, and even by the Emperor of Austria—that Prince Schwartzenberg wore the white scarf, and that the King's arrival might be looked for next day.

It is a positive fact that no pledge for the restoration had been given by the Allies. No doubt the Emperor Alexander might cherish a feeling more or less favourable to the Bourbons; but as yet that feeling had not been manifested. It has been mentioned, as a proof of the Emperor Alexander's inclination to favour the royal cause, that he chose as his place of residence, the house of M. de Talleyrand who was known to be the enemy of Napoleon. I do not mean to say that Talleyrand was the friend of the Bourbons; it would be absurd either to say or to believe so; but he lent his aid to one sovereign merely for the sake of destroying the other.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor Alexander arrived at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand. The latter was then holding a consultation with M. de Pradt who, after kissing the Imperial hand, which for fifteen years had overwhelmed him with favours, now acted the part of the Ass to the fallen Lion. Next arrived M. de Dalberg . . . . He was more unpardonable, for Napoleon, instead of giving him any cause of dissatisfaction had loaded him and his family with wealth and honours. Ingratitude like his is doubly revolting.

The Emperor of Russia arrived at M. de Talleyrand's on foot, having alighted from his horse after seeing the troops defile. He was received by M. de Talleyrand, having as *aides des cérémonies* M. de Pradt on the one hand and the Abbé Louis on the other. Both were eagerly craving for the

good things of office; and they humbly bowed before the conqueror in the hope of sharing the spoil of the conquered. M. de Talleyrand did not reflect that these two gentlemen were of his own cloth:—if he had, he would probably have shaken off the Archbishop of Malines, at least.

I ought, however, to mention that previously to the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, M. de Nesselrode had been closetted for two hours with M. de Talleyrand; and there is reason to believe that in that tête-à-tête were *determined* the matters which were subsequently *discussed* in the council:—whether this was with the cognizance of the Emperor of Russia, I know not.

On his way to the house of M. de Talleyrand the Emperor Alexander was accosted by Viscount Sosthènes de Larochefoucauld, who earnestly implored him to restore to France her legitimate sovereign. This step on the part of M. de Larochefoucald was as honourable as the conduct of the persons to whom I have just alluded was base. M. de Larochefoucauld never served Napoleon in any way—whether in the army or the Imperial household. His sentiments were always consistent and invariably tending to one object. When he mounted the white cockade, he merely manifested a feeling which had long been cherished by himself and his family. In this there was nothing to blame; but, on the contrary, every thing to applaud. Alexander's reply to the petition of M. de Larochefoucauld was singularly circumspect.

He held out to him no hope; and, indeed, his reply might, without difficulty, have been construed into a refusal.

This indecision arose out of a cause which was not, at the time, generally understood in Paris. The Emperor of Russia was not convinced that the whole nation shared the enthusiasm of a few hundred individuals whom M. de Talleyrand presented to him as the *kingdom*. At the recent engagement at Fère-Champenoise, the Russians had seen a few thousand men allow themselves to be cut to pieces rather than yield to the enemy; and these men had been taken from the plough only a few days before. What then was to be expected from the army—the marshals and the generals? This question occupied the attention of the Emperor Alexander—I know this from a source of uuquestionable authority. Thus far M. de Talleyrand may be said to have aided the restoration, for between him and M. de Nesselrode the plans were previously arranged. The Emperor Alexander was induced to adopt them; and one strong argument employed to effect this object, was the defection of Marmont.—Marmont! the brother-in-arms, the aide-de-camp, the dearest bosom friend of Napoleon, since the death of Junot, Lannes, Duroc, and Bessières, had abandoned him! It was evident then that France wished to depose him. Another fatal circumstance was Napoleon's separation from Maria Louisa.

Nevertheless, the Emperor of Russia firmly re-

sisted the proposed restoration, on the grounds proposed by M. de Talleyrand.

" What means would you employ?" enquired the Emperor Alexander.

" The constituted authorities," confidently replied M. de Talleyrand.

The Emperor appeared astonished.—" What authorities? they are all dispersed."

" I ask Your Majesty's pardon The members of the senate are in sufficient number. (This was not true.) So are those of the legislative body. The Senate having once pronounced, France will obey its dictates."*

Alexander still hesitated.

" Will Your Majesty be pleased to hear two witnesses in confirmation of my testimony."

With these words, M. de Talleyrand sent for the Baron Abbé Louis and the Archbishop of Malines. On the evidence of these two men, the Emperor of Russia formed his opinion on the state of France! In truth, I am almost inclined to believe that his mind was made up before hand.

The council was held immediately afterwards. This council consisted of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, the Duke de Dalberg, N. Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Schwartzenberg, Prince Lichtenstein, M. de Talleyrand,

* This remark of M. de Talleyrand is a terrible condemnation on the Senate. It would lead to the inference, that if the Senate had protested against the arbitrary commands of Napoleon, it would have been seconded by France.

Baron Louis, and the Archbishop of Malines. These individuals were ranged on the right and left of the large table which stood in the middle of the apartment. The Emperor Alexander did not sit down, but alternately stood and walked about: his mind seemed quite absorbed in the great interests which were under consideration. He expatiated largely on the misfortunes of war; and ended by observing, that Napoleon having merited to be deprived of a power which he abused, France should be allowed to choose another sovereign; and that the allies should aid that important object by assisting to repress the efforts of persons striving to maintain an order of things which it was necessary totally to abolish. Having said thus much, he turned to the King of Prussia, and to Prince Schwartzenberg, who represented the Emperor of Austria, and asked them whether they concurred in his opinion. Alexander then made several noble and generous remarks, and betrayed considerable emotion. It is but justice to acknowledge that, in his intervention in the affairs of France, he was at the outset actuated by the most magnanimous feeling.

The conduct of the Archbishop of Malines was curious on this occasion. It will be best painted in colours borrowed from his own palette.

"When the Emperor asked me my opinion," said he in his description of the above scene, "I eagerly declared we were all royalists—that *all* France was of the same opinion as we were—that we had only observed silence on account of the

Congress of Chatillon," (that is to say, through fear). To this the Abbé added a thousand fine things of the same sort.

Thus, the business of the Council was settled. I have neither added nor invented. The affair was reported in the journals; but not with the above details, for the authenticity of which I am enabled to vouch.

The Senate was convoked on the 1st of April. On the 2nd, the act of abdication was declared, and on the 3rd, the wreck of the legislative body tendered its concurrence in the abdication.

Napoleon was at Fontainebleau with Berthier, Maret, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and the majority of the marshals. This interval in the career of the Emperor is, perhaps, unexampled in the history of the world. We have read of the revolutions of the seraglio, of those of the Lower Empire; of the assassinations of Russia:—we have seen the blood-stained crowns of India given to vile eunuchs; but nothing in the pages of history present any parallel to what passed at Fontainebleau, during the days, and, above all, the nights passed there by the hero, abandoned by fortune, and surrounded by those whom he supposed to be his friends. A thick veil was drawn over the event, for the principal actors in it carefully concealed their baseness from the eye of the world. Few persons are aware that Napoleon was doomed to death during the few days which preceded his abdication, by a band of conspirators composed of the most distinguished chiefs of the army.

"But," said one of them in the council in which these demons discussed their atrocious project; "what are we to do with him. There are two or three among us, who, like Anthony,* would exhibit his blood-stained robe to the people, and make us play the parts of Cassius and Brutus. I have no wish to see my house burnt, and to be put to flight."

"Well," said another, "we must leave no trace of him. He must be sent to heaven like Romulus."

The others applauded, and then a most horrible discussion commenced. It is not in my power to relate the details. Suffice it to say, that the Emperor's death was proposed and discussed for the space of an hour, with a degree of coolness which might be expected in Indian savages armed with tomahawks.

"But," said he who had spoken first, "we must come to some determination. The Emperor of Russia is impatient. The month of April is advancing and nothing has been done. Now, for the last time, we will speak to him of his abdication. He must sign it definitively—or—"

A horrible gesture followed this last word.

Yes, the life Napoleon was threatened by those very men, whom he had loaded with wealth, honours and favours;—to whom he had given lustre from the reflection of his own glory. Napoleon was

*They alluded to the Duke de Bassano, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and some others.

warned of this conspiracy, and it must have been the most agonizing event of his whole life. The torments of St. Helena were nothing in comparison to what he must have suffered, when a pen was presented to him, by a man who presumed to say:

"Sign—if you wish to live."

If these last words were not articulated, the look, the gesture, the inflexion of the voice, expressed more than the tongue could have uttered.

The Emperor of Russia wished to ascertain the feeling of the army before he adopted a final resolution. Napoleon made choice of Marshal Macdonald, Marshal Lefebvre, Marshal Oudinot, the Duke de Vicenza, Marshal Ney and the Duke de Bassano, to bear to the Emperor Alexander the propositions which he had to make to the allied powers. Some time previously to this, there had occurred a scene, the remembrance of which fills me with indignation against the man whom it almost exclusively concerns. I allude to Berthier. He was with the Emperor, and he invented an excuse for leaving him at that moment. He alleged that his presence was required in Paris, for the purpose of securing some papers which were of importance to the Emperor himself. Whilst he spoke, Napoleon looked at him with melancholy surprise, which, however, Berthier did not, or would not observe.

"Berthier," said Napoleon, taking his hand, "you see that I have need of consolation—and how much I require at this moment, to be surrounded by my true friends."

He pronounced these last words emphatically. Berthier made no reply. Napoleon continued:

"You will be back to-morrow, Berthier?"

"Certainly Sire," replied the Prince de Neufchâtel.

And he left the Emperor's cabinet with treason in his heart. After his departure, Napoleon remained for some time silent. He followed him with his eyes, and when Berthier was out of sight, he cast them down towards the ground, on which he looked thoughtfully for several minutes. At length he advanced to the Duke de Bassano, and laying his hand on his arm, he pressed it forcibly and said: "Maret, he will not come back." He then threw himself dejectedly into a chair. He was right. Berthier did not return.

The Duke de Ragusa had left his army-corps under the command of General Souham. This army-corps was in the neighbourhood of Essone. Marshal Marmont was still undetermined as to what course he should adopt. The convention, which, on the 5th of April had been concluded at Chevilly, between him and Prince Schwartzenberg had been disavowed. But there was one thing very unpardonable in the Duke de Ragusa, which was his having sent a copy of the act of abdication, which was not yet known, to the army; and the remarks which accompanied the document, sufficiently explained what were his motives for sending it.

General Souham then thought that if the Emperor should return to power, they had gone too

far to retract, that they were lost—and in the absence of the Duke de Ragusa he determined, for himself, as to what course he should adopt. He told the troops that they were to march against the enemy. The soldiers joyfully flew to arms; but they continued their march to a considerable distance without, as they expected, coming up with the enemy. At length, when they reached the neighbourhood of Versailles, they discovered they had been deceived. They then turned furiously against their generals, who were well nigh being sacrificed to their anger and disappointment. Cries of *Vive l'Empereur! Mort dux étrangers! Mort aux Prussiens! Mort aux Russes!* resounded on every side. This news speedily reached Paris; but not soon enough to enlighten the Emperor Alexander. But did he wish it? This is a secret which it is impossible to divine. And yet I think he was sincere on his first arrival in Paris.

The particulars of the deputation of the Marshals to the Emperor of Russia have been detailed in so many publications, that I think it unnecessary to repeat them here. I may merely mention that the number of Marshals being complete, the Emperor wished to add Marshal Macdonald, and he said to the Duke de Bassano.

" I wish to include the Duke de Tarento. He is not attached to me; but I know him to be an honest man, and for that reason his voice will have more weight with the Emperor of Russia than any other. Write to him, Maret." Then after a moment's reflection, he added: " But poor

Marmont! He will be grieved that I do not include him in the deputation. Well, Maret, we must have his name in it. Set down Macdonald's name. But do not erase Marmont's."

I know not whether the Duke de Ragusa has ever been made acquainted with this fact. If so, I think it must have caused him a pang of regret.

The Marshals, after a long conference with Napoleon, set out for Paris. They stopped at Petit-Bourg, at the head-quarters of the Prince of Wurtemberg, to take fresh escorts. Humiliations had already commenced :—but we were conquered! Marshal Marmont did not alight from his carriage, which was remarked as extraordinary. On their arrival in Paris, they immediately waited on the Emperor of Russia. There Marmont evinced signs of great agitation. It was doubtless caused by grief—for he was not a traitor. No, he was incapable of that;—but he was unhappy, and no wonder, if he knew the extent of the mischief he had done.

When the Marshals entered the apartment in which the Emperor of Russia was in readiness to receive them, Marmont did not accompany them. Was he at that time aware of the step which Souham had taken? That question I cannot answer.

The Emperor of Russia gave the Marshals an attentive hearing. Doubtless his determination was formed; but he would not, even in appearance, put any restraint upon the nation. The abdication in favour of Napoleon II, by his father, was one of the three measures proposed to the council, and

the rejection of which had been brought about by M. de Talleyrand. But backed by the assent of the army, it became much more formidable in opposition to a party, whose colours were as much at variance with ours as their sympathies.

The Emperor of Russia spoke on the question with considerable warmth. The arguments brought forward, in favour of the son of Napoleon, appeared to produce an impression on him. Above all things, civil war was in his opinion most to be dreaded. At the moment when he appeared to be ready to yield the point in question, one of his officers delivered to him a packet. He opened it, and his countenance suddenly changed.

" How is this, gentlemen," said he to the Marshals, in a tone of reproach. " You are treating with me in the name of the army. You give me assurance of its sentiments, and at the same moment I receive intelligence, that the army-corps of the Duke de Ragusa has adhered to the act of abdication, as proclaimed by the senate !"

He presented to them the declaration of adherence, signed by all the generals and superior officers of the 5th corps. From that moment all was at an end. The Emperor declared that every thing had been unalterably settled.

Such was the answer conveyed to Napoleon. On receiving it he was more deeply afflicted at finding himself abandoned by the men whom he had created, than by the loss of his crown. The Duke de Bassano assured me, that the Emperor never appeared to him so truly great as at that

moment. Throughout the whole day, his conversation turned on subjects of the most gloomy kind, and he dwelt much on suicide. He spoke so frequently on this subject, that Marchand, his first valet-de-chambre and Constant were struck with it. They consulted together, and both with common consent removed from the Emperor's chamber an Arabian poignard, and the balls from his pistol case.

The Duke de Bassano had also remarked this continued allusion to suicide, notwithstanding his efforts to divert Napoleon's thoughts from it. The Duke spoke to Marchand, after he had taken leave of the Emperor, previously to retiring to rest, and he expressed himself satisfied with the precautions which had been taken.

The Duke had been in bed some time when he was awoke by Constant, who came to him pale and trembling: "Monsieur le Duc," he exclaimed, "come immediately to the Emperor. His Majesty has been taken very ill!"

The Duke de Bassano immediately hurried to the bedside of the Emperor, whom he found pale and cold as a marble statue. He had taken poison!

When Napoleon departed for his second campaign in Russia Corvisart gave him some poison of so subtile a nature, that in a few minutes, even in a few seconds, it would produce death. This poison was the same as that treated of by Cabanis, and consisted of the Prussic acid which has subsequently been ascertained to be so fatal

in its effects. It was with this same poison that Condorcet terminated his existence. Napoleon contantly carried it about him. It was inclosed in a little bag hermetically sealed, and suspended round his neck. As he always wore a flannel waistcoat next to his skin, the little bag had for a long time escaped the observation of Marchand, and he had forgotten it. Napoleon, confident in the efficacy of this poison carried it constantly about him, and regarded it as the means of braving fate, and being master of himself. He swallowed it on the night above mentioned, after having put his affairs in order and written some letters. He had tacitly bade farewell to the Duke de Bassano and some of his other friends; but without giving them cause for the slightest suspicion.

The poison was, as I have already observed, extremely violent in its nature; but by reason of its subtilety it was the more liable to lose its power by being kept for any length of time. This happened in the present instance. It caused the Emperor dreadful pain, but it did not prove fatal.

When the Duke de Bassano perceived him in a condition closely resembling death, he knelt down at his bed-side and burst into tears: "Ah! Sire!" he exclaimed, "what have you done?"

The Emperor raised his eyes and looked at the Duke with an expression of kindness; then stretching to him his cold and humid hand, he said:

"You see, God has decreed that I shall not die. He too condemns me to suffer!"

The Duke de Bassano could never relate this scene without the most painful emotion. The affair was but little known at the time of its occurence, notwithstanding the importance which was attached to the most trivial act of Napoleon. But it was deemed prudent to conceal from the knowledge of the multitude every thing calculated to excite sympathy for the victim, and indignation against his persecutors.

CHAPTER XIV.

Marmont and the Convention of Chevilly—Indignation of the troops against Marmont—M. de Chateaubriand's celebrated pamphlet—The 4th of April at Fontainbleau—Ney and Lefebvre—Carnot—A visit from M. de Czernicheff—The Emperor Alexander's dislike of the Duke de Rovigo—Young Platow's gluttony—The emetic drug—The Elysée visited by Russian engineers—The Cossack Guards—The expiatory ceremony—Te Deum—The Hetman Platow—Madame Grecoff—Her appearance and dress described—Platow suspected of canabalism—M. Volinski—Platow's opinion of me.

When the Provisional Government said that the army, which was described as being in a state of subjection, was, on the contrary, in open revolt, an order was sent to the Duke de Ragusa directing him to depart immediately and restore order. When it was understood that the Marshal was in the neighbourhood of Versailles, a plan was laid to assassinate him. I could myself name several officers who were fully resolved to strike the blow. A fault in the unfortunate convention of Chevilly had exasperated, not only the officers, but the

soldiers :—this was the stipulation of a place of secure retirement for the Emperor and his family. There was, it must be confessed, in Marmont's conduct in this affair, a degree of *impudence*. I am sorry to employ this word, but it comes naturally to the point of my pen. Did he mean to tell the French people that the safety of Napoleon,—of that colossus whose powerful hands had controlled the two hemispheres,—depended upon him!

On his arrival at Versailles, Marmont dared not venture to present himself to his troops. He acquainted the general officers with his arrival, and retired to a farm at Grand Montreuil. The general officers did not choose to take the responsibility on their own heads, and they took with them a number of officers of every rank. The unfortunate Marmont was thus surrounded by an accusing circle, who raised cries of vengeance which might well have excited terror in a man less innured to danger than the Duke of Ragusa.

"But what would you have done in my place?" he exclaimed, in a moment of despair.

All was appeased by the abdication of the Emperor! That act may be regarded as the noblest of Napoleon's life. It was not duly appreciated by a nation like the French, who consider everything with levity. A single sign, made by the little hand of Napoleon, would have raised whole legions, as it were, out of the earth. He might have returned to Paris in disguise and have excited an insurrection ;—the allied sovereigns might have been massacred, and the streets deluged with blood. But

he chose to descend from the throne, rather than to continue on it by such means.

It was, I think, about the 3rd or 4th of April that M. de Chateaubriand's celebrated pamphlet appeared. It was entitled—"Bonaparte, the Bourbons, and the necessity of rallying round our legitimate Princes, etc." M. de Chateaubriand's nobleness of character and conduct gave him a full right to speak his mind freely. He might raise, as highly as he pleased, a head which was crowned at once by courage, honour, and literary fame. I, too, had reason to reproach Napoleon; but my wrongs never withheld me from rendering full justice to his luminous glory. How could M. de Chateaubriand apply to the Emperor the title of *un faux grand homme*. The charge of his having abandoned his army, after the campaign of Moscow, is likewise unjust and groundless. It was necessary that he should return to Paris, to obtain resources, and raise the drooping courage of his troops. Hannibal would have wished to return to Carthage to obtain succour. He would have subjugated Rome! His troops perhaps suffered more in their passage across the Alps than ours did in Russia; and yet we accord to him the title of a great hero. M. de Chateaubriand likewise styles Napoleon an *actor*—a *comedian*. It required only to see the Emperor once, to be convinced of his remarkable simplicity, and his dislike of etiquette. What vexes me most of all, when I hear men of understanding advance such errors, is, that I am sure they do not believe

them, and that they know very well they are false.

On the 4th of April, the Emperor reviewed at Fontainbleau, his guards, and the troops who still continued faithful to him. Marshal Ney, Marshal Lefebvre, and Marshal Oudinot, were present at this review. The Emperor had very properly forbidden any of the journals from being circulated among the military. He still cherished hope. The review passed off very quietly. When it was ended, Marshal Lefebvre entered the cabinet.

" Sire," said he, in a voice faultering with emotion, " you would not listen to your faithful servants !—You are lost !—The senate has declared the abdication !"

The guards still continued faithful, but the troops of the line had been tampered with. The Duc de Bassano was still at Fontainbleau. He would not leave the Emperor, and spared no effort to sustain his fortitude. The Duke de Reggio was likewise at Fontainbleau. After the parade on the 5th, the Emperor sent for him and asked whether he thought the troops would follow him to Italy ?

" No, Sire," replied the Marshal ; " your Majesty has abdicated !"

" Yes, but on certain conditions !"

" Soldiers cannot discern these nice distinctions," observed the Marshal.

The Emperor made no reply.

At one in the morning, Marshals Ney and Mac-

donald returned from Paris. Marshal Ney, who entered first, said :—

" Sire, we have succeeded only in part."

And he related how the defection of the 6th corps had prevented them from settling the question of the abdication by securing the succession of his son.

Napoleon was deeply wounded by the conduct of the troops confided to the command of Marmont. Marmont certainly was not a traitor ; and yet no traitor could have done greater mischief.

" To what place am I to retire with my family ?" inquired Napoleon.

" Wherever your Majesty may please. To the Isle of Elba, for example, with a revenue of six millions."

" Six millions ! that is a large allowance, considering that I am only a soldier."

At that moment Napoleon had with him at Fontainbleau the troops of Macdonald, Mortier, Lefebvre, and Marmont. These different corps amounted altogether to forty-five thousand men. Deducting twelve thousand as the amount of Marmont's corps, there remain thirty-three thousand with which Napoleon might have commenced civil war. Before the expiration of a fortnight, he would have doubled his forces. His forbearance, in this particular has never been fully acknowledged. It has even been pronounced want of firmness ! His abdication was prompted by a noble impulse of his generous nature. He abdicated to save France from the horrors of civil war.

It has been frequently alleged that Napoleon was a tyrant, who punished with imprisonment or exile all who ventured to utter a word in opposition to his will. It would be easy to quote a thousand examples in refutation of these assertions; but it will suffice to mention the cases of Carnot and Lafayette. Carnot refused to sanction the consulate for life,—the Empire and its hereditary succession. He was firm and honest in his opinions, and he never expressed a sentiment in opposition to his conscience. He was a truly noble-minded man. The Emperor, who knew and esteemed his integrity, never reproached him for the line of conduct he had adopted; but, at the same time, he never bestowed upon him any favour:—this was perfectly natural.

In 1809, Carnot, after having governed provinces and had mountains of gold at his disposal, was reduced to very straightened circumstances. A severe loss, which he sustained, left him no alternative but a prison, or to appeal to the generosity of a friend. He required eighty thousand francs to extricate him from his embarrassment. Where could he find a friend who would go such a length to serve him!

After several days of bitter inquietude (for a prison is a fearful prospect to a man of spirit, whatever may be the cause that drives him into it), Carnot came to the conclusion that there was but one man in Paris to whom he could address himself without humiliation, and that man was his enemy—it was the Emperor!

Carnot wrote to Napoleon. His letter was what might be expected from such a man. On receiving it the Emperor was deeply moved. He had a heart formed to understand the noble spirit of the writer. He mentioned the affair to the Duke de Bassano; in him, too, Carnot found an echo.

"Carnot must be extricated from this difficulty," said Napoleon; "but how can we manage it. One cannot offer money to such a man. Maret, you must draw up a memorial, in which you will propose to me to allow Carnot the arrears of his pay as a lieutenant-general during the time he held that rank previously to the formation of the Empire, and send him an order for the amount. You must also send him a brevet for a pension of 12,000 francs, the arrears of which will likewise be due to him; for he shall have a senatorship. In this manner he will be under no obligation, except to his country, of which I am merely the organ. If he should feel any gratitude towards me, at least it will be entirely voluntary."

Carnot received the brevets above mentioned, and was thus enabled to fulfil his engagements, without incurring the insupportable burthen of a favour. He felt and acknowledged Napoleon's generosity.

With the Emperor Alexander there arrived in Paris a number of Russians, who had been our visiters on former occasions. Among the number was M. Czernicheff. He was the most agreeable of all. I have several times had occasion to mention him in the course of these Memoirs. As soon

as he arrived, he came to pay me a visit. I then occupied my hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées. The Emperor Alexander resided at the Elysée Napoleon.

M. Czernicheff spoke on the affairs of France with admirable judgment and shrewdness. He is remarkable for the readiness with which he takes a mental *coup d'œil* of things, and his opinions are always unbiassed by prejudice. The conversation turned on various persons who had played a distinguished part during the Empire; and I was much surprised to learn, that the Emperor Alexander entertained towards some of them, not merely a prejudice, but a sort of dislike, which caused him to refuse seeing them. One of these persons was the Duke de Rovigo. I was amazed at hearing this. Czernicheff did not tell me the cause of this dislike, but I afterwards learned it.

"And how have you been treated, amidst all these changes?" enquired M. Czernicheff.

"But indifferently," I replied. "I have a man quartered in my house, who, disagreeable as he is, might be endured. But his retinue of followers are absolutely insufferable. They give my servants no rest."

"Whom do you allude to?" enquired M. Czernicheff.

"To Platow."

"Platow! he is lodged at Madame de Remusat's."

"That is the father, but the son is here, as my cook can testify; for he regularly dispatches twelve

different dishes at his *déjeuner* exclusive of the dessert, which is equally copious, as my maître-d'hotel well knows."

This was nothing more than the truth. Never did any animal walking on two legs exhibit such an example of gluttony. Then I had the most bitter complaints from my *femme de charge*. She came to me one day, and said, she could no longer bear to see such destruction. She was every day obliged to give out a pair of sheets for M. Platow, because he thought proper to go to bed in his boots. Consequently, the sheets were not only covered with mud, but were slit in enormous rents by the spurs of the young *dauphin* of the banks of the Don. Poor Blanche was exceedingly careful of my household linen, which was very fine, and she was not sparing of her imprecations on the *Russian savages*. At length, after a day or two, I observed that her anger was somewhat appeased; and I enquired whether our guest was behaving better,

"By no means, Madame," said she; "but I now give him the coarse sheets belonging to the servants of the stable. They are far too good for a savage like him," she added, in a contemptuous tone.

Another incident of a similar nature occurred among my servants.

They were so disgusted at the gluttonous appetite of young Platow, that they determined to give him a little wholesome correction. For this purpose they resorted to a scheme, which I should

certainly have prohibited, had I been informed of it in time.

They procured a small quantity of an emetic drug, and mixed it not only in the dishes which were served for the Cossack's *déjeuner*, but also in his wine and the bottle of brandy which he regularly swallowed after *every meal*. They might have killed him; but they had no idea they were incurring any such danger, and were merely intent on amusing themselves with what they conceived to be a most admirable joke.

Platow that day ate with more than his usual appetite, which was remarked with great satisfaction by the valet-de-chambre whom I had appointed to attend upon him. Joseph was an old confidential servant, who had accompanied me in all my travels. The disorder and destruction which he witnessed in the house of his mistress irritated him, and inspired him with a bitterness of feeling which did not belong to his nature.

Platow despatched his usual hearty *déjeuner*, after which he swallowed a large bason of *café à-la-crême* and the remains of his bottle of brandy. Being somewhat exhausted by this exertion, he yawned, stretched out his arms, and finally threw himself on the bed, where he soon began to snore so loudly, that Joseph feared he would shatter the panes of glass in the windows.

Joseph was at first surprised, but at length he became uneasy. He removed the dishes from the table without disturbing Platow. He went in and out of the room, purposely making a noise to en-

deavour to awake the Cossack, but without effect. At length he approached the bedside, and looked at him. He looked as he always did, very ugly; but he was perfectly calm; and his respiration, though heavy, was very regular.

Joseph left him. Several hours elapsed, and the Cossack continued sleeping, apparently in a state of the most perfect beatitude. At five o'clock in the afternoon he awoke, and expressed himself much astonished at his long nap. Joseph, who had been the first to think of the emetic scheme, was carefully watching the result of what he termed his *espiéglerie*. As soon as he heard the Cossack begin to yawn and swear, which were always his first signs of waking existence, Joseph entered the chamber, and asked him in German, how he was.

"Wonderfully well," replied he; "I have never felt myself better since I have been in Paris; it is strange, too, for I have taken no exercise, and yet I have a most sharp appetite. Desire the cook to hurry the dinner!"

Joseph was petrified with astonishment.

"Say I want dinner as soon as possible," continued the Cossack, without noticing the surprise of Joseph, who proceeded to the kitchen with such an of consternation, that the maître-d'hotel exclaimed, with alarm:—

"Mon Dieu! is he dead?"

"Dead, truly!" said Joseph, with two or three determined oaths; "dead, indeed! There is no such good luck. He wants his dinner!"

" His dinner!" exclaimed the other servants.

" Impossible!" said the maître-d'hotel: " Well, in that case we must give him another dose."

Joseph opposed this proposition.

" No, no," said he, " we have already gone far enough in this business, without the knowledge of Madame. I shall go and tell her all."

Accordingly, he came to me, and told me how they had dosed the Cossack, and that the medicine had only had the effect of giving him a better appetite. I could scarcely refrain from laughter, but nevertheless I preserved my gravity. I told him that I considered his conduct very blameable, and desired it might not be repeated, under pain of my great displeasure. I told the story to Czernicheff, who enjoyed a hearty laugh at it.

" I must let the Emperor know it," said he; " as to you, Madam, you must be freed from this troublesome guest. To-morrow, I will take care to get him removed, and I will send you, in his stead, an officer attached to the Emperor's staff, who I think will be a protection, rather than an annoyance to you."

Platow left my house next day, and I received in his place M. Volinski, gentleman of the chamber to the Emperor of Russia. His conduct was perfectly gentlemanly, and, until the arrival of Lord Cathcart, my house maintained its usual regularity.

The Emperor of Russia stopped but a short time at the house of M. de Talleyrand. He afterwards took up his residence in the Elysée Napoleon, in the suite of apartments usually occupied by the

Emperor. This removal was said to have been dictated by the apprehension of meeting with mined apartments, or some other hidden danger. I know very well that the Elysée was examined by two Russian engineers, accompanied by one of the Emperor Alexander's officers. The cellars and closets were all explored with the most scrupulous attention. As to the Tuileries, it being well known that the Count d'Artois was expected to arrive, no one could, in conscience, take his place. Important things sometimes have a very simple origin, whilst people imagine it to be very profound. The Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, in spite of their apparent confidence, were guarded with the most scrupulous vigilance. The posts of cossacks of the Russian Imperial guard were not limited to the palace of the Elysée or its environs, they extended to the Boulevard, from the avenue of Marigny ; and I saw cossacks coming as far as the Champs-Elysées in their sentinel walks.

About this time a ceremony took place in Paris, at which I was present, because there was nothing in it that could be mortifying to a French heart. The death of Louis XVI had long been admitted to be one of the most serious misfortunes of the revolution. The Emperor Napoleon never spoke of that sovereign but in terms of the highest respect, and always prefixed the epithet *unfortunate* to his name.

The ceremony to which I have alluded was proposed by the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia. It consisted in a sort of expiation and

purification of the spot on which Louis XVI and the Queen were beheaded. I went to see this ceremony, and I had a place at a window in the Hotel of Madame de Remusat, next to the Hotel de Crillon, and what was termed the Hotel de Courlande. The weather was extremely fine, and warm for the season. The ceremony took place on the 10th of April.

The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzenberg, took their station at the entrance of the Rue Royale: the King of Prussia being on the right of the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Schwartzenberg on his left. There was a long parade, during which the Russian, Prussian and Austrian military bands vied with each other in playing the air:—*Vive Henri IV.* The cavalry defiled, and then withdrew into the Champs-Elysées; but the infantry ranged themselves round an altar which was raised in the middle of the Place, and which was elevated on a platform, having twelve or fifteen steps. The Emperor of Russia alighted from his horse, and followed by the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Cathcart, and Prince Schwartzenberg, advanced to the altar. When the Emperor had nearly reached the altar, the *Te Deum* commenced. At the moment of the benediction, the sovereigns and persons who accompanied them, as well as the twenty five thousand troops who covered the Place, all knelt down. On rising, the Grand Duke Constantine took off his hat, and immediately salvos of artillery were heard. The Greek Priest presented

the cross to the Emperor Alexander, who kissed it: his example was followed by the individuals who accompanied him, though they were not of the Greek faith.*

This ceremony made a profond impression on me; and I returned home under the influence of deep melancholy. I mentioned this to M. Czernicheff next day, when he called on me. He would not believe me.

"Why not?" said I.

"Because you cannot condemn the French revolution."

"You are strangely mistaken. I do assure you that we people of the Empire have always regarded the revolution with a sort of horror. But, however, I am not surprised that you do not know this. You fall into the same error common to many foreigners. There are others who expect to find in France, generals who can neither read nor write: and women as ignorant as report proclaims poor Madame Lefebvre, who, after all, is not so bad as she is represented to be."

Czernicheff laughed.

"Surely," continued I, "you who have seen the Imperial Court in all its magnificence, and who have been intimately acquainted with both men and women of the revolution, surely you do not share the mistaken opinion of your country-

* The King of Prussia is a protestant, Prince Schwartzenberg a catholic, and the Emperor Alexander belonged to the Greek communion.

men. Some of them, I am aware, say the most absurd things on this subject."

Just as I uttered these last words, M. Volinsky, who, as I have mentioned, was sent to lodge in my house by way of safeguard, entered the room and requested that I would permit him to introduce Madame Grecoff, the daughter of the celebrated Hetman Platow, of the cossacks, and the sister of the Ogre who had lately been my guest. Her father was waiting with her in the carriage, and both earnestly wished to see the widow of Napoleon's first aide-de-camp. I answered that I should feel the greatest pleasure in receiving them, and they were accordingly introduced.

Madame Grecoff was young but not handsome. Her countenance was however of that pleasing kind which excited in one the wish to know, and to converse with her. Unfortunately for me, neither she nor her father could speak a word of French. The Hetman himself could speak a little English and German. I therefore begged M. Volinsky to act as our interpreter. Madame Grecoff was little, and well formed. Her teeth were perhaps naturally good; but they had been spoiled, as M. Volinsky assured me, by eating various things prejudicial to them. She had altogether a sort of demi-savage appearance. She was passionately fond of dress and ornaments, and she wore a profusion of jewels, which were disposed without the slightest taste over different parts of her person. She wore white long gloves, and short sleeves (although it was in the month of

April,) and over these white gloves, she had rings on every finger, and to the best of my recollection, even on her thumbs. Then again on the outside of the gloves, she wore a pair of superb bracelets. Her dress, which was of a beautiful pale yellow silk, was very unbecoming to her complexion. It was, moreover, horribly ill made, and was so extremely loose, that it looked like a sort of domino or robe-de-chambre with short sleeves. But the most curious of all was her head-dress. Whether it was a cap or a hat, I will not venture to decide; but it was of such enormous dimensions, that the poor lady could scarcely keep it on her little head. To complete this singular costume, she had on coarse silk, or rather *filoselle* stockings of a blueish tint; and a pair of clumsy leather shoes, at least two inches too large. Her feet were fully displayed beneath the hem of her yellow silk dress, which was too long behind and too short in front. Finally, to complete the picture, I must mention, that Madame Grecoff, though fair, had bedaubed her face with white and red paint, till she looked like a doll at a fair.

Her father was a more interesting personage. At that time Platow might be about fifty-five or fifty-eight years of age, perhaps older. He was tall, had a fine head and countenance with none of that savage expression so common among the Cossacks. He wore a long robe of blue cloth, descending to his feet, and confined round the waist, like a lady's gown. Suspended from his neck was a very peculiar order, set in diamonds, which had

been presented to him by the Empress Catharine II, and which she had had made expressly for him. At his side hung a Turkish sabre, given him by Potemkin, which was said to be of immense value.

As he could not speak French, and I knew not a word of German, we were obliged to communicate through the medium of our interpreter, M. Volinsky. Platow said many complimentary things respecting Junot. Just as he was about to take his leave, my children entered the room. Alfred, who was in his nurse's arms, began to cry at the strange figure of the Cossack chief. Platow spoke to him rather with his eyes than with his tongue, since the child could not understand his language. However, he made him laugh so heartily that Alfred was quite delighted with him and would not let him go. Platow held him in his arms for a quarter of an hour, and allowed him to play with his brilliant decorations. On restoring the child to his nurse, Platow made a long speech in German to M. Volinsky, and both laughed heartily.

"Do you know what he has been telling me?" said M. Volinsky.

"No," I replied.

"He says that when he was in a town in Champagne, he does not recollect its name, a woman, in whose house he was lodged, seeing him take her child and play with it, as he has done with your Alfred, began to shriek violently and threw herself at his feet, begging that he would restore her her child. It was a sweet little girl, about eighteen

months old. The woman could speak German. Platow raised her with one hand, whilst with the other he still held the child, who would not leave him. But the mother again threw herself on her knees at his feet, and implored him not to eat her child. Truly," added M. Volinsky, " Platow may well say, as he did just now:—' which was the greatest savage, this woman or I ? ' "

M. Volinsky then asked the Hetman what they thought of me. Platow advanced to me, took my hand, and bowing as if to beg my pardon, he by signs requested me to rise from my chair, and he led me to the window. He looked at me attentively and made a sign of approbation : then turning towards his daughter and M. Volinsky, he said something to them in Russian. They uttered exclamations of surprise: the old Hetman then renewed his examination, which amused me exceedingly, and he again said something which I could not understand.

" He says," observed M. Volinsky, " that you must possess the spirit and the fortitude of a man. He is sure that you are very courageous, and that you are endowed with extraordinary firmness."

CHAPTER XV.

Dispersion of the Imperial family—Judas and St. Peter—The Emperor of Austria's arrival in Paris—Napoleon's act of abdication—Forfeiture of majorates—M. Metternich's advice to me—I receive a visit from the Emperor of Russia—The bronze figure of Napoleon—The Emperor Alexander's opinion of the Duke de Rovigo—The Duke de Bassano—Junot's portrait—The battle of Nazareth—The blood royal of the Comneni.

THE Empress Maria Louisa was now at Rambouillet, and was preparing to set out for Germany. Napoleon's brothers and sisters were all scattered about in various places. Queen Hortense was in Paris. The Empress Josephine was at Malmaison. The Princess Pauline was in Provence, residing at a country house near Orgon. Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch were on their way from Lyons to Rome. Jerome and Joseph were about to depart to America, and Lucien was in England. In short, the different members of the Imperial family were all separated and dispersed. It was now their turn to suffer. Whilst tears were flowing from the eyes of a glorious dynasty, who must have felt their

misfortunes the more keenly, inasmuch, as they had reason to count on a very different fate, the other proscribed family were returning to the land of their fathers. The Count d'Artois re-entered Paris after an exile of twenty two years.

All was consummated. Every day the journals were filled with the names of generals who seemed to fancy that their adherence to the new government could not be declared speedily enough, or in terms sufficiently servile. This was most revolting conduct in persons, who had all their lives enjoyed the favours of the man towards whom some of them now acted the part of Judas, and others that of St. Peter. And yet the Emperor's act of abdication, though signed, or at least assented to by him, had not appeared. It was not published till the 12th.

M. Metternich came to Paris with the Emperor of Austria. They arrived, I think, on the 14th or 15th of April. Though honoured with the friendship of M. Metternich, yet I never conversed with him on the political affairs of the time. I may, therefore, without reserve, state what I presume to have been his sentiments, as if he were a stranger to me.—I have reason to believe that both he and the Emperor of Austria were much disappointed at not having reached Paris in time to have secured the regency to Maria Louisa, and to have made Russia declare in favour of the Imperial orphan. The Emperor of Austria experienced, on his entry into Paris, a truly Imperial reception.—This was not intended as a mark of honour to the

double eagle: it was an artful political contrivance for dazzling the Emperor Francis and stiffling any regrets which might have led him to say: "If my daughter had been Regent here."—But whilst he was lingering on the road from Dijon, Maria Louisa, the Empress of the French, became Grand Duchess of Parma and Placentia.

The reception given to the Emperor Francis was superb. The passage of carriages or any other vehicles was prohibited through a great portion of the capital. The streets were lined with troops and bands of music. In short, it was a perfect fête.

At length, the Emperor's act of abdication was made public. It is simple and noble, and worthy of Napoleon in his most glorious days:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed the "Emperor Napoleon to be the only obstacle to "the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the "Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares, "that he renounces for himself and his heirs the "thrones of France and Italy, and that there is "no sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not "ready to make for the interests of France.

"Given at the Palace of Fontainebleau,
"April 11th, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel, sent his adherence to the new government, dated the 11th of April. For some time the Emperor had observed

him biting his nails and absorbed in reverie. He guessed his intention.

When the Emperor's abdication was made public—when the oath was annulled, I, in common with many others, began to turn our thoughts to the fate that awaited our families. M. Metternich, whom I had seen the day after his arrival, told me that the majorates would be forfeited, with the exception of those in Illyria and the kingdom of Italy,—those, in short, under the dominion of Austria.

" Mine," observed I, " are in Westphalia, Prussia, and Hanover."

M. Metternich shook his head and said:

" I am much afraid that you will lose them all."

But when I showed him the titles of a portion of them, producing a revenue of about fifty thousand francs, he said that they might possibly be restored to me, in virtue of my claims, which had been confirmed by the King of Prussia himself. He referred to the territories and castle of Acken, which had been the personal property of the King of Prussia; but ceded by him in three different treaties, and which he had a right, if he chose, to relinquish.

" Assert your claim," said M. de Metternich, " I will use all my influence to support it; but if you would take my advice, you would first of all appeal for the protection of the Emperor Alexander. He has great influence over the King of Prussia."

I mentioned the business to M. Czernicheff, and

expressed my wish to obtain an audience of the Emperor of Russia.

" I will mention your wish," replied M. Czernicheff, " but I doubt whether he will grant it," added he laughing.

" Why not?"

" I don't know. But I could lay a wager he will not," he said, still laughing.

" Well his Majesty's refusal cannot be caused by any very serious fault of mine, since it appears to afford you so much amusement."

Next day M. Czernicheff brought the answer.

" I told you how it would be," said he, ... " the Emperor will not receive you at the Elysée."

" Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, quite surprised and mortified, " what have I done to displease him?"

M. Czernicheff continued speaking, as though he did not hear me.

" He will not receive you at the Elysée, because he says, he wishes to *do himself the honour* of coming to see you. These were his own words; what do you think of them?"

" This kind condescension touches me to the very heart," I replied.

" Yes," added M. Czernicheff, " His Majesty wishes to pay a visit to the widow of the man, whose name has so frequently met his eyes and his ears. General Junot is one of the brightest jewels in Napoleon's crown of glory."

He further added, that the Emperor of Russia

would be with me next day between twelve and one o'clock, if that time *would be convenient to me.*

I must confess that I was totally unprepared for this excess of Imperial courtesy; and notwithstanding all I had heard the Duke de Vicenza say of the Emperor Alexander, I scarcely believed that he would have carried his condescension so far.

Next day, about one o'clock, the Emperor arrived. I then resided in my hotel, in the Rue des Champs-Elysées. He was alone in an open carriage, and had but one servant with him. I hurried to the head of the stair-case to receive him, leading by the hand my little son scarcely three years of age.

As soon as the Emperor saw me, he bowed in recognition of the mistress of the house; then taking my hand, he conducted me into the apartment with an air of kindness and affability, which made such an impression on me that, from that moment, I vowed an attachment to him, which I have constantly maintained.

When we had reached the inner drawing-room, preceding the billiard-room, I stopped, and after thanking the Emperor for having come to visit a widow and her young family, I presented to him my two daughters and my little son Alfred, who had just been weaned.

"Their father, Sire," said I, "would have been happy to have had the honour of receiving you in this house." I said so without fearing that my conscience could reproach me with betraying any portion of the love I cherish for my country.

When an enemy proves himself a generous conqueror, none but weak and ungenerous minds will refuse to acknowledge him as such.

My children made their obedience to His Majesty, and withdrew. I then remained alone with the Emperor of Russia.

I found myself quite in a new character:—that of petitioner to a foreign sovereign! I who had never but once solicited anything, even from the Emperor Napoleon. I hope I am not foolishly proud; but my spirit is high, and cannot brook anything which assumes the form of a humiliating action. But I was a mother!—That consideration prompted my suit.

"Sire," said I, "those children whom your Majesty has just seen, have lost their father at a very early age. In losing him they lost everything. They are reduced to beggary if they forfeit their majorates—they were the price of their unfortunate father's blood."

Whilst I said this, we walked up and down the billiard-room and the *salon* . . . . . The Emperor led me to an arm chair at the side of the fire place; he then drew a small chair in front of me, and seated himself on it.

"Sire," said I rising, "I cannot possibly suffer your Majesty to sit on that chair."

"Pray resume your seat, Madame," said he, with a charming smile, "I prefer sitting here, in order to hear you the more distinctly. You know I am deaf of one ear."

He then again seated himself before me, as I

have described, and our conversation commenced ; I noted it down as soon as the Emperor left me.

" First of all," said Alexander, " let me know what is the boon you have to solicit from me .... Explain the affair to me that I may understand it."

I stated my case to him.

" The matter appears to me to be beyond a doubt," said he. " Draw up an explanatory note of the business, and I will *myself* give it to the King of Prussia. Czernicheff shall take charge of this affair by my order, and shall report to you the result. He is a friend of yours I believe?"

I replied in the affirmative, and added, that I thought him an excellent man ; possessing more superior merits than most persons were for a long time willing to give him credit for, because he was a man of fashion and agreeable manners.

" But," said the Emperor, laughing, " I should have imagined that in France those were additional claims to favour."

" Sometimes, Sire."

At that moment Alexander directed his eye towards a *console*, on which stood a small bronze figure of the Emperor Napoleon, about two feet and a half high and clothed in the Imperial robes. The Emperor of Russia looked at it for some moments, than turning from it he remained silent . . . This silence was embarrassing to us both. At length Alexander broke it saying :

" One thing which particularly struck me on my entrance into Paris, was the vast number of

persons, especially women and children in mourning. Just now when I saw your children all dressed in black a feeling of melancholy took possession of my mind."

"Sire," returned I, with firmness, but at the same time with respect, "your Majesty would have seen a great many more if all the widows and orphans in Paris, had gone to meet you. As for me and my family, I can only say that your Majesty neither saw my widow's weeds nor the mourning of my children."

Alexander took my hand, and pressing it in a friendly manner, he said:

"I know it; I know it."

Then again turning to look at the figure of Napoleon, he said, as if speaking to himself:

"How I loved that man!—I do assure you, Duchess, that I loved him as much—perhaps I may say more—than any one of my brothers."

I gazed at him with deep interest.

"Yes," continued he, "I cherished the most cordial regard for him . . . . and when he betrayed me, I suffered more by his treachery than by the war he brought upon me. Would you believe, Madame, that the officer who brought me the first intelligence that the Emperor Napoleon had crossed the Vistula was imprisoned and put into irons?"

Alexander rested his elbow on his knee, and leant his head on his hand.

"Yes," pursued he, "had Napoleon been willing to maintain the fraternity of arms and of hearts

which subsisted between us at Erfurt, I confidently believe that we should have rendered Europe the finest part of the universe." (As he uttered these last words, he rose and began to walk rapidly up and down the room.) "But Napoleon was surrounded by a set of men who have ruined him. One of them in particular....one of them is to me the object of an aversion which I can never overcome!"

He paused—I could not venture to question him.

"That man," resumed Alexander, "has committed thousands of iniquities in the name of Napoleon, for which his unfortunate master is now called to account.—I allude to the Duke de Rovigo!"

I knew he did, and I was in no way astonished to hear him mention the name.

Alexander, who had been walking about, now came and resumed his seat on the chair near me.

"One might almost suppose that you had guessed to whom I alluded?"

I smiled.

"Has he then behaved equally ill to his comrades?"

"Not to all of them, Sire: my husband had serious cause to complain of him; but still I am of opinion that your Majesty has been prepossessed against the Duke de Rovigo. He has his faults; but he cannot be accused of wilfully behaving ill to the Emperor, to whom he is devotedly attached. Your Majesty has, perhaps, been misinformed, and....

"No, no," resumed he, hastily, "not at all misinformed. I know the truth. The man had the insolence to attempt to introduce his police system into my palace at St. Petersburgh. To place spies about me. It exceeds all belief—and then....

He stopped, and appeared to be struggling to repress his rage.

"Since my arrival in Paris," continued the Emperor, "he has twenty times solicited an audience of me; but I have constantly refused to receive him. I understand he intends to ask the Count d'Artois to see him. Truly the Duke de Rovigo would do well to recollect Vincennes. He ought also to screen an innocent man from the odium which belongs to himself; for poor Caulincourt was at that time at Strasburgh, and not at Vincennes; so that he could have nothing to do with ordering the death of the Duke d'Enghien."

The conversation was now becoming more and more interesting. I listened with a degree of attention and interest, which must doubtless have been visibly depicted in my countenance, for the Emperor's politeness became more marked. He once more sat down beside me, for he rose and sat down by turns.

"The Duke de Bassano," continued he, "is another person who has done the Emperor a great deal of harm."

"I am sorry to differ from your Majesty," observed I. "There is no man in France who would

more readily lay down his life for the Emperor than M. de Bassano."

"What matters that, if he has not served him dutifully?"

"Sire, is it not possible that unjust, perhaps even malignant reports may have reached your Majesty's ear, and influenced you against the Duke de Bassano? He is an able statesman, a man of talent and incorruptible integrity. He has been a martyr to the cause which he served in his youth. He has never forsaken his principles, and has always been devoted to his country. These sentiments are innate in him. When M. de Bassano sent his adherence to the provisional government, it was because he thought France could now only be saved by the general union of her children."

I stopped short, and felt quite astonished at having said so much. But I could not refrain from speaking the truth in defence of my friend, and then the affability of the Emperor of Russia divested me of all fear. His Majesty listened to me attentively, and when I had ended, he said:

"Was the Duke d'Abrantes on very cordial terms of friendship with the Duke de Bassano?"

"He was, Sire; and, besides, my husband was from the same province as M. de Bassano. They were both natives of Burgundy, and I may almost add, that they were brothers in arms!"

"How?"

"Because M. de Bassano was never absent from

a single battle in which the Emperor was engaged. He is a brave man and has exposed himself to all the dangers of a soldier's life, without the hope of a soldier's recompence; for the only reward he would have gained by having a leg or an arm shot off, would be *not* to have the benefit of the *Invalides*."

Alexander smiled.

"Ah!" resumed he, "I did not know he was so brave a man: and General Savary? What sort of reputation for courage does he enjoy?"

"He is a very brave man, Sire, I have always heard that admitted even by my husband, who was not easily pleased on that score...."

"General Junot had a glorious military reputation. The sovereign is happy who is surrounded by such men. But how happens it, Madame, that you have not your husband's portrait among your collection of pictures?" And he looked round with an air of curiosity.

"If your Majesty wishes to see a portrait of Junot, and a striking likeness of him, I can shew you one. But I must request your Majesty to take the trouble to step into another apartment."

I shall never forget the rapid and gracious manner in which the Emperor rose and offered me his arm.

"Will you be kind enough to shew me the way?" said he.

I led him through the billiard-room, the library, the large cabinet fitted up in the style of an antique apartment, then through my bed-chamber into another cabinet, and finally into my little work-room in which was the portrait of Junot.

This portrait, which I have still in my possession, is a mere sketch; but it is a hundred times more valuable than many finished pictures. It is the work of Baron Gros. The Duke d'Abrantes is represented in the highly picturesque military costume of the Generals of the Republic. At the time it was painted, Junot was scarcely twenty-seven years of age, and yet he was a Brigadier-General, in the deserts of Syria, at the foot of Mount Thabor; and with a party of only three hundred French troops, he defeated and destroyed four thousand Turks. The government of that time, which so well knew how to confer rewards in a manner congenial to the feelings, directed that an order of the day should be sent to the family of each of the soldiers who formed the detached corps of Junot. As to the general himself, his reward consisted of the same order of the day, and a picture painted at the expense of the government and executed by one of our most able artists. There was a competition, and Junot gave the prize to Gros, conceiving that he had best understood the account of the battle, transmitted in his report. The sketch of Junot's head, which I have in my possession, was made by Gros, for the purpose of being copied into the large picture, to be called, "The *Battle of Nazareth.*"*

* This Battle of Nazareth was one of the most brilliant military achievements of the French revolution. It cannot be too highly admired. I confess that I am vain of it.

Whilst I described the above particulars to the Emperor Alexander, his Majesty listened to me attentively. He looked alternately at Junot's portrait, and at one of the Emperor Napoleon, which was hanging opposite to it; and he said to himself:—

"This is the way in which a sovereign may construct for himself levers with which to raise the world."

"Yes, Sire," I ventured to observe, though he appeared to be speaking to himself; "but it may happen one day or other, either that the lever may wear out, or that the weight may become too heavy; then it falls and crushes those who raised it."

Alexander looked at me for a moment with an expression of surprise. He then took my hand, pressed it, and drew it under his arm. We returned to the drawing-room in which our conversation had commenced.

"Your husband was greatly attached to the Emperor, was he not Madame?" said the Emperor.

"It was not an ordinary attachment, Sire. Junot was a man of ardent feeling; and he cherished for the Emperor all the devotional attachment which such a heart and such a mind are alone capable of cherishing. It was *Seidism*, if I may use the term. The Emperor lost in one year three of his most faithful friends: Junot, Bessières and Duroc."

"Ah! Duroc. Was he a friend of your's?" enquired Alexander, with animation.

"My best friend, Sire."

"I rejoice to hear it," said the Emperor; "I profoundly respected his noble character. But a man whom I estimate more highly than even Bessières and Duroc, is the Duke de Vicenza. He is a truly excellent man, and he has been so basely accused. Do you not think so?"

"I have the utmost regard for him, Sire. I used to call him brother, for we were much together in our youth. His father was the intimate friend of my parents."

"I am glad to hear it," said the Emperor, "you are one friend the more to poor Armand. Believe me, Duchess, on my word, on my *word of honour*, Caulincourt is innocent. When I affirm, on my word of honour, that a man is innocent, I think I may be believed. I was sorry just now to hear you say you *once called* him brother. Why do you not call him so still?"

"And you, Sire—you once called the Emperor Napoleon brother; why have you withdrawn from him that title?"

I thought I could perceive that a fugitive blush passed with the rapidity of lightning over the Emperor's forehead.

"Napoleon," said he, "forsook me first; indeed, I am almost inclined to believe, that he never cherished real friendship for me; whilst I!—Ah! Madame, you do not know, you cannot know, how proud I was to be the friend of that great man. I was for a time deceived by his professions, but he betrayed me. My friendship for him was

profound and sincere, and when at last I was forced to declare that every tie between us was decidedly broken, I cannot express how bitter were my feelings. Ah! if Napoleon had been willing!"—

He stopped short—but a look which he cast on the bronze statue of Napoleon, seemed to say, "we might have conquered the world."

"Did not Napoleon treat the Duke d'Abrantes very unjustly?" resumed the Emperor, as if sorry for having so far disclosed his feelings.

"Yes, Sire; but he was nevertheless much attached to Junot, and I know that he was deeply grieved by his death."

"Have you seen him since that event?"

"No, Sire."

"How happens that?"

"Because he has always been absent from Paris, and I have been in the country."

"Is that the only reason?"

I made no reply.

"Tell me, did you not write to the Emperor, when you were at Geneva or Lausanne?"

I raised my eyes to the Emperor with great astonishment. He continued:—

"Your letter fell into my hands, together with several others, which were captured with an estafette, after the battle of Dresden. I believe, too, an auditor of the council of state, bearing despatches to the Emperor Napoleon, was also made prisoner by my Cossacks. To the best of my recollection, this happened on the day after the

death of Moreau. In your letter to Napoleon, you addressed him with the courage and candour of a noble heart, and I formed a high idea of the woman who could write so. From some passages in that letter I observed that your feelings had been wounded to the quick by the Duke de Rovigo, who is truly like an evil genius to the good and the unfortunate. However, I know not whether you will be pleased or displeased, when I tell you, that the Emperor never received your letter. Are you sorry for this?"

"Perhaps not, Sire. My first impulse may have carried me too far. However, I have no very distinct recollection of what I wrote."

"You wrote like a noble-minded woman; and, without having the honour to know you, I conceived for you a very high esteem."

"But, Sire, permit me to say, that your Majesty judges me wrongly, if you suppose me to be the enemy of Napoleon. He has doubtless caused me much pain; but still, I cherish for his name, for his glory, a profound veneration, amounting to a sort of worship."

"That is only the more honourable to you."

"I have the habit of speaking my mind out plainly, Sire. The Emperor Napoleon behaved with some unkindness to me and to my husband, who was his most devoted friend—the man who would have laid down his life to serve him. The wound is still fresh, and I feel it acutely. But though the Emperor has deeply wronged me, I will nevertheless assert, that he is the most luminous

genius that God ever drew from his own essence. I wish I could see his misfortunes mitigated; and if I could render him any service, I would immediately repair to Fontainebleau."

Whilst I spoke, Alexander walked about in silence. When I had done speaking, he stopped, and, after a little pause, suddenly said,—

"Do you often see Savary?"

"Very seldom, Sire."

"Does he ever speak to you of me?"

"Never but in terms of eulogy, Sire." This was true.

"His wife is a very pretty woman, I am told. She has requested me to grant her an audience to-morrow, and I could not refuse her. What either she or her husband can want with me, I am at a loss to guess. Is it to persuade the Count d'Artois that he is innocent of the death of the Duke d'Enghien? That is impossible! As to Savary himself, I will not see him; that I am resolved on. He is a man whom I neither like nor esteem. Well, Duchess, I must now bid you adieu. I will attend to your affair to-morrow, and I know that Louis XVIII will do a great deal for the nobility of the Empire. That is nothing but what he ought to do. And, after all, I believe you are one of his own nobility—nay, you are more—you are his equal. Are you not a Comnenus."

"My mother was, Sire."

"Well, you are of blood royal; and we sovereigns are bound to aid *our relations* in distress—

Louis XVIII himself was lately in poverty and exile, and he is still at Hartwell."

He then bowed to me with the easy grace of a polished gentleman, free from anything approaching to royal *hauteur*. I followed him out of the room, when suddenly turning round, and perceiving me, he said:—

"Why do you leave the room, Madame?"

We were, by this time, at the head of the staircase.

"Sire," said I, "your Majesty will permit me——"

"I will permit nothing of the kind. How! would you wish to see me to my carriage?"

"Certainly, Sire," replied I, smiling; for I was amused at the astonishment with which he seemed to regard a thing which to me appeared perfectly a matter of course.

"See me to my carriage?" said the Emperor, smiling in his turn. "*Mon Dieu!* What would be said of me in St. Petersburg if I allowed myself to be escorted by a lady?"

"But we are not in St. Petersburg, Sire," said I "and I entreat that you will permit me to do what I conceive to be the duty of the mistress of a house towards a sovereign visitor."

"Nay, nay," said the Emperor, taking my hand, and conducting me back to the door of the drawing-room, "the conquered must submit to the conqueror,"—and then he added with charming grace, "Suppose I *command* you to stay where you are?"

"I am not your Majesty's subject, Sire.

"Well, then, you will prevent me paying you another visit. Surely you will not punish me so far as that?"

"That fear, Sire, ensures my ready obedience. I will not stir another step."

He then descended the staircase, running as if to prevent me following him.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Emperor Alexander pays me a second visit—His conversation on the Duke de Vicenza—On the Empress Josephine—Alexander's admiration of Paris—He invites me to St Petersburgh—Declares he will use his influence in favour of my sons' majorates. He proposes that Lord Cathcart shall be quartered in my hotel—The staff-officer of the Prince Royal of Sweden—Motive of Bernadotte's visit to Paris—The cold court of Sweden—The begining and the end—Bernadotte's proposition to the Count d'Artois—A visit from Lord Wellington—Lord Cathcart comes to reside at my house.—General and Lady Cole—Miss Eliza Bathhurst—Her premature death—Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein—The *Monster Prince*—His love adventures.

Some days after the visit of the Emperor Alexander, described in my last chapter, he called on me again one morning. He had given me no intimation of this intended honour. He came on foot, and quite unattended, and was dressed in plain clothes, wearing a round hat and a green coat. If Joseph, my *valet de chambre*, had not happened to recognize him, he would have been up stairs and into my work-room before I was aware of his being in the house.

On this second visit he was even more gracious and communicative than on the first. Every one must acknowledge the charm of this sort of affability in a sovereign:—it carries with it a *prestige*, the influence of which must be felt by persons of the coldest temperament.* Besides, in 1814, Alexander was really great. Yes, the term *great* may truly be applied to the man who, having the cup of revenge within his reach, averts the delicious beverage from his lips. This is being something superior to human nature!

On this occasion Alexander spoke to me of Napoleon. He had abdicated and his fate was sealed.

"Have you seen the Duke de Vicenza?" enquired Alexander, with an expression, which I could not but remark.

"I have, Sire."

"I am glad to hear it. But how had you the courage to do so. It would have been all very well a month ago, but within the last fortnight....!"

"Because I had heard him less talked about within the last fortnight. I therefore called on the old friend of my childhood, him whom I so long called my brother."

The Emperor Alexander approached me, took my hand and pressed it, then after a pause, he said:—"You did right very right. I assure you,

* Madame de Sévigné gives a proof of this feeling in the letter in which she mentions having danced with the King.

again, on my word of honour as a sovereign, that the Duke de Vicenza is perfectly innocent of the crime with which he is charged!"

This was the second time the Emperor Alexander had spoken to me with great warmth on the same subject.

Our conversation next turned on Paris, and the persons who had been most conspicuous in the Imperial court, especially the ladies. He spoke of Madame Ney and the Empress Josephine. He seemed very curious to hear what I had to say of the latter; and frequently brought the conversation back to her, though I constantly endeavoured to let it drop. At length he said with a good-humoured smile:—

"I almost think you are afraid of me."

"By no means, Sire! your Majesty's kindness renders that quite impossible. But you must be aware that, on such a subject, I feel myself bound to be silent."

He appeared to reflect for a few moments, and then he said:

"You are right! This is the second lesson you have given me. I thank you."

Our conversation then changed to another subject. The Emperor spoke of our theatres, our Museums, with which he was highly delighted; and he declared that the magnificent city of Paris had not its equal in the whole world.

"My stony city," said he, (ma ville *de pierre*, making a pun upon the word stone,) "will also be a splendid place one day or other. You must come

and see it; say you will, I am sure you would like St. Petersburgh; and we will give you a welcome reception. Then you can tell, on your return, that we are not quite such savages as we are said to be."

I was deeply touched by these words, which he uttered with the most unaffected kindness of manner. He next spoke of the state of my affairs, and asked me in what circumstances Junot had left his family. I replied, "Without any fortune."

"How! and Napoleon....."

"It was not in his power to do any thing, Sire. He was in Champaign at the time of Junot's death. and his attention was engrossed by matters of greater import than making a provision for us."

"But your majorates? Prince Metternich is your friend." He paused for a moment and then continued:—

"It is his duty to protect you and your family."

"Our majorates, Sire, are in Prussia and in Hanover; consequently, M. Metternich can do nothing in the business. He is my friend, and I will not be so unjust as to accuse him of indifference. I will not myself solicit his intervention with Prussia: it is yours I should wish to have, Sire."

The Emperor smiled.

"Mine? Well, so be it. Czernicheff has begun the business, and he shall follow it up."

I courtesied; and he added with charming grace:—"Let it be understood. He shall arrange the business with the King of Prussia *in my name.* Will that satisfy you?"

"The widow of Junot can wish for nothing more when she has such an advocate for her children." A flood of tears prevented me from saying more. Alexander took my hand, (an English custom, which he had contracted, and which I at first thought very strange) and said:—

"Would it be inconvenient or unpleasant to you to have another *lodger* in your house? In the hotels near the Elysée, which have extensive suites of apartments, there is none but yours that has the ground-floor unoccupied. I wish you could receive Lord Cathcart, the English Ambassador to me, and allow me to mention, that you are to provide nothing but lodging-room, either for Lord Cathcart, or his attendants. His Lordship is a man of agreeable and gentlemanly manners, and his presence here will be a protection to you. Besides, as I shall sometimes have occasion to come to call on him, I may at the same time take the opportunity of visiting his hostess, when I shall hear whether he gives her any reason to complain."

Such was the conduct of the Emperor of Russia in 1814. I will here subjoin an anecdote of the same period, which may serve as a pendant to the above.

I had gone out one day to take an airing. On my return home I found my servants in a state of great alarm and consternation. My valet-de-chambre informed me that an officer of the staff of the Prince Royal of Sweden, accompanied by some others, had called about an hour before my return

home. They had taken a survey of the house from the cellar to the very uppermost rooms. On being informed that one of the Emperor of Russia's officers lodged in the apartments, looking to the garden, the Swedish officer said, with an insolent air—

"Well, he must remove."

"But," said Joseph, "where are we to put him, if you dislodge him?"

"Is there not an apartment adjoining the billiard-room which we just passed through?"

"That is my mistress's apartment," said Joseph, indignantly.

"And pray, who is your mistress?" said the officer, in a jeering impertinent tone.

Joseph was greatly irritated. He had been with Junot in the campaigns of Egypt and Italy. To see our enemies in France had deeply mortified him; to see them in Paris had nearly broken his heart; but to be insulted by them in his master's house was more than he could possibly endure. Directing a look of the most consummate contempt at the Swedish officer, he replied,—

"The mistress of this house is the widow of a man, at the mention of whose name Frenchmen and foreigners should raise their hats and bow with respect. (The officer had kept on his hat.) He was General Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes. If he were now living and Governor of Paris, you would not have been allowed to enter it."

The officer replied to this only by a shrug of the shoulders, and continued to make out his list of

quarters, marking the different rooms, as is customary in a conquered city. This chamber was for the colonel, that for the general, &c.

"I tell you once more," said my valet-de-chambre, "that this is my mistress's apartment."

"I must obey my orders."

"And who ordered you to come here?"

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Sweden."

The officers took their departure. I returned home shortly after, and my valet-de-chambre related to me what had occurred. My first impulse is always impetuous; and I flew to my desk and wrote the following note:—

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"The allied troops have occupied Paris for the "space of a fortnight. I have received no offence, "either from the officers or their inferiors, of any "rank whatever. I must confess that it appears "to me as strange as it is vexatious that I should "have experienced the first insult just at the time "Your Royal Highness arrived in Paris. Feeling "assured that it cannot be by your orders that any "house (hitherto respected by all parties) should "be violated by any of your officers, I complain of "what has taken place to-day, in the hope that "you will make me a suitable apology."

About an hour after my letter had been delivered at the hotel of the Prince Royal of Sweden, in the

Rue Anjou-Saint-Honoré, I received a visit from his first aide-de-camp, Count Brahé.

The Count was an extremely handsome man, about thirty years of age. He wore a white huzzar uniform, ornamented with silver lace and with sky-blue cuffs and collar. He made me a very handsome apology on the part of the Prince of Sweden, and assured me that His Royal Highness and the persons of his household were totally ignorant of the intrusion and annoyance to which I had been exposed, in his name. I was charmed with the politeness and elegant manners of Count Brahé, who seemed to have been brought up in the same school of good breeding with M. Metternich.

Few persons could comprehend what was Bernadotte's object in coming to Paris at that time; still less could they understand his eagerness to hurl Napoleon from his throne. There was then no chance of a republic as on the 18th Brumaire. But though General Bernadotte had forsaken France, he still loved her. His rank, as Prince Royal, had only made him change his opinion. He had changed from a republican to a royalist, only he wished to practise the knowledge he had acquired of the art of reigning, in his own country, rather than on the frozen shores of Sweden. The Princess of Sweden used to complain bitterly of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy courtiers of Sweden, who were never excited, except when they shot their kings at masked balls. On hearing the Princess make these complaints, M. de Talleyrand used to say—

"But really, Madame, this is very well for a beginning."

Bernadotte thought so too. But the *beginning* had unfortunately become the *end*, since the downfall of the great European Colossus, and Bernadotte looked fondly back to his native country. He offered to His Royal Highness, Monsieur, who had just arrived in Paris, his services in putting down the different factions which might still exist in the army, over which his name might yet have some influence. To effect this object, he conceived it would be requisite to be invested with some imposing title, such as Generalissimo of the Forces, or Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom :—the latter, it is true, was the title which Monsieur himself held; but he thought it might be rendered more practically useful when possessed by him (Bernadotte). He, therefore, consented to abandon the government of his own states, and to remain a year in France, if necessary.

The proposition of the Prince Royal of Sweden was made to Count d'Artois; but after a very brief consideration, His Royal Highness was informed that the sooner he regained his own army, the better. This was the reason of that sudden departure which left the Princess unprotected and a prey to the unfortunate attachment which she conceived for a man, who was certainly the very last person in the world who might have been expected to play the part of a romantic lover.

At this time I was in the habit of seeing Prince Metternich every day. He frequently called on me

in the morning, and almost always took tea with me in the evening. He was extremely fearful of being suspected of interfering in the affairs of France. In reference to this subject, I may relate a circumstance which took place before my departure from Paris, at the time when Louis XVIII was forming his ministry.

Lord Wellington had been in Paris for some days, before he learned that I also was there, and that I was residing very near him. He called on me, and I was much pleased and interested by his conversation. I have already mentioned that Lord Wellington was highly esteemed by the Duke d'Abrantes, who had imbued me with the same favourable opinion of him, and I was the friend of Lord Wellington though the enemy of the English General. His Lordship resided at the Hotel de la Reynier, which belonged to Ouvrard.

"I have come to beg your kind reception of a new lodger," said Lord Wellington to me one day. "I allude to Lord Cathcart."

"He cannot fail to be welcome, my Lord," said I, "since the Emperor Alexander has introduced him. But I shall see what sort of person he is."

Lord Cathcart came that same morning. As soon as he arrived, he sent to say he wished to speak with me. When he entered, he requested, in the most polite terms, that I would permit him to reside in my house. His manners were those of a polished man of rank, and I saw at once that I should have every reason to congratulate myself on having him quartered upon me. Next morning

he took possession of the suite of apartments on the ground floor. They consisted of four drawing-rooms, a spacious gallery, two small billiard rooms, and a large cabinet, which might easily be converted into a bed-chamber. This was the suite of apartments in which I used to receive company. They looked out to the gardens. There was also a bathing-room attached to them. I also assigned to Lord Cathcart's use a great portion of my stables. They had become useless to me since the death of my husband; for I kept only four carriage horses and a saddle horse. Lord Cathcart assured me that he would be answerable for his servants committing no depredations, and I must, in justice, say, that they were extremely well behaved and quiet.

My house was soon entirely filled. The apartments on the first floor, looking to the garden, were occupied by General and Lady Cole. They occasioned no inconvenience to me; but there was a great difference between them and Lord Cathcart. This difference extended even to their servants, as I soon discovered to my cost.* Lady

* There were in my boudoir, which adjoined my bed-chamber, four small landscapes painted on vellum. They might be called miniatures, being only fifteen inches by twenty-two. They had been given to me by my brother-in-law, M. de Geouffre, and I valued them doubly on account of their intrinsic beauty, and as a pledge of friendship. I presume that some of the servants of Lady Cole had taken a fancy to them, for the day after her departure, when the apartments were being put in order, they were no where to be found.

Cole was a very pleasing woman, and the General was a true model of an English country gentleman. Lady Cole often came to take tea with me in the evening. On one of these occasions she told me that she had a favour to ask of me:—

"A young lady, an intimate friend of mine," said she, "is very anxious to see Paris. Her relations will entrust her to my care; but if I take charge of her, she must reside with me. How can I manage this unless you grant me permission."

I assured her that I was most ready to do every thing in my power to oblige her; but that I could not render the walls of my house elastic. It was already completely filled by Lord Cathcart, herself, the General, then myself and my children, my brother, and my uncles, the Prince and the Abbé Comnenus.

"But she can sleep in the great divan in the boudoir," said Lady Cole, "if you have no objection."

I gave my consent, though I was certain, that my divan would be destroyed. But how could I refuse?

"Well, since I have your consent, my young friend shall come to-morrow. Her brother is aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, and he will himself thank you for your hospitality to his sister."

The young lady had been in Paris since the previous day; but Lady Cole had very politely declined bringing her until she had obtained my consent. When she introduced me to her, I was struck with her beauty. Her fine fresh complexion,

her beautiful fair hair, and her soft blue eyes, produced altogether an *ensemble de jeune fille*, which is found only among English women. It is the same with the English children. They are always prettier than any others. A child may have a white and red complexion, fair curled hair; it may be dressed in a white frock with a pink or blue sash, all this makes a pretty child; but still it is not like an English child. It is the same with young girls of England. A sort of angelic vapour plays round their countenances, which is seen in no other females; and the English women retain this seraphic expression long after they become wives and mothers. Lady Cole's young friend was endowed with this attractive charm in a pre-eminent degree. She pleased me at first sight, and the hospitality which I had granted, as a favour to Lady Cole, became a source of gratification to myself.

This young lady was Miss Eliza Bathurst, a relation of the English Secretary of the War Department. She was not only pretty and agreeable, but she possessed considerable talents and accomplishments. Alas! I little thought that the lovely flower, with which I was so highly charmed, would be so early blighted!

Some time after her visit to Paris, she accompanied her mother to Rome. It was at the time the Duke de Laval was our ambassador there. One day Miss Bathurst, with a party of friends were riding on horseback along the banks of the Tiber. The weather was delightful. They were admiring

the clear blue sky and the brilliant sun which spreads a sort of magical glory over the Campagna di Roma. Suddenly Miss Bathurst's horse took fright. She endeavoured to rein him in. The animal darted off and plunged with his rider into the Tiber where the young lady perished. I was deeply shocked on hearing of this event, when I recollected the many attractive and amiable qualities of Miss Bathurst.

Her brother, Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp, was a very fine young man. In person, he resembled his sister. I do not know what has become of him.

One day M. Metternich called on me and said:

"Will you promise not to laugh at a gentleman whom I wish to introduce to you?"

"That must depend on what sort of a person he is. You know I am very apt to laugh. But tell me who he is."

"He is a friend of mine. He is not at all handsome; I tell you that before hand. And to convince you of that fact, I may inform you that he goes by the name of the '*Monstre Prince.*'"

"Surely you are joking?"

"I am not indeed. He has another name, it is true. His real name is Wenzel Lichtenstein. His brother Prince Moritz Lichtenstein has also requested me to introduce him to you, which, with your permission, I will do. The two brothers are very unlike each other. Pray behave well when you see Wenzel."

Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein was certainly the

most ugly man I ever beheld in my life. He was the very perfection of ugliness. One might imagine he had been endowed with ugliness by a fairy, as others are said to have been endowed with beauty. Nothing was wanting to complete him. Even his voice was the very strangest that can be imagined. I must confess that when I first saw him, I was perfectly petrified.

" Well," said Metternich, " the next time he called on me, " what do you think of him ?"

" That he is by no means handsome. That is very certain. Poor fellow ! He must be very unhappy if he is tender hearted."

I made the same remark to another friend who happened to call upon me that same day.

" I beg your pardon," said he, " you are quite mistaken. Prince Wenzel, ugly as he is, has made his conquests."

" Impossible," I exclaimed, " unless he happened to meet with a woman as frightful as himself."

" By no means. The lady whose affections he won, was very pretty. The affair made some noise not long ago at Vienna."

The gentleman who gave me these particulars mentioned Princess —— I was confounded. I was assured that Prince Wenzel had had several such adventures; and that he had now become so confident that he never doubted his success with any woman.

" Have a care of yourself !" said my friend, who had made me thus far acquainted with the secret biography of the *Monstre Prince.*

" Upon my word," replied I, " you are right to put me on my guard; for he must possess infinite powers of seduction to have rendered himself agreeable to any woman."

CHAPTER XVII.

I receive a letter from Fontainebleau—M. Corvisart—Visit to Malmaison—Josephine's sorrow—Question—My opinion of Maria Louisa—Josephine's projects—Future Duchess of Navarre—The green-houses of Malmaison—The tangarines—Agitation—Letter—Treachery—Good feelings of Josephine—Approaching departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba—Augereau's proclamation.

I HAPPENED to receive a letter from Fontainebleau, written in a strain of unreserved confidence. The Emperor was very ill. The poison he had taken had not been productive of the effect he expected from it, but had proved highly injurious to his health. It is worthy of remark, as illustrative of the bad faith of the newspapers of the period, that not one of them made the slightest allusion to this poisoning.

Be this as it may, he was seriously ill, and M. Corvisart's attentions stood him in the utmost stead. The attention with which he watched over him was only equalled by his assiduous skill. I saw Corvisart at this period; the tears were starting from the eyes of a man whose firmness of character was never known to falter! And yet, his head was bent over this gigantic misfortune which never had

its parallel in any human vicissitude! He never dwelt but with sorrow on what was taking place at Fontainebleau. . . . I loved in Corvisart a man who had saved my life; but since this period of 1814, I have loved him for the exalted qualities which he then unfolded to view.

The letter I received from Fontainebleau entered into much detail respecting the preparations for the Emperor's departure. . . . . When I heard of it, though never expecting he would accept of the plan which I had proposed for his adoption, I relied at least on a verbal answer. The Duke of Rovigo afterwards told me that he had not delivered my letter. I am unable to vouch for the truth of this assertion. I went to Malmaison the day after receiving the letter from Fontainebleau. I knew the Empress Josephine to be extremely uneasy respecting the passing occurrences, and she could not fail to set a high value on any intelligence derived from the spot.

It was early when I arrived, and the Empress was still in her bed-room. I repaired to Madame d'Audenarde's apartment, and begged she would inquire of her Majesty whether I might see her before breakfast. My name was no sooner mentioned to the Empress, than she desired I should be admitted.

She was still in bed, and, stretching out her arms as soon as she saw me, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Alas, Madame Junot, Madame Junot!"

I was deeply affected at the meeting; I knew how sincerely she was attached to the Emperor, and at

this moment every reproach she had to make was cast into shade by the heavy misfortune which oppressed him. . . . I could read into her feelings, and this burst of deep affliction found in my heart the most congenial sympathy. Mingling my tears with hers, I told her what I felt. The sight, alas! of this dwelling reminded me of such pleasing recollections now buried in the tomb! My heart was broken! I wept with the afflicted Princess, and my tears were more bitter than her own, for they flowed over a sorrow which death had occasioned, whereas she had still hope. The hundred days have proved how reasonably she could indulge it.

When I told her of my having received a letter from Fontainebleau, she said to me, with an eagerness she had never displayed on any former occasion, "O! I beseech you, do read me that letter; read *the whole* of it; I desire to know *every thing*."

The contents were very painful for Josephine's heart, as many passages related to the King of Rome, and to Maria Louisa.

"What think ye of that woman?" said the Empress Josephine, looking at me with a remarkable expression of countenance.

"I, madam! What I have always thought; that such a woman should never have crossed the frontiers of France and Germany; I say so from the bottom of my heart."

"Indeed!" said Josephine, fixing on me her eyes bathed in tears, but smiling at the idea that I shared her opinion.

I repeated the expression, adding that I did so not to gratify the Empress Josephine, but because such was my opinion. And I think so still, at the present day, after the lapse of twenty-two years.

"Madame Junot," said the Empress Josephine, "I have a great mind to write to Napoleon. Would you know the reason? I wish he would permit my accompanying him to the Island of Elba, if Maria Louisa should keep away. Do you think she will follow him?"

"Quite the contrary; she is incapable of doing so." How correctly I had estimated her!

"But if the Emperor of Austria should send to the Emperor his wife and child, as indeed he ought to do . . . ."

Josephine, it may be seen, was not much skilled in politics.

"I am very anxious to know whether that will be the case; and you, Madame Junot, (she always called me thus,) may be useful to me in this emergency."

"How so, madam?"

"By putting the question to M. de Metternich; he is a friend of yours; you often see him; nothing can be easier."

"Your Majesty is quite mistaken, Madam. M. de Metternich is no doubt a great friend of mine; I often see him; but when he arrived at Paris, he told me that if he called to indulge in my society a short relaxation from the fatigue of his occupations, he beseeched that I would never speak to him again upon matters respecting which he could

not even give me a reply. In a word, he made me promise I should never mention any business to him."

The Empress did not seem displeased at my refusal; she was kind-hearted, and knew how incapable I was of refusing her through any sinister motive.

She merely shed tears, and said that my grounds of objection were a fresh source of sorrow to her.

"I am beset with misfortunes," added she, bursting again into tears.

I then observed to her that the Emperor's consent to her going to the Island of Elba, was more than doubtful. She seemed astonished.

"Why should he refuse it?"

"Because his sisters will assuredly go there, as well as the Empress's mother. Let your Majesty recollect all you have suffered when seated on the throne of France, in the imperial palace of the Tuileries, when strong in the title of the Emperor's consort, and of sovereign. If at that moment, madam, the Emperor's sisters could disturb your repose, what might they not do at the present day?"

The Empress fell into a deep meditation, a circumstance of rare occurrence.

"I think you are in the right," she at last said to me; "I think you are right."

She remained for some time with her head resting upon her hand. On a sudden she raised it, and said to me, "Have you seen the Count d'Artois?"

"No, madam."

"You have, then, never heard any thing said respecting me?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Madame Junot, you are deceiving me."

"I assure your Majesty on my word of honour that I am not." But in what could I deceive her?

"I hear that it is intended to deprive me of the title of Majesty, and to compel my assuming the name and title of Duchess of Navarre."

I repeated my assertion, that I knew nothing whatever. The Emperor of Russia had called on her some days before; I asked her how she had found him; she had been delighted with him. He had displayed still more coquetry towards her than towards me, and had won her heart.

"But," I now observed to her, "if your Majesty has the Emperor of Russia on your side, you have *all* you can desire. I am sure M. de Metternich will not be against you. He and the Emperor Alexander are the two great powers of the day."

The Empress Josephine was perfectly well acquainted with the Parisian spirit of society at that moment. I enabled her to form a still more just estimate of it, and she now perceived that the King of France neither could nor would desire *any thing* except at the bidding of the Emperor Alexander and of Austria; in other words, of M. de Metternich; for he was every thing in that country, where the oligarchical takes precedence of the supreme power.

"Well," said the Empress, "I have always shown every attention to M. de Metternich. . . . He cannot but be favourable to me, and support the request I wish to make—speak to him in my favour."

I did not venture to repeat what I had just told her respecting me and Metternich.

"I have already spoken," she added, "to the Emperor Alexander; and the Emperor cannot think it extraordinary I should act so, since he has neither thought of me nor of Hortense."

This was the truth.

The breakfast was now announced. We proceeded to the breakfasting-room, where my mind was agitated by vivid recollections. How could she escape the like sensations? This was always an enigma to me.

Lord Cathcart had requested I would procure him a permission to visit Malmaison. He was most anxious to become acquainted with the Empress and with this beautiful residence, which had so long witnessed the modest glory of the Emperor. I mentioned it to the Empress Josephine . . . .

"Well," she said, "you must bring him to me, but at the end of the month. . . I wish the park to appear in all its beauty; the tulips to be in bloom, and the green-house prepared with my fine cape furze, of which I have a superb collection. You will also find there, Madame Junot, the beautiful furze of Estramadura and of Portugal, of which you sent me so many plants and cuttings; your tangarines have likewise been preserved."

Those tangarines were small *dwarf* orange trees from Tangiers, from whence they derive their name; the tree itself is a very small shrub, and the fruit of the size of a small red apple; the peel is soft and smooth, and comes off at one pull; the orange is sweet and scented. It is impossible to convey any idea of this delicious fruit. I had sent several chests of them to the Empress, but they had always arrived in a damaged state. I determined, at last, to send her two tangarine-trees in two small barrels, with their green and ripe fruit and snow-white blossoms, with golden pistils. . . . The trees arrived safe, and the fruit grew, at Malmaison, to maturity. I know not what has become of those truly valuable shrubs. We went after breakfast to the green-house, and the Empress Josephine showed them to me all quite loaded with fruit. She gave me a splendid bouquet of them, aware of my fondness for flowers; and in this delightful spot, the eye was gratified by the sight of the finest flowers, which afforded the double enjoyment of spreading the sweetest perfumes.*

After our walk, the Empress brought me to her apartment, and we resumed the conversation which the breakfast had interrupted.

The ruling desire in Josephine's mind, at this moment, was to retain the title of *Majesty*: I even think she had already made this request to the Emperor of Russia; though she assured me she had not yet mentioned the subject to him. . . . . She

* It is the green-house of Malmaison, that I have described in the *Amirant de Castille*.

was greatly agitated ; her face was of the colour of scarlet, and I could perceive on her physiognomy that the various recent occurrences had made a deep impression upon her. . . . . It is well known that she had become very corpulent ; she had lost her slender figure ; her very features were altered ; she was divested of that elegance which had once made her the most fascinating female of Paris and of her court. All that was left to her was a dignified deportment, and great elegance of manners, and especially of dress. This was always an important point with her, and indeed the most important of all.

The Empress gave me a variety of commissions, of which I own that I dreaded the consequences ; but nothing could have induced me to refuse her, in her hour of affliction : I had given her proofs of this at the time of her divorce,—I wished to continue the same, and have done so. In order, therefore, to evince my goodwill, I wrote under her dictate, and omitted nothing that was calculated to promote her wishes.

When I was about to take leave, a letter was brought to her by a man on horseback ; she read it with extreme agitation—its contents appeared to give her uneasiness.

" It is from Madame de . . . . . ," said the Empress, after reading the letter a second time. " She speaks to me of Napoleon's departure, and urges me to follow up my intention of accompanying him to Elba.—You are, however, of a contrary opinion, are you not ?"

" No, madam. Has your Majesty mentioned it to Queen Hortense ?"

" No," said Josephine, greatly embarrassed.

" Her Majesty," I observed, " will no doubt prove, as she has done in other cases, an excellent adviser in this instance, in which your dignity would be compromised by a refusal."

Josephine appeared absorbed in thought.

" At any rate, madam, I don't think your Majesty should wholly rely on Madame de . . ., when adopting such a step ; I fancy she takes a pleasure in making your Majesty travel."

The Empress smiling, said.

" Do you know that she is a very shrewd and even a cunning woman ?"

" I readily believe it, madam."

Had I known, in 1814, what I afterwards learned, I should have replied in a still more affirmative manner. Madame de . . . . announced to Josephine in this letter that the Emperor was at last to quit Fontainebleau on the following day, the 19th of April . . . . She stated that the Empress Maria Louisa was at Rambouillet, which she was to leave on the 23rd."

" How," said Josephine, " can she have obtained all this intelligence ? . . . . Your Fontainebleau letter, which is dated yesterday, makes no mention of this departure of the Emperor."

I repeat what I have just observed, that had I then been aware of what I know at the present day, I should have been at no loss for an answer to Josephine's observations.

She asked me if I had seen the Count d'Artois .... I replied that I had not, but should not fail to do so; my uncles, Messrs. de Comnène, had urged the propriety of my being presented, but it had appeared to me unnecessary. . . . I mentioned this to the Empress, who pressed me by the hand, saying

"You know that you are at liberty to come and *fix* your residence at Malmaison, if you have any repugnance to go to the Tuilleries. The Emperor has been unjust towards you and Junot; it behoves me to repair the wrong. Your child is my god-daughter; I am *bound* to do for you and for her what I am quite sure *Bonaparte* * would have done, had he remained on the throne."

I expressed the deep gratitude I felt for this sincerely meant offer. The Empress Josephine had a kind heart, and if the levity of her disposition gave her an appearance of frivolity, she had redeeming qualities which more than compensated for any defect.

It was very late when I left for Paris, and I did not reach home till near six o'clock. I found another letter, which, in fact, announced to me the Emperor's departure as fixed for the following day; but a circumstance which would have been painful to the Empress Josephine, had she known it, was, that on the same day on which she delighted in recalling to her mind the visit of the Emperor of Russia, he had gone with the Emperor of Austria

* She often called him by this name, when speaking to persons with whom she was on terms of familiarity.

to dine with Maria Louisa at Rambouillet. I learnt this on my return . . . . Maria Louisa appeared resigned and indifferent to her fate; Madame de Montesquieu was to accompany her at her departure, in order not to be quit of her pupil,—happily, as we thought, for the future prospects of France. This highly respectable and distinguished lady will never lose sight of him. Madame Soufflet, formerly Mademoiselle Guillebot, sub-governess of the King of Rome, was to accompany them.

Yes, Napoleon was on the eve of his departure! he was quitting that France which he had rendered so flourishing and so glorious! he was quitting it as an outlaw! How dreadful was that moment for us all, who had loved and still loved him, even though he had broken our hearts! Yes, I fearlessly declare it, he was still an object of adoration to all those whose homage he had a right to claim.

What must he not have felt on reading the act of adhesion, the proclamation of Marshal Augereau! of a man who had never forgiven him the bridge of Arcole, and who now in his proclamation to his soldiers had the audacity to pen and to commit to the press—to his eternal shame, I may venture to assert it, this insolent phrase which was so insulting to the nation itself. . . . .

After admitting that Louis XVIII was the beloved sovereign wished for in the secret aspirings of *Augereau* himself, he added: "Soldiers, you are released from your oaths, by the very abdication of a man, who after having sacrificed millions of victims to his cruel ambition, could not even court the death of a soldier."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Emperor's departure—Commissioners who accompany him—General Bertrand—Power which the Emperor could still command—Arrival of the Duke de Berry—Biography of Louis XVIII—What was then thought of the Count d'Artois—Madame de Lawestine—Seduction—The descendants of Henry IV. of Saint Louis, and of Francis I.—Superiority of character of Louis XVIII—Private audiences—Saying of M. de Fleury—Excess of joy which nearly proves fatal—Apartments of Madame de Balby at the Luxembourg—*Hartwell* and *Thorngrove*—The ambassador guitar player—Magnanimity of Lucien Bonaparte—Poem of *Charlemagne*—Silence of the newspapers respecting the sittings of the class of Belles-lettres—Another visit from the Emperor of Russia—Surprise—Recollections—Questions—Scenes in the lives of Junot and of General Bonaparte—Communicated fragment of a letter—The guardian of my children—Conversation concerning Bernadotte—Good news—Investiture of the estate of Acken—By whom brought, and on what conditions—*My children* Prussian subjects—Great value is set upon my abjuration—Renegades and Prussians!!—Outrageous rage—*Alfred, do you like the Cossacks? Down with the Cossacks! Down with the Prussians!*

All was anxiety at the Tuileries until the Emperor should have quitted France. This colossus of greatness, whose mere looks had so long been an object of terror, exercised an influence even in his downfall. The rays of his glory, though now displayed in a less elevated region, continued to dazzle the pigmies whose short sight could not resist the

brilliancy of his sun. It was not enough that he should have fallen, he must be crushed—his removal was no security—they longed for his death. At last he took his departure. The immortal picture of Horace Vernet renders superfluous all description of this scene . . . The hero and his lofty soul are faithfully portrayed in that admirable production . . . . nothing can be more eloquent than the pencil which could read and give animation to the heart of a great man!

The Emperor quitted Fontainebleau on the 20th April, escorted like a prisoner, by Commissioners from all the allied powers. England was represented by Colonel Campbell, Russia by General Schuwaloff, Austria by General Koller, Prussia by M. de Schack, and France by I know not whom; the escort of foreign troops amounted to fifteen hundred men.

The 20th of April, then, was the day on which the Emperor quitted Fontainebleau, which he was to revisit on the 20th of March following, before twelve months had expired.

The suite of the Emperor was too considerable, and the escort too numerous, to allow of rapid travelling; he had only reached Montargis on the 23rd of April. General Bertrand was alone with the Emperor in his carriage. On that morning, piquets of cavalry and escorts had reconnoitred the road. Well-founded fears were entertained. Had the Emperor uttered a word, a civil war would have been kindled, and less than twenty thousand of the allied troops would have escaped out of France.

Napoleon's carriage was drawn by six horses; it was immediately followed by a special troop of cavalry, consisting of twenty-five men; then came the Generals, the FRENCH, Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English Commissioners, with their long train of carriages, also drawn by six horses. The Emperor's baggage filled many others, but not SIXTY in number, as it has been asserted in many newspapers. They amounted to twenty at most—a remarkable circumstance was, that a part of the guard was cantooned in the country, and under arms; but they had been enjoined, many days before, not to give the slightest indication of pity towards their fallen master. The least movement might have occasioned his death!! The guard maintained a profound silence; it was dejected and broken in spirits, and many of their numbers shed tears whilst on duty. The Emperor was calm and serene. He bowed with that wonted smile so peculiar to him, and which so brightened up his countenance. He perhaps showed himself a greater man on that day, than at moments when he stood before the admiring world. He was, then, surrounded by a devoted body of men—the least sign of his small hand, and thousand of swords would have leaped from their scabbards! But he suppressed every feeling!

On the night of Napoleon's passing Montargis, he slept at the castle of Briare . . . this was the 23rd of April. . . . He then continued his journey towards Saint Tropez and Orgon . . . thither I shall follow him; but we must now bestow our attention to the events which were taking place at

Paris, under our own eyes, and engrossing the public mind.

The day on which Napoleon was quitting the Castle of Fontainebleau as a prisoner, was that of the Duke de Berry's arrival at Paris, and of Louis XVIII. making that royal entrance into London, which he had assuredly never meditated in his most sanguine dreams . . . .

I have almost exclusively devoted these Memoirs to Napoleon and his family, because I was familiar from infancy with whatever was personal to them; but by a somewhat singular accident, I am similarly circumstanced with regard to Louis XVIII. and his family. My life has passed, and I still live, in habits of intimacy with persons who were not only attached to the household of the Count de Provence, but who are closely allied to him by the ties of consanguinity and of the closest intercourse. Previously to the return to France of Louis XVIII., I knew every minute particular concerning him, and might contribute to his biography some features which are perhaps yet unknown. Cardinal Mauriz had had an opportunity of cultivating Louis XVIII., and left me various notes respecting him, which are the more valuable, as Louis XVIII. was almost a stranger to the generation he now found at his return; he was only made known to us by a doubtful tradition, and there was nothing to his advantage in the accounts we received of this monarch.

The Count d'Artois was also, for France, a new personage. The Count d'Artois, said the Duke de

Mouchy, Messrs. de Laigle, and a crowd of our fashionables of the period intervening before the Revolution of 1814; he is a delightful man; he is elegance itself; a charming prince, and will be the very oracle of fashion! Next followed a long account of all the hearts which the Count d'Artois had immolated,* a detail of overpowering interest respecting the importance of Madame de P . . . . the despair of Madame de G——d. In short, there was really something to expect from a Prince, who, whilst breaking every heart, could spread so much happiness . . . . It was in the midst of a conversation which chanced to dwell on the amours of the Count d'Artois, that two persons who knew him well, gave me an insight into his true character. The illusion immediately vanished—nothing

* Madame de Lawestine, as is well known, was the daughter of Madame de Genlis, and sister of the amiable, witty, and good-natured Madame de Valence. Presented at the court of Louis XVI., and possessing unrivalled beauty, Madame de Lawestine immediately found herself aimed at by a crowd of men who sought to win her affections. . . . . But the Count d'Artois no sooner saw Madame de Lawestine, than he determined she should belong to him; and instantly placing himself near her, he spoke to her with great warmth but in a low voice. Every one else then withdrew, and left Madame de Lawestine alone with the Prince . . . The young lady soon perceived her isolated situation. She addressed the Count d'Artois in a loud tone of voice, as follows: "Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that I have the misfortune of being deaf. (*a*) If you would condescend to speak louder, all would benefit, and I in particular, by the conversation."

(*a*) This was the fact.

was left to admire in him except his good-nature; this was no doubt a great deal . . . . we might add to it the most accomplished manners, and even a species of worldly wit which might be worthy of all admiration in 1780, but which, in 1814, and especially in 1830, nearly caused the ruin of France, since he was not adequate to bear the weight of the empire.

The Duke de Berry was called the descendant of Henry IV. Poor Henry IV., he is ever at hand to be used as a point of comparison . . . . This adulation was distributed with due reference to the peculiarity of disposition. The Duke d'Angoulême descended from Saint Louis, because of his devotion . . . the Duke de Berry from Henry IV., because of his worldly passions—and the Count d'Artois from Francis I., because he had been a man of consummate gallantry five-and-twenty years before. How entertaining!

With respect to Louis XVIII., he was really a superior man. His ideas, when he first arrived in France, were framed upon a comprehensive scale, and rested upon a broad foundation; witness the constitutional charter. I will not probe the inmost heart, or enact a more rigid account from the tomb, that what it has disclosed to my view. In Louis XVIII., I have beheld a man of vast capacity, of profound wisdom, and of a deep knowledge of men. I have often been closetted with him in a private audience. On one occasion, in particular, I remained with him for three quarters of an hour, and have assuredly never repented paying close atten-

tion to his words. Nothing was to be lost of his conversation. He spoke with consummate talent, and would read the characters of men . . . He was devoid of every kind feeling, if we are to judge from the opinions of those who were about him, and to presume the sincerity of such a circle . . . . Louis XVIII. was deeply learned . . . . Like all princes, he was gifted with an extraordinary memory, but in a higher degree than any one else. To *affections* he was not insensible; but he was a stranger to any deep settled friendship for those to whom he was attached . . . . He was not slow in understanding the so witty expression of M. de Fleury to the envoy of Louis XVIII. "All will go on well if the King comes back *to us;* quite the reverse, if he comes back to *his own.*"

When Louis XVIII. heard the news that the crown of France was *decreed* to him, he was well nigh yielding it up. He felt such an inward revolution within him, that he fainted away, and was for a short time seriously ill from excess of joy . . . This particular was made known to me by a person who had long resided near Hartwell. It was perhaps deemed conducive to the dignity of Louis XVIII. to conceal this fact, which is nevertheless incontrovertible.

Louis XVIII., a younger brother of Louis XVI., was born on the 17th of November 1755. Previously to the Revolution of 1789, he was generally on bad terms with the King, his brother, and especially with the Queen, Marie Antoinette. This kind of misunderstanding was chiefly owing to

Monsieur's consort, Madame, Countess of Provence. There existed a spirit of rivalry between the two Princesses, which proved very detrimental to France. As to Monsieur, his principles were of the opposition, but in a less active degree than Madame could have wished . . . . The order conveyed by Louis XVI., through M. de Breteuil, to his brother, forbidding him to assume the title of Regent, which Monsieur had taken at the emigration, shows that Louis XVI. greatly mistrusted his brother at that period. Anteriorly to the Revolution, however, Monsieur seemed exclusively engaged in literary pursuits. He brought together many learned men, and kept up regular *skirmishes of wit* at his residence, as was stated by Madame, who had perhaps no less wit than Madame de Balby, though the latter obtained a preference over her in Monsieur's affections.

At the time when Louis XVIII. received the news of his recall to France, he was residing at Hartwell, a fine estate in Buckinghamshire, which the British government had purchased for his accommodation . . . . His time was engaged not only in literary avocations, as the newspapers informed us, but also in political pursuits, which terminated as we have seen, though rather from the effect of chance than from any peculiar sagacity. The new King of France became no sooner known, than the deportment of the Prince Regent towards him altered on a sudden; for, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, his royal demeanour in his intercourse with a brother sovereign was more

than familiar, a circumstance which I learned from those who had assuredly no interest in perverting the truth.

I think I have already said that Lucien had also an estate called Thorngrove, in Buckinghamshire. He was there informed of the news from France, and his excellent heart and lofty soul were greatly affected at the abyss of misfortune in which he saw his brother plunged, for whom he felt a sincere affection, especially since his downfall . . . One day a rich nabob of the East India Company, who resided near Thorngrove, sent an express to the Count de Châtillon, a friend and companion of Lucien ; he informed the Count that he should arrive that very morning at Thorngrove, along with a person sent by the Duke de la Châtre, and intrusted with a message from Louis XVIII. to the Prince of Canino. Accordingly the carriage of the nabob drew up towards mid-day before the portico, and the Count de Châtillon was astounded at observing, from his window, a man dressed in a Spanish garb, jump out of the carriage with surprising agility, and carrying a guitar crossways over his shoulders, in the manner of a Figaro . . . . This singular fellow had no sooner entered the house, than he began to attune his guitar and to play seguidillas, and dance in the hall ; thus singing and dancing he reached the drawing-room. M. de Châtillon took this for a dream . . . . He hastened to approach the man who, appeared a runaway from Bedlam, and asked him if he really was the envoy sent by Louis XVIII.

The ambassador suddenly dropped his music, and fixing M. de Châtillon, replied in excellent French, (for he was a Frenchman,) that he was indeed the person whom M. de la Châtre had commissioned to communicate to Prince Lucien the intentions of his Majesty the King of France. . . . . As Lucien was by no means anxious to return an immediate reply to the message of Louis XVIII., of which, by the way, he was as yet uninformed, he had delegated his powers to M. de Châtillon, who, prevailing upon the Figaro to sit down, requested to know from him what he had to communicate, in order that he might make Prince Lucien acquainted with it.

"His Majesty, Louis XVIII.," now said the envoy, "feeling the highest esteem for the dignified character of Prince Lucien, offers to take him back to France, if this should prove acceptable to the Prince: such is my mission."

It is to be observed that this man, who a moment before exhibited himself in the most ridiculous character, proved on a sudden the most able diplomatist, and the most polished courtier.

M. de Châtillon went to communicate to Lucien Louis XVIII.'s proposal. Lucien's reply was such as might be expected from a man of his stamp.

"I have been proscribed from France by my brother; but I never will tread the paternal soil whilst he himself is an exile and a wanderer! I have a dear friend in Rome; near him I propose to seek a new asylum." . . . .

When I heard of this circumstance in Lucien's

life, I was affected to tears, but by no means surprised; for I knew him well.

But what was most attractive to me was this description of the *political Figaro* employed by M. de la Châtre. It was a comical mode of introducing himself to the French.

"No," said Lucien to his friend; "never shall I do an act of that kind; my brother shall never see me bid him defiance in his misfortunes. If he wishes me to join him in the Island of Elba I am ready to go there!"

This Lucien is really a noble character: I learned from my parents to love him from my very infancy; at a later period, he commanded my admiration when my judgment was more matured, and enabled me to estimate him at his proper value.

His poem of Charlemagne was just terminated. It is not, perhaps, free from errors; it is, however, an epic poem, comprehending a dazzling and noble period of French history, and containing some noble passages. This should have been a ground of recommendation to a country always beloved by one of its children, although an outlaw. . . . . But the Restoration, unhappily for its permanency, had not reached so far in the art of forgetting.

"You will go to Paris," said the Prince to the Count de Châtillon; "take Charlemagne with you, assemble the learned and poets, and submit my work to their judgment; I shall prove docile to the advice their reason may suggest. I place my chief reliance on the taste, penetration, and knowledge of Lemercier."

M. de Châtillon came accordingly to Paris with Lucien's poem. He first had himself presented to those whom Lucien had named to him. He found in Lemercier, not only the affection of a friend, but the support of an enlightened master towards a pupil of some celebrity. A few public lectures were held. Esménard likewise attended them. Some remarks were made to the author, and transmitted by M. de Châtillon, on the innovation of feminine rhymes terminating the stanza, and beginning a fresh one. Lucien however, in spite of his protestations of docility, was very tenacious of those unfortunate rhymes, and nothing could induce him to alter them.

M. de Châtillon, who, as I have stated, was then in Paris, was in the habit of calling on me. He begged I would attend a sitting of the Athenæum, where Nepomucene Lemercier made a kind of analysis of the poem, pointing out its beauties, which are, in reality, numerous; and endeavoured, by the brilliancy of his talents, to exhibit the work in its true light.

One of the circumstances of that period, which is most worthy of remark, is, that the newspapers, so lavish in sounding the praises of the University, the Institute, the class of Belles-lettres, afterwards the Academy, and even in detailing the genuflexions made before the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and King of Prussia;—the newspapers, which dealt in daily falsehood with that unblushing impudence which ought to have a more appropriate name to qualify it,—were silent when it was

question of mentioning the justice done to a man of talent, that man being the brother of the Emperor Napoleon! But he had also been proscribed by his brother;—this was a text affording copious matter of declamation against a *ferocious tyranny;* it was a fine road to ride over, in which it must be owned that the number of fools is not limited who run the race at full gallop on jaded hacks;—but hatred is never consistent in its vagaries and its proofs. Alas! how revolting have been the masks we have assumed in our various political masquerades!

I continued to follow up my business with the King of Prussia. M. de Czernicheff, who then acted the part of a brother towards me, and who will every where and at all times find the expression of my grateful friendship, was engaged during the whole month of April—that is to say, during the last fortnight of it—in communicating to me what was doing near the King of Prussia.

"If you could find out what established that the estate of Acken is a *personal* property of the king," said he to me one day, "the Emperor engages to speak to him so earnestly as to anticipate the King's assent. His usual answer is, that it is impossible for him to restore all entailed estates, and that doing so in one case would be drawn into a precedent, and have the fatal effect of involving him in a host of applications."

The next day I received another visit from the Emperor Alexander. On this occasion again he came on foot, alone, and without any aid-de-camp.

He caused himself to be announced by one of my valets, who knew him not, having lately arrived from Burgundy, with some baggage which had escaped the vigilance of the enemy.

"What name am I to mention to Madame?" asked the valet.

"None whatever; say that a person wishes to speak with her."

"But, sir," said the valet, "Madame never receives at this hour,"—(it was one o'clock,)—"and especially . . . ."

"Especially those whom she does not know; is it not so?"

Constantine appeared embarrassed, and stood fixed to the ground. The Emperor and he were both in the saloon, which led into the billiard-room, and where I had received him at his first visit.

"Well then," said he at last, when he saw the immovable posture of the servant, "go and tell your mistress that some one desires to speak with her on the part of the Emperor of Russia.

I was at that moment engaged upon some embroidery in my working-room at the extremity of my apartments; this room, from which I should have seen the emperor of Russia on his entrance, since it was facing the large gate, was that which I usually sat in; but the windows had blinds of white taffety, which completely isolated it, and excluded every object.

"Is it M. de Czernicheff?" I asked my valet, when he announced to me a message from the Emperor.

"No, madam, I know M. de Czernicheff; it is not him."

Beg of the gentleman to come to me in this room, for I was convinced it was an inferior person, since it was not M. de Czernicheff. I knew General Ouvaroff, General Ojarowski, and all the other officers. They would have sent in their names.

I was giving myself very little trouble about a person who came to seek me at such a distance; and it was only when I heard footsteps approaching close to my frame, that I raised my eyes from my work.

"Sire!" I exclaimed—and in my amazement, I dropped the frame, and the basket containing my worsted-balls.

The Emperor burst out laughing, but with such undissembled cheerfulness, that I caught the infection, and betook myself to join him in the laugh. He picked up the worsted-balls; but in our hilarity we untwisted more than we could gather up from the ground.

"Acknowledge that I have taken you by surprise," said the Emperor, laying hold of my hand, and compelling me to sit down. "You Parisians are really unaccountable people. Is it possible that the Emperor Napoleon never dropped in upon any one with that familiarity which confidence begets?"

I dropped my eyes without giving an answer. The observation was but too correct. Nevertheless, justice required I should relate the scene which had occurred in this very apartment, and which I

have mentioned in a preceding part of these memoirs.* As I spoke, the Emperor's countenance assumed an air of benignity which affected me in his favour. I shall always deem myself bound in conscience to take the defence of the Emperor of Russia. I have ever found him magnaminous and kind-hearted; and I set little value upon those who ascribe this to a calculated plan. What matters it to me! He preferred acts of benevolence, and did so like a great man.... it is disgraceful not to admit the truth. That we should not applaud the invasion is so natural on our part, that the few who are silent on the subject are lost in the crowd of those who are clamorous against it. But can we be so heartless as to heap insults upon a man who had so recently beheld the Kremlin, and the palaces of his nobles on fire, the remains of our devastation, and who yet extinguishes of his own free will the brand of reprisals; this is an act of lofty generosity; I pity the being who cannot appreciate such greatness of soul! The Emperor Alexander, then, was attentively listening to me whilst I related this adventure, and seemed much affected at the recital. He next spoke to me of the Duke of Abrantes, fixing his eyes at the same time upon the handsome portrait of Gros, which I have the happiness to possess, and which I consider as one

* Junot had had an altercation with Napoleon at St. Cloud relating to the imprisonment of the English, which he never would carry into effect, and which accordingly did not take place. He fell ill in consequence of it, and Napoleon, on being informed of the circumstance, came with Duroc to see him. He found him asleep in the same apartment, where I was keeping watch over him.

of the first productions of that celebrated artist. The Emperor dwelt long upon the subject of Junot, and at last entered upon a question which he had but slightly alluded to on his first visit.

Why did Napoleon treat him with such indifference in the latter years of his life! tell me the truth, Madame; rest assured I am worthy of hearing it. I desire to be useful to you—and wish to form my opinion on this part of General Junot's history.

The significant look of the Emperor when he spoke these words, conveyed a sudden light to my mind. Did he suspect Junot of having incurred the serious displeasure of the Emperor Napoleon? of having failed in the slightest act of duty? I was at once ready with an answer. I related to him various circumstances of the former lives of Junot and Napoleon; how they both resided together in Paris. . . . the general being often pennyless, and the aid-de-camp too happy to share with him what he called his good fortune, which consisted of some hundreds of francs sent to him by his family. I never should have mentioned these details to the Emperor of Russia; but the bulletins of the campaign of 1812 were in the *Monitcur*, and the wound was still bleeding.* I stated the true cause of

* I may be attacked with impunity in whatever relates to the privacies of life. I am then as impassible as a marble statue, which receives no impression fron the water thrown over it. But when a blow is aimed at the heart, when I find that a wound is inflicted, if not with a premeditated design, with a perfect forgetfulness of the sufferings it may entail, rancour then takes possession of

Junot's departure for Portugal in 1808 . . . The Emperor of Russia began to laugh when he heard me speak of Napoleon's resentment against a man who had won the affections of one of his sisters. . . but such was the fact, and it admitted of no contradiction.

"With respect to the bulletins of the campaign of 1812, would your Majesty," said I, "be pleased to read this letter, or rather, the rough copy of it?" And I handed to him the fragment I found amongst my husband's papers, and inserted in a preceding part of these Memoirs. Alexander appeared surprised at its contents. . . .

"Why did you not get this printed, and ten thousand copies of it circulated?" said he to me, with emotion; "this is a fine expression, emanating from a broken heart." (These were the very words uttered by the Emperor of Russia.)

"No, sire; the Emperor had just suffered a first reverse of fortune, and I never could have consented to add to his distress!"

This was followed by a pause which continued after the Emperor of Russia had looked at the portrait of Junot, with a marked expression of countenance.

"What was his answer, when you informed him of the state of your circumstances, after the death of the Duke of Abrantes?"

my soul, which is nevertheless cast in a mould excluding all but the most tender and grateful sentiments; but the ingratitude of the heart! this is in my estimation a defect, and even a vice more revolting than any thing which may bring death in its train.

"He made none, sire, for he never received from me any formal application: he was wrong; he was a sovereign, and it was not my part to solicit a favour. But," added I, after a moment's reflection, "I am convinced that the Emperor Napoleon would have honourably provided for us, had he remained upon the throne."

"Are you quite sure of this?" said the Emperor of Russia.

"Yes, sire," I replied, without hesitation, for I was convinced of it.

"You have never seen him, then, since your husband's death?"

"Never, sire."

Renewed silence. The Emperor Alexander looked at me with a kind of inquisitive glance; one might have supposed that he was anxious to know the exact truth; but I had told it to him, and nothing in my physiognomy indicated a different language. He felt it so.

"Well, then," said he, pressing me by the hand, "I shall be a guardian to your children and yourself—will you accept of me?"

"Ah! sire."—And I bent, not to the majesty of the Czar, but to the benevolence of the man!

"I come to bring you good tidings. The King of Prussia, whom I have urged I may say with great earnestness, sent me word just now, that what I desired should be done for you.... This is all I know; but Czernicheff will give you further particulars this evening; he is to bring you Hardenburgh's answer."

The Emperor remained a few moments longer, and then withdrew, insisting that I should not accompany him.

"But, sire, your majesty would not wish to contradict me; permit me to observe, that you are tyrannical in your own way."

He smiled; but would still contradict me. "By-the-by, on what terms are you with Lord Cathcart? How does he behave towards you?"

I was much pleased with him, and told the Emperor so; but I could not resist the pleasure of relating to him the anecdote of the Prince of Sweden, and of the man who called himself the quartermaster attached to his court, and who was no more than a runner attached to the public carriages before he left France. Never shall I forget the expression of Alexander's countenance, when paying attention to what I said of Bernadotte. But what was most singular was, that he retraced his steps, sat down again, and asked me a variety of questions respecting him, and the events of his life anterior to the period of his royal dignity. I said what I knew of him; Alexander knew about as much; I added, however, some personal details which I had been enabled to collect, having lived in the intimacy of his wife's family, and at an age when youth is particularly observant of what takes place; I was remarkably so at a period when we were compelled to watch every thing around us, in in order to shield the objects of our affections.

This conversation with the Emperor of Russia made as deep an impression upon me as the pre-

ceding one. I continued to reply to the Emperor's questions respecting the Prince of Sweden, and spoke to him on the occasion of the Princess' sister, Queen Julia — that angel of goodness and of perfection, who only lived to bestow her affection on all that the heart of woman is called upon to love—a very saint, and doubly entitled to praise for her gentleness as she was unhappy in her existence as a wife; she was ugly, and her husband was a passionate admirer of beauty . . . . The Emperor said so to me with a smile, and would not believe that no quarrels of jealousy had ever sprung up between Joseph and his wife.—I could however assert it to him as a fact. "Joseph," said I to the Emperor, "is a model of goodness. He never would have willingly caused any deep sorrow to the Queen. He is, no doubt, as your majesty observes, a great admirer of beauty, but he is no less so of the Queen's virtues, and he loves as much as he respects her. He never will forget that she married him for love, at a period when his alliance held out no prospect to her. Joseph's heart is capable of the noblest impressions."

The Emperor left me after a visit of an hour and a half's duration.

I saw M. de Czernicheff and General Ojarowski the same evening; they both confirmed what the Emperor had told me. — M. de Metternich came in at tea-time; I told him the good tidings. He appeared much surprised, and said I must be mistaken. I repeated what had occurred. He then

took me by the hand, expressing how much it gave him pleasure to hear this; an observation which, coming from such a man, bore the stamp of truth. The next morning, before eleven o'clock, M. de Hardenberg was announced. He was a man who always made an unpleasant impression upon my mind, and I had often been at no pains to disguise it from him; he was aware of it, and his bitter heart had treasured up this incident which rendered him hostile to me—nevertheless, he was the bearer of a *favour*. . . . Alas! my natural solicitude had made me consent to solicit one from our enemy.

M. de Hardenberg was a man of dry and *angulous* form. He entered with a constrained politeness which seemed of itself a reproach for what he was compelled to do.

"I come, Duchess, to express to you my satisfaction at being the organ of my sovereign in this circumstance. The Emperor of Russia has spoken to him in terms of such lively interest about your position, and that of your family . . . "

I grew red with anger. Why did this man come to the house of Junot's widow to speak to her of her sorrow? What was that sorrow to him? Had he come there to offer a tribute of pity?—Oh, no, and I . . . and my cowardly heart did not prompt me to reply to him.

Well, then, I am not unfortunate; I stand not before the tribunal of your pity! But I was a mother, and was compelled to bear with his insulting speech!

"The king, my master," he continued, "has ordered me to bring you the letters patent for the new investiture of the estate of Acken.* There is, moreover, a rather heavy sum of arrears which the bailiffs have orders to deliver up to you."

I bowed . . . I could not speak . . . and yet M. de Hardenberg seemed to await my reply. At last I lisped a few words, which appeared to satisfy him.

He held in his hand a packet of parchments, tied with red or green ribbons, I forget their colour, to which were appended wax seals. He laid the packet on a table, and coming up to me, he said in a subdued voice,

"You will have readily perceived, Duchess, that the King, my master, was compelled to refuse at first what you had asked of him. He has openly avowed his determination on the subject, and none of the titularies will obtain any privilege.† Yielding to the solicitations of the Emperor of Russia, he has recalled in your favour his resolution, and he grants to you the estate and residence of Acken."

As he had already said so, I was surprised at this repetition; I suspected he was about to add something else, and was not mistaken in my conjecture.

Finding that I merely conveyed my answer by

* The arrears alone which were due to me from the estate of Acken, amounted to upwards of 500,000 francs.

† The Count de Morburg, however, who was Murat's minister of finance, obtained his privilege, without any deduction.

an inclination of my head, he proceeded, though with visible embarrassment.

"The King, my master, has merely affixed one condition to *this favour*; but it is so easy of compliance, that he believes, as I do, you will not hesitate in subscribing to it."

I looked at him without answering, and waited till he should make me acquainted with this condition. I think he wished me to guess it; but I was very far indeed from the mark.

"The King, my master," said M. de Hardenberg, "grants to you and to your family, the investiture of the estate of Acken . . . but on condition that both your sons will become naturalized as Prussian subjects."

I was up in an instant, my breast heaved with visible palpitation—I fancied I must have mistaken him!

"What have you said, sir?" said I to the minister of King William.

He repeated his insulting words! Oh! why was I not a man at that moment of anguish, when my heart bore for the first and last time the weight of an insult?

"My children Prussian subjects!" I at last exclaimed. . . . "my sons deny their father's country —my sons sold by their mother for a handful of gold! for a fortune! Are we, then, here on the coast of Guinea? Is there, then, in the roadsted a slave vessel to carry off the poor little creatures deserted by their parents?"

I was now mad with grief. . . . M. de Harden-

berg, looked at me for some time; then, unrolling the larger piece of parchment, he exhibited it before my eyes, probably by way of tempting me. (I afterwards learned that great value was attached to *my abjuration.*) But the sight of this deed, which was to stamp me with infamy, produced an effect quite at variance with that which, according to M. de Hardenberg's mind, it was calculated to produce . . . . It only redoubled my anger.

"Sir," said I to the minister, "take back your deeds; they cannot remain any longer in this house; this was the dwelling of a true patriot, a brave soldier, an honest man! I may, perhaps, have soon to leave it with the young family which his death has made orphans; but so long as we inhabit it, the shade of my husband shall not have to reproach me with having ever done any thing derogatory to his memory."

"Madame," replied M. de Hardenberg, "you use very strong language."

"No other suggests itself to me, Sir! I am but a woman, a poor widow, very youthful still, to undertake the charge of a whole family, since I am only twenty-nine years of age. Nevertheless, with the help of Providence, I shall not sink under the weight!"

My inflamed countenance, my suppressed breathing, made me appear in a state of delirium—I think M. de Hardenberg became frightened.

"To be brief, Madame," said he, "what do you decide?"

"What, Sir, can you now be ignorant of my choice?"

"I conceive, Madame, that in a matter of such importance, you should consult intelligent and reasonable men. Your sons are under your guardianship; but I know the laws of France: you are not alone to perform this duty—there is an appointed tutor, a family council. . . . Are you at liberty to pronounce singly in a matter of so much importance to their future fate?"

Whilst listening to these insulting words, I really thought I should take leave of my senses. A stranger, one of the conquerors of France, come to dispute my power over my children!

"Sir," said I, with a voice trembling with emotion, "there are certainly laws which designate an appointed tutor and a family council to direct a mother in the use she makes of the fortune of her children, for such is the duty of the family council, and of the appointed tutor: but the honour of my children, Sir, that honour which their father handed down to them with his blood flowing with mine in their veins; that honour, sir, is wholly under my protection. I alone am answerable for it to Junot's memory, alone I bear its weighty responsibility! • This is, perhaps, what our code has not informed you of, and what I now tell you. I abjure our country, and in the name of my sons! I make them renegades to the glorious name of Frenchmen, and especially to make them exchange it for that of Prussians!!"*

* I beseech the Prussian nation, for which I otherwise feel great esteem, to see no more in this exclamation than the political sentiment which at that period established a barrier between France

This word escaped me with a fearful accent which made M. de Hardenberg fall back a few steps. He took up his parchments, and said to me with an ironical expression of countenance,

"You show yourself a true Cornelia, Madame; it is impossible to deny that you exhibit some of the features of the Roman matron, though very young to bear so grave a title; allow me to hope, for your sake, and that of your children, that you will reflect upon this conversation. Consult M. de Metternich; he is your friend, and will tell you that you should not allow any passionate feeling to guide you in this matter."

"I have no need of reflection, Monsieur le Baron; the emotions of the heart are always absolute, they do not alter like every flighty idea; what I have said this morning I will repeat in twenty years time. I will not name the subject to M. de Metternich, for two reasons; the one is, that he is not competent to pronounce an opinion upon it; the other, that I am certain he would think as I do. I know his heart; it applauds every emotion which is dictated by a sense of duty, and I am but obeying its injunctions in acting as I am now doing."

M. de Hardenberg again collected his papers,

and Prussia. The Emperor had been so ill used by Prussia, that his party could not forgive all the additional evils it had brought upon him. He has himself been reproached for his conduct towards Prussia. But how did she behave towards France, since 1792? Austria and Russia had suffered as much as Prussia, and yet their conduct was marked by a principle of equity.

took his hat, bowed, and prepared to retire. When he had reached the door, he said to me,

"Think well of this matter, Madame; I shall allow three days to elapse ere I carry your answer to the King."

He withdrew, and I had not the courage, or rather the strength, to accompany him. I sank exhausted into a seat, and melted into tears. Pride and anger sustained me when in the presence of that man; but I was now left to dwell, alone, upon the insult offered to a widow, to orphans unprotected. I sobbed aloud. I addressed myself to Junot's portrait, and asked him why he had deserted us? At this moment my children entered the apartment; they were going to take a walk: the two eldest ran to me: these were my daughters, who seeing me bathed in tears, with more discretion than their brothers embraced me without uttering a word; but Alfred, who could hardly walk, seeing the tears running down my cheeks, rushed into my arms, and clinging to my neck, which he pressed with all the might of his little arms, exclaimed,

"Why do you cry? I will not have you cry; if I were a man, I should kill all those who make you cry."

The dear little creature wiped my tears with his kisses—I pressed him to my bosom with so convulsive a grasp, that he complained of being choked; I fancied that an attempt was made to tear him from me, along with my lovely Napoleon, who, taller than his brother, watched my grief in an

attitude of silent astonishment, but with tears in his large eyes. I cast a look of pride over that beautiful family, which gave such fair promises for the future. My tears ceased to flow when I looked at them—my soul received one of those rays of consolation which God sends to the afflicted by one of his angels. I found myself more calm and happy—I drew the fond group around me, and pressed them all to my heart, with an undefinable sensation of delight.

"Alfred," said I to the child, "do you like the Cossacks?"

His large black eyes instantly flashed fire; he dropped from my knees to the carpet, and hastening to the chimney, seized the tongs, and kept running round the room and exclaiming,

"Down with the Cossacks, down with the Prussians, down with the enemies!"

Napoleon went in quest of the small broom, and set off, galloping after his brother, and crying out, "Down with the Cossacks, down with the Prussians!!"

The noise was quite deafening.

"You don't wish, then, to become a Prussian," said I to Alfred.

The child suddenly stopped quite out of breath, and looked at me with astonishment. I repeated the question; he came to me, and climbing up to my knees, passed his little arms round my neck, leaned his lovely, riotous little head on my shoulder, and said,

"How, a Prussian? How can that be?"

And he shrugged up his shoulders with such a charming expression of countenance, that I loaded him with kisses.

I never mentioned this scene to any one. I still placed great reliance on the Emperor Alexander; and if my refusal had been known, I should have had to assign the motives of it, which would have placed me in direct hostility with the King of Prussia. All I did was, to write to the Emperor Alexander, and inform him of what had taken place the same day. Instead of answering, he came to me the next day. He was excessively hurt at the conduct of M. de Hardenberg. It was evident that the Emperor Alexander felt offended at this species of fraud, attempted to be committed under shelter of his name. He was pleased when I said that I would not speak of it. His self-love was also interested in this secret, though with a different motive from mine. Thus terminated this adventure, which at first gave me hopes of ensuring the future for my children. M. de Hardenberg, some days after, asked me on what I had resolved. I replied, that I had already told him my resolution was unchangeable. They then took another course, in order to involve the affair. M. de Hardenberg pretended that it was he who had taken on himself the responsibility of offering me Acken as a price for my two sons; and that, had I accepted the proposition, he should have had much trouble

in bringing over the King of Prussia. This mode of representing the affair was quite odious; I despised the whole thing, and in doing so, did but the duty of a person of sensibility.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Duke of Berry in the environs of Bayeux—Remains of old customs—Shameful conduct of a regiment—Reception of Louis XVIII. at London—White ribbons and laurels—Taste of the English for tinsel—Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angôuleme with the Queen of England—Order of the garter—Louis XVIII. made a Knight—French and English deputations—The English must always be in great excitement—Madame de Stael at London—Allegorical drama played in the streets of Richmond—Uneasiness of Cardinal Maury—Mysterious visit—*Diable! Diable!* Cardinal Maury defends his skin. Burlesque scene in the archiepiscopal chapel—Cardinal Maury decides on going to Italy.

A REGIMENT was in garrison in the environs of Bayeux. The Duke de Berry passing through that city, was told that this regiment was very ill affected towards the house of Bourbon, and felt desirous of personally ascertaining the fact. The Prince played a showy part in this affair: his conduct was brave, and loyal, and worthy, for the occasion, of Henri Quatre. Arrived near the regiment, he demanded the Colonel's horses, under what pretext I know not. The Colonel hastened to send them, and appeared himself before the adventurous Prince, who asked him,

"Where is your regiment?"

The Colonel offered to conduct his highness, if

he were desirous to see the soldiers. The Duke accepted the offer. The troop was under arms.

"Soldiers," said the Prince, "you know me not yet; but we shall soon grow acquainted. I am the Duke de Berry, nephew of Louis XVIII., the King whom France has recognised. Will you join with me? Come then: cry, Vive le Roi!"

The entire regiment joined in this exclamation; one voice alone shouting "Vive l'Empereur!"—*one* voice alone! And Napoleon had abdicated but ten days.

Hearing this single cry, the Duke smiled, and said, "It is but the remains of an old custom—once more!"

And the man cried, "Vive le Roi!"

The papers of the day (and all of them repeated the story) said that the second time the cry was unanimous.

The Duke, who, as we hinted, played the principal part in the piece, ordered an extraordinary distribution to the troop. He did well in giving: did they do so, in receiving this bounty?

"Upon *this*," continued the journals, "the acclamations were enthusiastic, and the whole regiment requested permission to take the name of Berry."

The Duke was, in fact, a man who, had he lived, would have been of great service in supporting the Bourbon family. His assassin, in striking *him*, knew well what he did: he attacked the tree at its roots.

A singular coincidence appeared in the following

circumstance: The same day on which Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau to commence his exile, Louis XVIII. made his entry into London as King of France,—namely, on the 20th of April. I had then many friends in London, and they apprised me of all that passed at that epoch.

The reception of the King was not one of the least curious circumstances of the day. I received the following details.

Louis XVIII. left Hartwell on the morning of the 20th of April, 1814, and breakfasted at Stanmore, where the Prince Regent met him. From thence to London the road was crowded: the English all wearing white ribbons and laurel wreaths: one can understand the former as complimentary to the Bourbons; but the laurels!—were they worn in token of having vanquished the French?

Louis XVIII. wore, on this occasion, the uniform of a French marshal, which, with his velvet boots, could not have looked quite consistent. The Prince Regent wore a court suit, and, in common with all his followers, a white cockade. At a quarter before six P. M. the cavalcade reached Albemarle Street, where every thing was prepared for the reception of his Majesty at Grillon's hotel. Next day, the King received almost all the city of London. Doubtless, the genuine enthusiasm was very great; but all who know the English character are aware that *éclat* is the *mode* with them. It is sufficient to *talk* of any one, and every body thinks himself bound to run to see the wonder. The

number of carriages that thronged Albemarle Street during the whole of the 21st of April is almost incredible. In the evening, the King followed the Duchess d'Angoulême, who had gone to visit the Queen of England. His carriage was drawn by six horses, decorated with numerous bows of white ribbon. The English are, in general, extremely fond of using gewgaws to testify their joy.

At half-past six o'clock, the King of France entered the court of Carlton House. The guard was commanded by Colonel Mercer, a distinguished officer, whom I knew indirectly, being intimately connected with one of his relations. The music struck up "God save the King!" which was followed by poor "Henri Quatre!" who thus made a prelude in London to his long and brilliant career in France, during 1814 and 1815. The Prince de Condé and the Duc de Bourbon accompanied his Majesty. On his approach, the guard presented arms, and the Regent hastened to receive the guest, who, from his pensioner, had become his ally! The monarchs shook hands, and forthwith the air resounded with huzzas. Giving his arm to the King, his Royal Highness, although now grown corpulent, and no longer entitled to the merited appellation of the finest man in England—where fine men are so numerous—still presented, I am told, an air and figure of striking elegance. The King having been conducted into a suitable apartment, a chapter was held of the order of the Garter, at which his Majesty was proposed as a knight. Being duly elected, the Dukes of York and Kent introduced the novice. He entered the hall

of the chapter with a step sufficiently firm for a king who could not walk. Kneeling on a velvet cushion, the Regent gave him the customary accolade, and tied on the garter with his own hands. That same evening, the Prince is reported to have said to one of his most intimate confidents, "In truth, at the moment, I thought I was deceived, and that instead of applying the garter, I was putting a girdle round an infant."

"Your Royal Highness might even add, that it was a tolerably big infant."

In exchange for the garter, Louis XVIII. gave his blue *cordon* to the Duke of York. One thing was odd enough: namely, that Louis XVIII. had not already possessed the order of the Garter; for he had been King of France a long time; but then he had been a fugitive and unhappy King.

On the 22nd, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of the city of London waited on the King to offer their congratulations; and then followed a crowd of deputations from French towns, each of which was fearful of arriving too late. The town of Dunkirk, among others, was desirous of first engrossing Louis XVIII.; and instead of awaiting him quietly in its corner, dispatched its good citizens to seek their King in a foreign land.

The Prince Regent accompanied his royal ally to Dover, where the latter embarked on board a vessel commanded by the Duke of Clarence. General Girard had been dispatched to Hartwell to receive the orders of the King. The different Marshals awaited him on the sea shore, or I know not where else. In short, fifteen days only after

the departure of Napoleon for Elba, that great man was almost wholly forgotten by those who should religiously have treasured his memory.

The delight of the people of England at these events, amounted to a delirium. Posterity, who will coolly judge of all that passed, will understand the full extent of the danger of Great Britain, as developed by the Saturnalian manifestations of joy universal throughout the capital. "They must have been in great fear," says some writer or other, "to have made a vow to erect such a wonder as the Escurial;" and, in like manner, I say, that the English must have been in dire peril to evince so much exultation at the fall of their enemy. The whole metropolis was illuminated; and at Carlton House a transparency was exhibited, representing the arms and crown of France, supported by Victory and Renown. Underneath was inscribed, *Louis XVIII! Vive les Bourbons!*

In truth, it was a strange sarcasm to attribute to France, at a moment when she was almost the tributary of England, such words as *Victory* and *Renown.* We must have been absurd to suffer, much more to applaud this. Here, indeed, was inconsistency. There was none in giving a dinner to the Duke of Wellington, who was one of my particular friends, to whom I was under several personal obligations.

I had not only English friends in London who hastened to renew their connexion with me as soon as the communications were restored, but several French also, who were stopping in England to pro-

secute their affairs. Hence, I duly received all the current news; and those letters, which I have preserved, are now extremely useful to me in collecting these souvenirs.

Madame de Stael was in London at this period. Her existence was one of the most terrible reproaches to Napoleon. He never could excuse his conduct towards that celebrated woman. No motives could have operated on him, in this case, as with respect to several other acts of severity, which might, perhaps, admit of a more favourable construction. But Madame de Stael was a victim perfectly innocent. I love Madame de Stael. I love her for her renown, so well, so nobly acquired. I love her for her goodness, for she was good. I love her for the bright lustre which her genius casts over the female sex. She was, indeed, great and generous, and her soul was capable of loving as I can comprehend love. I was happy in the thought that France was at length about to reclaim her. She was wholly French, and one of the strongest motives of my attachment to her was, that she had not forgotten her country.

However, notwithstanding he deserved reproach, she has, I think, given too great a latitude to her resentment against Napoleon. I prefer reserve respecting those who have injured us; and am of opinion that silence is the noblest and most becoming vengeance. Madame de Stael could not resist the temptation of giving a blow to the fallen Colossus. Well! it was necessary she should manifest her sex in some way.

An adventure took place at Richmond which the British government would, perhaps, have directed with more taste and discretion. I received a letter from a cousin-german, M. de St. Martin, captain of a ship, recounting a scene almost amounting to the scandalous, and which, by-the-by, notwithstanding the rigour of the English laws against duelling, ultimately involved him in an affair of honour with an officer of the English marine, named Thoraton.

Some young persons met together at Richmond, to commemorate the downfall of Napoleon. They were numerous, and bore the usual emblematic signs—such as fleurs de-lis, laurels, white cockades, scarfs, &c. In fine, they got up a procession, in which several persons represented the Emperor, and the Kings of Spain, Westphalia, and Holland. Napoleon was habited after a ridiculous fashion; he stalked solemnly along, and was, to his great risk, abundantly pelted with oranges and apples. At length he cried, "Take care; for, after all, I am not Buonaparte."

Behind him was a furious personage, (who maltreated him, and called him I know not what,) namely, the *Corporal of the Bridge of Leipsic*, alluding to the absurd fable of a man being compelled to leap that bridge. Next, came a mountebank-looking individual, representing King Joseph, and wearing, Heaven knows why! the ancient Spanish costume,—at least in part; for the dress altogether, particularly in the nether part, was extremely scanty. The reason for which was explained to my cousin, as being, that Joseph's trea-

surer had absconded one day, carrying with him the King's wardrobe, wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief, as the royal treasure. Jerome followed his brothers in a state still more deplorable, affecting to weep and sigh at every step he took. This ridiculous scene was much applauded by the spectators even of the better classes; but I have reason to think the sheriff of the county was subsequently reprimanded for permitting it to take place.

Cardinal Maury had been to me a perfect enigma during the whole of this period. He had written me several singular letters; and when the address of the Chapter was delivered to him, and the Abbé Dartros was again in power, I presumed that he might need consolation, and I was not deceived. He prepared to go to Italy, and his uneasiness relative to the treatment which the court of Rome had in reserve for him was very visible. He wrote one day, requesting to see me, but expressed a great wish for secrecy. "I entreat," said he in his letter, "that nobody may know of your visit. That is the reason why I do not come to you."

I was altogether astonished at this mystery. Nevertheless, I complied with the Cardinal's desire. Having been conducted to the great gate of Notre Dame, I went into the church; and, after performing my devotions, issued by the little red door, and entered the archiepiscopal precincts, where the Cardinal lodged until his departure for Italy, by that door which faces, or rather faced, the stables.

The Cardinal awaited me in the chapel, whither

I was conducted by his valet-de-chambre. I confess that this mystery and these precautions amused me infinitely.

The archiepiscopal chapel, which had been constructed by Cardinal Fesch, during his short episcopacy, was very peculiar in form; and its position in the garden, surrounded by flowers, gave it an aspect always very touching to me when I have attended divine service therein. I knelt down on entering, and said a prayer; I then advanced towards the Cardinal, who, seated on one of the red fauteuils which stood before the balustrade, seemed neither praying nor reflecting. His countenance was peculiar: he gazed on me, but made no motion even for me to advance: I felt some trepidation. I, however, went to him.

"Your Eminence has desired to see me," said I. "I attend your orders."

He started, gazed on me anew, and then said, "You are kind to come. But I knew you would. You know how to be the friend of those no longer fortunate. Is it not so?"

His large and bony forehead contracted itself, whilst his little eyes glared in their orbits, and his voice became tremulous.

"Will you serve me?" said he at length, fixing on me a singular glance.

"Undoubtedly, if I can. But my influence is very slight. In what can I be of use to you?"

"You might save me!" said he in a low voice; looking meanwhile round the chapel, like a man who dreads to encounter a spy.

"Save you, Monseigneur?"

"Yes; listen to me. I am certain that at Rome they want to impose on me a rude penance. They will perhaps seek to shut me up in a cloister; but I will not go there. No, by all the fiends," cried he, forgetting his caution, "they shall not have me living. I will entertain no more fear of Consalvi, than formerly I did of that silly Duke d'Aiguillon."

He was red as his cassock, and appeared beside himself. I regarded him with astonishment, and perceived not in what way I could be useful to him. He soon taught me.

"This court of Rome, which imagines itself of some consequence, because the Pope is recognized by schismatic and Protestant sovereigns, fancies it can still act as at the time when the imbeciles condemned Galileo. But they are deceived; and I will employ the credit of a schismatic in order to laugh at them. You must obtain me an audience of the Emperor of Russia."

I stood aghast.

"You will not?"

"I did not say that, Monseigneur. But your Eminence should reflect a moment ere you invoke the aid of a prince out of the Catholic communion. I do not think it can be done with proper dignity."

The Cardinal regarded me with concentrated rage. He would have pulverized me if he could. He rose, traversed the chapel for some time, and then again approached me.

'You blame me then?" said he.

'No, Sir: but I confess I should grieve at taking a message from you to the Emperor of Russia."

"*Diable! Diable!*" repeated he, pacing the floor again, and occasionally taking a handful of Spanish snuff from the pocket of his under-vest. Sudenly he stopped; then, coming up to me once more, he said, with that voice of thunder known to belong to him,

"But nevertheless you are my friend. How can you see me depart for Rome without fearing for my life?"

"Oh, Monseigneur!"

"I know well that they will not poison me, like Zizim. I know well that they will not roast me before a slow fire; but they will probably incarcerate me in the monastery of Albano, or in a convent situated in the most savage mountains of the Appennines. And once there, what would become of me? And all because I have obeyed him whom Pius VII. consecrated, anointed, crowned with his own hand. And this Consalvi!"

He smote his forehead with his hand, full at the time of snuff, which was strewed about his visage in the most awkward-looking manner imaginable,

"Monseigneur, your fears are, I am sure, without foundation. But even admitting them, what can I do in the matter?"

"Well! speak to Metternich. He is Catholic, apostolic, and Roman; and, I think, would not willingly see me come to harm."

"That I will do with pleasure," answered I. "I am confident M. de Metternich will do his utmost to serve your Eminence; and I will speak to him this very day. But, after all, what am I to say? for I cannot tell him that the Holy Father means to kill your Eminence, nor transform you into a lay-brother; for he would not listen to me."

"And why so?" demanded he, in an eager tone.

"Why, Monseigneur? Because the Pope is the most perfect human being in Rome. He is an angel and a saint. Your Eminence is misinformed if you have fears of him, and that you believe well-founded; nor is the Cardinal Consalvi capable of so much treachery."

"Really," rejoined he, with an expression I had never witnessed in him before. "Ah! you would know all the gang better than me? Well, be it so. But meanwhile I defend my skin." (I quote the Cardinal's own phrase.) "If you object to naming me to your friends from the fear of compromising yourself, you are at liberty."

It might be remarked, throughout these Memoirs, that persons might do with me what they would, provided they used fair and sincere words; but, in braving me, and treating me with hauteur, they repelled and incensed me, and all the ties of amity were broken. Hearing the Cardinal's last speech, I became offended, rose, and paced towards the door.

"I have the honour," said I, "to observe to

your Eminence, "that I am disposed to execute every commission you might give me; but I cannot suffer friendship to carry me so far as to become ridiculous. When you can make use of my services, I am at your command."

I was about to retire, when he came to me, took me by the hand, re-seated me on my fauteuil. "The Emperor," said he, "might well say that you had a head of iron."

"He might have added," returned I, "that with this head of iron I have a woman's heart to serve those I love. This is perhaps better than where there is a head more pliable and a heart of steel."

"Hem! I know that you are right, and perhaps it is as you say. I know that Metternich must not be told that the Pope and Consalvi mean me falsely: but he may be led to understand as much."

"I cannot speak of Cardinal Consalvi, in this matter, without evil, and I esteem him too much to . . . ."

"Ah! you are going to tell me that you also esteem La Somaglia, Spada, and Pacca! Oh that Cardinal Pacca!"

"But, Monseigneur, I know nothing against Consalvi; why, therefore, should I speak?"

"But *I* know, and *I* direct you to speak."

"That will not suffice, Monseigneur. Your Eminence is irritated, and not master of yourself. At this moment, I must not hear you."

The Cardinal looked as if he could beat me; but he perhaps thought better of it. He ascended,

or rather leaped up the two steps of the sanctuary, disappeared through the little door which was to the left of the altar, and gained the private staircase which led to his apartment.

After his departure, I remained some time expecting he would return. I pitied his folly, but was resolved not to cede my point. He came not, nor did he send any one. After waiting a quarter of an hour, I went to my carriage and servants, and drove from the great porch of Notre Dame, home. The same evening, I related the conversation to my uncle, the Abbé de Comnène, whose virtues and intelligence were to me the surest guide. He applauded my conduct, assuring me he would have done the same in my place. From this moment I felt tranquil, particularly as Albert, to whom I also mentioned the affair, coincided in opinion with my uncle. I thus felt quite confident that I had not erred in apparently refusing to serve a friend; but in reality declining to second a vengeance ill-combined and ill-conceived, even for the interest of the person who started it.

The next day, the Cardinal wrote me a strange letter, wherein he begged pardon for the conversation of the previous day, begging me to forget, and above all, not to mention it. He told me likewise that he was about to depart for Italy, and would come to bid me farewell.

I replied, that I should be delighted to see him; that I advised him to write to Metternich, and place entire confidence in him. With respect to

mentioning our interview, I frankly said that I had disclosed it to my uncle and my brother, who were both too dear for me to conceal from them my thoughts, and more particularly my conduct in a matter bearing upon political motives.

CHAPTER XX.

The joy of Paris—Conversation of the Emperor with the post-master at Montélimart—Inhabitants of Avignon always violent—Public officers—Faithful soldiers at Donzène—Fury of the populace at Orgon—The Emperor arrives at Avignon—Precautions—Devotion of an officer—An harangue—Proposals for assassination—Vincent, the butcher of Avignon, and one of the assassins of la Glacière—Recrimination—The female servant at the inn—The Princess Pauline—Monsieur de Montbreton—A disguise—"O Napoleon, what have you done?"—The Emperor in the midst of five hundred peasants—Jacques Dumont—Recollections of Egypt—Two hundred messengers to carry one letter—Departure for Porto Ferrajo.

WHILE Louis XVIII. was advancing towards the throne of Clovis, Paris testified the same joy which she had before then exhibited on so many opposite occasions. At this time, Napoleon, still in the midst of his enemies, received a short but most extraordinary letter, which was put into his hands at Montélimart. He immediately entered into conversation with the innkeeper, and asked him if he was the master of the house.

"Yes, Sire."

"How far do you reckon it from hence to Avignon?"

"Eight hours' journey, if your Majesty be well driven: but the roads are bad."

Napoleon walked about musing. "Eight hours!" at length he said, "and now it is . . . ."

"Twenty minutes to seven, Sire," replied General Bertrand, "your majesty should set out again at ten."

"Let the horses be put to at nine," said Napoleon, and continuing his walk he appeared to be calculating how long his journey would take him. "I shall arrive at six o'clock in the morning," continued he; "these natives of Avignon were always hot-headed." "Well," pursued he, "we must warn the Commissioners of the Allied Powers. We will change horses without the town."

At this time several of the public officers of the commune of Montélimart were introduced to the Emperor. He conversed with them for some moments with a calmness most remarkable at such an instant, when the question of his own life or death was being agitated around him. When these officers spoke to him of their regrets, he replied in these words, replete with wisdom and firmness,* "Gentlemen, act like me, be resigned."

The troops in the city, when they saw him getting into the carriage, cried out enthusiastically, "Vive l'Empereur!"

Two stages further on, at Donzène, he was met by cries of vengeance. The inhabitants were celebrating a fête for the arrival of the King at Paris, and the sight of the Emperor roused their indignation. He looked out upon the women, who, like

* Would it be believed that the spirit of party has endeavoured to cast a censure upon this noble and affecting reply?

furies, were shouting and uttering invectives against him: it was a shocking spectacle.

On his arrival at Orgon he was convinced that his fears were well founded.*

In proportion as he removed from Paris, and entered Provence, Napoleon observed gloomy countenances and armed hands. Mothers demanded their children, and widows their husbands. There was a terrible eloquence in these cries, wrung from the wretched; but was it right to overwhelm with them him who was as wretched as they?

At Avignon, the danger which had been secretly threatening them since leaving Valence, broke out with a fury which alarmed the Commissioners of the Allies. Napoleon was always calm and remarkably unconcerned, whilst all around him were inspired with an ardour which perhaps had not him alone for its object. Already for some days, since the arrival of Napoleon had been announced, the tumult in the city had been terrible, and the National Guard wholly occupied in quieting the people.

On Sunday, the 23rd of April, couriers and carriages with the imperial arms, arrived at the post-house, that same house which was shortly afterwards to serve as the scaffold of a virtuous man.

* At Orgon the Emperor, indeed, ran a risk of his life, and only owed his safety to the lucky thought of passing for one of the suite of the Commissioners. He was to stop at the Hotel Royal, to which there were two entrances, and while the Emperor was conversing with the master of the house, preparations were made for his departure by one of these.

A popular disturbance ensued, and was only allayed by the Emperor's suite, who were in these carriages, assuming the white cockade. The riot lasted during a part of the day, but at last, weary of waiting, the crowd separated.

On Monday, the 24th of April, Colonel Campbell, the Commissioner for England, arrived at Avignon at four o'clock in the morning. The officer at the gate through which Napoleon was to enter, anxiously inquired of Colonel Campbell if the Emperor's escort were sufficient to make a strong resistance in the event of an attack.

"Do you really fear any attempt?" said the Colonel.

The officer replied in the affirmative.

The Colonel appeared very uneasy, and in consequence of this intelligence, and from what he himself witnessed, he ordered the post-horses to be taken to the city gate, opposite to that through which the Emperor was to enter, and sent an express that the escort should direct its course thither. But he could not give his orders so secretly as to escape the notice of the town's people, and a furious crowd surrounded the imperial carriage as soon as it appeared. The officer, whose conduct was so honourable to him, and whose name I regret much to be unable to give, was absent from this newly-appointed place for changing horses, when Napoleon arrived there. When he came up the carriage was already surrounded, and a drunken man, brandishing an old sabre, already had his hand on the handle of the door of the Emperor's carriage, ut-

tering frightful exclamations. On a movement that he saw him make, a footman of the Emperor's, named François, who was seated on the outside, drew his sword.

"Remain quiet!" exclaimed the officer, and at the same instant the Emperor rapidly let down the front glass, and said in a loud and commanding tone, "François, remain still, I command you."

By this time the horses were put to, and the carriage started. As soon as he felt himself in motion the Emperor bowed to the officer, and smiling, thanked him in a most affectionate tone.

General Schouwaloff, the Commissioner from Russia, General Koller and Colonel Campbell, behaved admirably in this affair. There were two others, of whom I cannot say the same—I will not name them.

It has been said that the Prussian Commissioner harangued the people, exhorting them "to let the tyrant live, that he might be punished by repentance and regrets, which would inflict upon him a thousand deaths." This bad taste in the foreign Commissioner did not escape Napoleon, who smiling ironically, said, "In truth, General, you speak French admirably."

Much has been said of several proposals made to the King, and to Monsieur, to assassinate Napoleon, and of the constant refusal of the King. I will believe this, as well as the innocence of M. de Talleyrand.

My credulity shall extend as far as they please; I have need of it. I nevertheless recollect that,

under Louis XIV. the Marquis de Louville wrote to the Duke de Beauvilliers and to M. de Torcy, all three considered among the most virtuous men of their age.

"Let the handsome Amirante* of Castile be pursued; and let him be killed wherever he may be, and no matter in what way."

However chivalrous the loyalty and piety of M. de Blacas may be, it is not more so than that of M. de Louville; and therefore I have a right to suspect that a blow, the most important in its results, was intended to have been struck at Orgon. Emissaries were sent into this town, the Emperor was expected there; the famous Vincent, the town butcher, and one of the murderers of la Glacière, was at the head of two hundred wretches who were shouting that they would have the blood of the Emperor, of the tyrant, of the *Corsican*.

Napoleon was aware, from the time of his arrival at Montélimart of the danger which he would run at Orgon and at Fréjus. Life had now become a burthen to him; but to lose it by the dagger of the assassin, yet streaming with the blood of women and aged priests, was abhorrent to his feelings. General Koller and the other Commissioners were informed by him of what was about to take place. They received the communication as honourable men might be expected to do. Their names belonged to posterity from the moment when at

* The same Amirante of whom I have spoken in my Historical Romance of that name.

Fontainebleau the Emperor Napoleon had been placed in their hands,—and they knew it.

The Emperor arrived at Orgon in the first carriage; he was with General Koller. But how was he to escape recognition from eyes that found a portrait of him on even the smallest coin!

The post-house at Orgon had a court-yard with a gate at each extremity. Between these was the carriage of the Emperor, while a figure clothed like him was suspended to a rope, and swung about in the air, accompanied by the shouts of the whole croud, thirsting for his blood.

The post-master and mistress of Orgon wished to protect the travellers, whoever they might be, from the danger which threatened them. They therefore closed the gate towards the disturbed portion of the town, and hastened the postilions. It is known how this gate was shattered beneath the blows of this butcher, himself encouraged by a gentleman, said to be of the neighbourhood, who, from the preceding day, had been profusely scattering money among the people. An excitement was thus kept up among them, and the hatred of the women especially was aroused by the recollection of the losses they had sustained in the Emperor's wars.

"I lost two of my sons at Mojaisk," cried one.

"I lost my husband and my father at Wagram," said her companion.

"And I," exclaimed a man with a wooden-leg, "have been thus mutilated since I was twenty."

"And the taxes," cried another, "are they not

disgraceful—and a jug of wine to cost threepence, and all to support his *butcheries* which he calls wars—death to the tyrant!"

These cries assumed every moment a more serious character. What happened a few weeks later at Avignon has shown the horrors that might have been committed at Orgon. The Emperor appears to have escaped this extreme danger, by disguising himself in a travelling coat of General Koller's. Other accounts attribute his preservation to a female servant at the inn. This woman had resolved to strike the first blow at the Emperor, but when she saw him before her, stripped of his power and overwhelmed by misfortune, her feeling towards him relented, and she exerted herself for his preservation.

One consolation was afforded to him under these painful circumstances. His sister, the Princess Pauline, after having passed the winter at Nice and Hyères, had hired a small country house, where she was awaiting the event in the greatest anxiety. She was informed that her brother was approaching, and that his life was threatened. She knew the disposition of the country; and when she heard that the Emperor was but a few leagues distant, she was in the greatest alarm. The mad cries of the populace were heard even beneath the windows of the house in which the Princess was with no other attendants than Madame la Marquise de Saluces, (the Marchioness de Saluces*) one of her

* Authoress of an Historical Romance call'd "The Patrician of Venice."

ladies, and M. le Comte de Montbreton, (Count Montbreton,) her principal equerry.

At two in the afternoon, of the 26th of April, the Emperor's arrival was announced. M. de Montbreton hastened into the hall to meet him, when a person unknown to the Count, leaped hastily from the carriage and inquired for the Princess. It was the Emperor, but so disguised that it was impossible to recognise him. He knew well M. de Montbreton on the instant, and said, "These poor wretches would have murdered me—I have escaped only by means of this disguise."

"Your Majesty has done well," replied the Count.

At this moment they entered the chamber of the Princess. She extended her arms to him and burst into tears. All at once her attention was arrested by the Austrian uniform which he wore, and she turned pale.

"How is this?" she asked. "Why this uniform?"

"Pauline," replied Napoleon, "do you wish me dead?"

The Princess looking at him stedfastly, replied, "I cannot embrace you in that dress—O Napoleon, what have you done?"

The Emperor immediately retired, and having substituted, for the Austrian, the uniform of one of the guides of the Old Guard, entered the chamber of his sister, who ran to him and embraced him with a tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of all present. Napoleon himself was much affected.

These emotions, however, were but of short duration. He approached the window and looked into the little court beneath, which was filled with a crowd of persons, for the most part as much exasperated against him as those of Orgon, of Fréjus, and of Avignon. Napoleon, profiting by a momentary calm, which appeared to have fallen upon them, descended into this very small court-yard, in which were four or five hundred persons. He had on his three-cornered hat, and the coat of the Imperial Guard, the rest of his dress being the same as that in which the soldiers had always seen him.

The Commissioners, when they saw him in the midst of these peasants, became alarmed, and General Koller respectfully reminded him that until his arrival at Porto Ferrajo they were answerable for his safety.

"To whom?" said the Emperor, sarcastically.

"To the whole world, Sire," replied the General.

In spite of these representations, Napoleon resolved to trust himself in the crowd, which soon became still more dense around him. A confused buzz was heard, and the Commissioners, greatly alarmed, entreated him to return into the house; but this was a sort of danger that delighted him.

While he was in the crowd, he noticed in a corner of the court-yard a man about fifty years old, with a gash across his nose, and a red ribbon in his button-hole. The Emperor perceived that this man was looking at him, and returning his gaze, appeared to be endeavouring to recollect his name:

all at once he smiled, and approaching him I said, "Are you not Jacques Dumont?"

The man could not immediately reply, but at length he said, "Yes, my Lord —yes, General — yes, yes, Sire!"

"You were in Egypt with me?"

"Yes, Sire?" and the old soldier drew himself up, and put his hand to his forehead as if to give the military salute.

"You were wounded, but that seems to me very long ago."

"At the battle of Trébia, Sire, with the brave General Suchet; I was unable to serve any longer. Yet now, whenever the drum beats, I feel like a deserter. Under your ensign, Sire, I could still serve, wherever your Majesty should command." And the brave old man shed tears as he said, "My name! to recollect my name at the end of fifteen years. The Emperor, on dismissing him presented him with a cross.

Napoleon having expressed a desire to communicate with Marshal Masséna, at that time in command at Toulon, the greatest eagerness was displayed among the crowd to convey his letter.

"*I* will go!" exclaimed two hundred voices at once, in a delirium of enthusiasm.

"Let it be I," cried a woman, "for the Emperor knew my husband—'twas he who gave him his horse that he might better pursue these Austrians in Italy."

At this moment General Koller approached M. de Montbreton.

"How shall we induce his Majesty to return into the house?" said the General, "I would not say any thing unpleasant, nevertheless . . . ."

The Count understood the General's meaning, and ten minutes afterwards the Princess Borghèse sent for her brother. Napoleon, restored to a sense of his situation by these simple words, "Sire, the Princess would speak to you without witnesses," hastened to OBEY.

The Emperor remained a day and a half with his sister, and then took the road to Porto Ferrajo, to reign over fields, where, as an emblem of his present destiny, iron was to be substituted for fruits and flowers.

CHAPTER XXI.

Anglomania—A stroke of the pen—Fête of Prince Schwartzenberg at St. Cloud—The Comédie Française—The Polonaise—Œdipe—Maubrueil and Talleyrand, and the robbery of the diamonds of the Queen of Westphalia—Dignity of character in a woman—The ices of the Duke de Berri—The granadier—O Richard! O mon Roi!—The Priest—The Emperor's alms—Embarkation—Pretended conspiracy—The new destroying *Angel*—Victims—I make my *Court*—Presentation—Louis XVIII.—Affair of the Lisbon Bible—Lord Wellington—Embarrassment—The riding-coat and dusty shoes—Fêtes at Vienna—Napoleon.

WHILE the Exile was thus travelling towards his prison, the new King of France made his entry into Paris. He arrived from London, in an English dress, with an English hat, and an *English* white cockade that the Prince Regent himself had fastened in; and, that the change might be complete, the new King was unable to walk, as he then laboured under a fit of the gout, wore velvet boots, and appeared in powder.

The Charta was granted, and we ought to have been satisfied with it. Indeed it was an excellent one, and had it been adhered to we should have had no reason to complain. When Napoleon saw

it he exclaimed, "This one stroke of the pen has done, in an instant, what I have been endeavouring to do for the last twenty years."

Prince Schwartzenberg gave a splendid fête at the Palace of St. Cloud, in which he was then living. The period of my mourning had not yet expired, and that exempted me from the necessity of attending. There were present the Emperor of Russia, and the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas; the King of Prussia, and the Princess; the Duke de Berri and an immense and elegant assemblage of nobility.

The company of the Comédie Française were in attendance at this fête. Mademoiselle Mars played in "*Le Legs*," (the Legacy,) as she always does, most exquisitely. This was succeeded by "La Suite d'un Bal Masqué," a pretty lively comedy, by Madame de Bawr, formerly the wife of that Saint Simon, who has given his name to a religious sect: his wife composed plays better than he does religions. The temporary theatre was erected in the gallery painted by Mignard. The whole effect was complete, and the Emperor Alexander told me the next day, that he had no idea of a play being performed to such perfection.

It was in this year that the Emperor of Russia brought into fashion a dance, which had certainly need of his patronage to render it acceptable. But he danced it, and that was enough to induce every one to admire it. It was the Polonaise, a dance invented expressly for those who have no other opportunity than the ball-room to open their hearts.

A slight accident cast a gloom over one portion of the company : a garland of flowers, cut in paper, which decorated the gallery, caught fire. The terrible misfortune which had happened to the same Prince Schwartzenberg, at the marriage of Maria Louisa, immediately occurred to them, and a feeling of superstition, which was perhaps excusable, threw a shade over that portion of the assembly by whom the facts were known. The supper was served, with a great profusion of flowers, in a building attached to the orangery. The dancing was continued until daylight, and the whole fête was very well arranged. The Prince must have felt perfectly satisfied, if no recollection of the past disturbed him.

The next day Œdipe was performed at the Grand Opera, at which were present his Majesty and the Duchess d'Angoulême. The interior of the theatre presented a most extraordinary appearance : none of the women had diamonds ; all were in white, and all their ornaments consisted of plumes of feathers, of lilies, and of bunches or garlands of white lilac. There was in the whole scene an elegance for which I could not at first account : I, however, afterwards attributed it to the agreeable colour that prevailed, and to the scent of the spring flowers which spread itself in every direction. The opera of Œdipe (Œdipus) was ill-chosen on this occasion, as it contained passages that would bear a disagreeable interpretation.

Between the acts the orchestra played " Vive

Henri IV.;" and at the conclusion of the air, I imagined that we should hear no more of it; but I was mistaken, for it was introduced three times more in the course of the ballet.

The Duchess d'Angoulême was condescending, but appeared melancholy;—melancholy, however, in a being who sacrifices on the altar of the living God all resentment, every painful thought, and all recollection of injury, is a feeling which should indeed be permitted to her who has wept for twenty years over those whom she lost by a death more frightful in its manner than in itself.

The affair of Maubreuil, the theft of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds, was of a very extraordinary character, and one of which M. de Talleyrand can furnish the particulars. The Queen was returning leisurely to her residence in Germany, when she was surrounded, stopped, and then robbed, by persons under the direction of a man whom the Princess Catharine herself recollected. This man showed her an order, signed by Louis XVIII., and then set to work with a quickness and regularity, that showed, as the Princess said, that this was not the first time he had been thus employed. De Maubreuil before this adventure was wholly unknown; but since, according to custom, we have spoken of nothing but him. This man, the bearer, as I have said, of an order signed by Louis XVIII., stopped the Queen of Westphalia on the 21st of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, between Sens and Weimans. He took from her a hundred thousand francs in gold, and her diamonds,

estimated at about five million francs. He was accompanied by twenty persons, and had with him, as an *ostensible* accomplice, a fellow of the name of Desies. M. de Talleyrand was, as is well known, greatly compromised in this affair. What may have been the origin of it, it is not necessary to inquire; it was highly impolitic, and the event has since justified what I then asserted,—M. de Talleyrand is not free from blame. Beyond this, till we have more positive evidence, we must be silent.

I was speaking of the Journals of this time. One of the most disgraceful characteristics of them was the spontaneous affection which they exhibited towards the new-comers, and the indifference, and even insolence, which marked their conduct towards those who were no longer in power. They never gave to Maria-Louisa any other title than Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess.

"Am I then a lost and dishonoured woman?—and why? Have I, for the six years that I have lived with this man, and called him my husband,—have I been his mistress, his slave?—no! I am his wife, and to prove it to Europe and to the whole world, my arm shall support him, nor will I allow him to believe himself abandoned by me."

Thus spoke this heroine, whom posterity will rank among the illustrious women of our time. I am proud of having foretold her greatness. When, at Raincy, I had the honour to receive her, in the year 1808, she appeared, what she really was, the most noble and most excellent of women.

The Duke de Berri possessed, in 1814, qualities

likely to render him more popular than most men. His countenance was open, and his manners frank. Anecdotes were told of him which amused the people; and besides, he possessed qualities that reminded them of Henry IV.

He was in the habit of taking two ices every night before he went to bed. One night he returned home later than usual: it was five o'clock, and the day was beginning to break. The servant, who had charge of the ices, finding that the prince did not return, looked wistfully at the ices, now fast dissolving, and, that they might not be lost, determined to swallow both. Scarcely had he finished them, when the Prince entered, and called for his ices. The unlucky fellow had hidden himself; for at this time the Prince made every one tremble by his violence of temper.

The Duke being appeased, desired to see the culprit, that he might judge whether he deserved his pardon. The servant approached trembling. "Well, rascal," said the Duke, "what induced you to eat my ices? Take care another time to leave one for me." This anecdote exhibits all the genuine goodness (*bonté naïve*) of Henry IV.

On another occasion, at a review, a grenadier called out very loud, "Vive l'Empereur!" The Prince went up to him and said, "How is it that you are so fond of a man who did not pay you, and who led you, without recompence, from one end of Europe to the other?" The grenadier raised his eyes, and looked at the Duke with a gloomy air,

then dropped his eyes upon his piece, and replied, "What is it to you if *we* chose to give him credit?"

I have just found in my portfolio some notes which had been mislaid. I will now give an anecdote of the Emperor on his way to Elba.

A little on this side of Lyons, at La-Tour, the Emperor supped alone;—(he was not in the habit of supping with the allied Commissioners;)—his meal was soon over; and as the night was fine, he went out and walked upon the road. A respectable ecclesiastic, whom my uncle, the Abbé of Comnène knew well, went out at the same time to meet the Emperor, and to speak with him. Napoleon was singing in a low tone,—(he is known to have had a very bad voice,)—and the air that the priest recognized was—"O Richard! O mon Roi!" He sang for some time;—at length he stopped, leaned against a tree, and looked up to heaven. Who can say what were the thoughts that then passed through his lofty mind! He remained some time considering a star, then resumed his silent walk. The priest then placed himself opposite to him, and Napoleon started on seeing a man so near.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am an ecclesiastic, Sire, and Rector (Curé) of this commune."

"Have you been so long?"

"Since its formation—since your Majesty restored religion to France:"—(and the worthy priest bowed to the Emperor. All are not ungrateful!)

Napoleon walked on for some time in silence :—"Has this village suffered much?"

"Greatly, Sire; its burdens were too heavy."

The Emperor pursued his way; at length, stopping suddenly, he looked up to the sky, and enquired the name of a certain star. The priest being unable to inform him, he said—"Once I knew the names of all these stars—and of my own; but now"—he was silent for a few moments, and then resumed—"Yes, now I forget every thing."

They were now approaching the house; the Emperor took some gold Napoleons from his pocket, and giving them to the priest, said, "I cannot do more—but the humble are great in the eyes of God—pray for me, and mine alms will bring forth fruit."

"Sire!"

The pronunciation of this single word had, probably, a particular expression, for the Emperor started when he heard it, and replied—"Yes, perhaps you are right—perhaps I was too fond of war;—but it is too serious a question," said he, smiling, "to be discussed on the highway. Once more adieu!—pray for me!"

This conversation has been imperfectly reported, for they have made Napoleon say what he never uttered.

I have already remarked, that Lyons was on the point of rising in his favour, and that he was hurried through that city by night. It is certain that he was for a long time in fear of his life, and that it was only when in sight of the Mediterranean

that his spirits recovered their wonted elasticity. He smiled upon the blue fields of the sea, and greeted the asylum where he would at least find rest. The Russian, English, and Prussian commissioners left him at Saint Euphean, where he embarked for Porto Ferrajo. General Koller was the only one who accompanied him to Elba, unless Colonel Campbell was also with him.

The fault of the Restoration, and the Holy Alliance, was the believing themselves in safety the instant that Napoleon was banished. They all forgot that the Imperial party was yet in the freshness of its power; that the apostates who had abandoned it, such as M. de Massa, and a crowd of others, were of no importance; and that besides, if any one would make them a recompence, these men would immediately pass over to the party paying, on the plea of serving the country. The Imperial party was then, in fact, most potent. The men at its head were habituated to peril; they even courted danger; and the Duke de Bassano, with several others, were denounced as having formed a conspiracy that was ready to explode. No proofs, it is true, were forthcoming—there was nothing but the men and their known devotedness. In this extremity, an infernal means presented itself to get rid of the whole imperialist sects. A name famous in La Vendée brought to Paris a troop of wretches —such as, in 1792, were got together for the massacre of the prisons. The houses of the imperialists were marked. M. de Bassano, apprised of these horrors, saw no other means of shunning them than

by exposing them in broad daylight, and by placing himself immediately under the protection of the Chamber. The thing was very adroitly done ; and next day, the eve of that on which the unhappy victims were to be delivered up to the assassin's knife—so long covered with rust—the Chamber was informed of this atrocious manœuvre. From that moment, they no longer entertained any fear.

It is true, that in turn their opponents had some ground for apprehension. Among the Imperialists were several hot-headed persons who breathed nought but vengeance. They wished indeed for justice ; but not obtaining it, sought to take the law into their own hands. Ah, if they could recall the disappearance of several important persons—General Q——l, M. de M——e. Well ! their death was but the execution of an arrest. Perhaps if the Chamber of Peers had not condemned Marshal Ney, he might have been cited to the bar of this new tribunal of invisibles, who punished without recompensing.

General Q——l was for a long time faithful, but one day it was believed that his fidelity gave way. Whether he abridged his own life or not, certain it is that he was found one day in the waters of St. Cloud, and it passed for a fact that he was drowned. In better-informed circles, however, it was heavily reported, that the unhappy man had time for only one prayer.

The death of M. de M——e, which had no ostensible cause but his being struck across the forehead by a branch, was nevertheless suspected

to belong to that class of dark and mysterious events, which speak of blood. But I can only express a surmise. Indeed, there is a thick veil hanging over the whole of this epoch.

The island of Elba was then the point which attracted all regards. The Emperor, struck down by misfortune, in the possibility of throwing off his yoke, might become less despotic, less exactive in his hauteur, more frugal of the blood of Frenchmen, and desirous to re-enter the true limits which 92 had given him. Thus augured many persons whose eyes were at first fixed on Louis XVIII., seduced by the charter, and seeing nothing in Louis but grace, manner, and a remarkable exterior; but this was mere cunning; and the thing altogether resembling a painted cloth, behind which there is—nothing.

Nevertheless, Louis XVIII. performed actions which have continued to make a favourable impression upon us—upon us who know how, in estimating things, to judge both of light and seasons. The years 1814-15 belong to Louis as well as to Bonaparte, and I should speak of all.

The day on which the ladies had received notice to go to the Tuileries, having taken counsel of my uncle and of Albert, I determined to attend and pay what is called my court. But there might be one point of embarrassment. One might recall the luxury of the Imperial Court: I still had my jewel-box at this period; but I did not make use of it. I had a garland of diamonds, but I put it not on—neither did I wear any of the other of my most

valuable diamonds. I wore a set of emeralds, surrounded by small diamonds; it was termed a *morning* cluster, but even this seemed to me too brilliant. As for robes, it was not necessary to expend much care in the selection. My mantles fully embroidered were weighty with gold and silver; but I had a dress made for the occasion of white satin, covered with white crape, and decorated with blonde; I put a few simple ornaments in my hair; and thus completed the court toilet for my presentation to Louis XVIII. I give the details as being characteristic of the period I retrace.

It was to the Duchess of Angoulême I was introduced on the first day. She received all the ladies standing, having beside her Madame the Duchess de Seran, who knew not one of us, and was forced to ask three-fourths of the names. The Dauphiness inclined her head, and we passed on after having made our reverence to the Princess. I was between Madame Juste de Noailles and the Duchess of Hamilton, which latter accompanied us as Duchess d'Aubigné. I was affected, otherwise I should have spoken to her of her sister, whom I knew well as Lady Georgiana, now Duchess of Bedford; but in fact, I was moved at seeing in the place of that good Josephine, a person who, legitimate as her position was, appeared to me to usurp the situation of the mother of the King of Rome. I had not loved, but I now pitied her.

I advanced then, thus placed by chance between a dear friend and a stranger. I arrived in front of the Princess; I curtsied as they named me, and

was about to pass on, when the Dauphiness, repeating my name, fixed on me that kindness of regard which produces her the love of all by whom she is surrounded. That glance directed me to stop—I stopped.

"You are Madame Junot?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You suffered much, I think, in your last expedition to Spain?"

The Princess said this in an accent of such great interest, that I could not avoid raising my eyes to her, though with great respect.

"Have you saved your son?" she continued.

"Yes, Madame." I could scarce forbear adding, "this child exists, and I will educate him for you—to defend you!" It struck me, however, that such a boast might be considered mal-a-propos. My looks, meanwhile, spoke for me, and I comprehended her reply.

"You no longer suffer from your fatigues then?" pursued she.

I answered that I had been returned three years. She appeared to calculate, and then said,—

"Ah, that is true."

Making a movement of the head, she then bowed me out, leaving me so fascinated that I could not have been more so when a king danced with me. My life, since the age of fifteen, had been passed in familiar intercourse, not only with the princes of Germany, (and it is known that things connected with a life of etiquette stick by us longest,) but with almost all the crowned heads of Europe. Not-

withstanding, I was touched with the kindness of the Dauphiness. My eyes were moist, and I testified my feelings vividly to Madame de Noailles, who knew well how to estimate them.

On speaking, the same evening, to my uncle and brother, of the goodness of the Princess, the latter told me I should be to blame if I did not go to the Tuileries with my son, and request from Louis XVIII. for my first-born, the 200,000 francs entered to him in the state books. It seemed evident that Madame d'Angoulême, rigid and severe to the world generally, had been particularly kind to me; I therefore next day wrote for my first audience. I was answered by the Duc de la Châtre, without delay, that the King would receive me the following day between three and four o'clock.

I framed the requisite answers to such questions as I thought might be put to me; and felt no trepidation when I entered the cabinet of the King.

It should be recollected, that Louis XVIII. had a very kind and even soft address; he was extremely polite after the manner of kings, which said to you in effect, "be silent." Nevertheless, spite of his black velvet boots and absurd general appearance, I found myself at once as much at ease with his Majesty, as if we had been acquainted for ten years. He made me sit down near him; entered himself upon the subject of my audience, and asked if my request was within scope of the law. He added, with much grace,

"The Duke of Abrantes did not die in my ser-

vice ; but such a man does honour to his country, which should therefore render her acknowledgment : I will take charge of it."

He then entered upon the subject which I most dreaded, that of the Emperor. He spoke to me of my mother and of him. As my Memoirs had not then been published, I could not imagine how the King had become so well acquainted with Napoleon's earliest years. But, upon reflection, it appeared perfectly natural. He talked a long time, asking questions as princes ask them, and receiving laconic answers as became a subject. He spoke, among other things, of my uncle Demetrius, whom he had not only known in exile, but who, continuing faithful, had been charged by Louis XVIII., then Monsieur and Regent of France, with several delicate and even dangerous missions, to the King of Naples, (father to Queen Amelia.) He talked of my uncle with much complacency, saying, that he had known him when young and gamesome. " One day," pursued the King, " he supped with me at Brunois. We made a comparison which had the longest memory. I believe I beat him ; and can you imagine how ? By enumerating all the *curés* of Meudon."

I could not help laughing at this anecdote in a degree not quite respectful ; but when one laughs at what they say, and not in derision, kings excuse us. However, I injured my purpose in the audience, for with my customary freedom, I said to his Majesty,

" True, Sire, that was a droll idea ; but the list

must have been very long, and not a little tiresome to your Majesty."

"Right: and to them also."

I laughed again; and the King seemed glad to see me so joyous. It was a happy moment, for my purpose. I presented him my petition, and invoked his goodness for my son, relating to him the Prussian history which I had not then communicated to any one. In listening to it, Louis XVIII. coloured slightly; in fact, he perceived the humiliation of the proposal. It was at this audience I offered his Majesty my hotel for the depository of the crown wardrobe, and that he pledged his word that, at the end of the year, the treaty should be concluded. I spoke to him also of my brother, and he conceded every point, leaving me, on my withdrawing, as satisfied and content with Louis XVIII. as it is possible to be with a king.

I will now relate a curious story, which is necessary to the epoch under review.

When Junot was sent to Lisbon, the Emperor ordered him to forward to France all the *chef-d'œuvres* of art. These were not very numerous, Lisbon being only a commercial city, badly paved and smelling worse. However, there was the famous Lisbon Bible, a MS. of the thirteenth century, and the miniatures of Lulio Clavio. Junot transmitted to France the twelve large volumes bound in black, with huge clasps; and he told the Emperor that having in the library the two most celebrated Bibles in the world, and possessing himself the Bibliomania, he should be extremely grate-

ful if his Majesty would bestow on him this Lisbon Bible. The Emperor consented and the book became our personal property. At Junot's death, when his affairs were discovered to be in so deplorable a condition, it became necessary to be active. By the advice of my friend M. Millin, I applied to the Emperor, requesting him to purchase for the Imperial Library this same Bible, which, from the nature of the gift, could not be included in the catalogue of effects. His Majesty replied, that he was willing to do so, and referred me to Messrs. Millin and Anglès, for them to fix the price. This was settled at 144,000 francs; but at the moment when the money was about to be paid, arrived all the political troubles.

Scarcely had the Allies been six weeks in Paris, ere I received a billet—an order—I scarce know what, for my rage dulled my perceptions, from the Marquis of Palmella, couched in such terms as might be used to a *femme-de-chambre* who had stole her mistress's shawl. I did not answer it, I was too much irritated. I satisfied myself with stating the facts to the King, who was touched with the circumstance, and said, he knew his brother of Portugal wished to recover the Bible; but since it had become private property, the most sacred of all things, in order to avoid any disagreement with the Portuguese King, and at the same time to do as much as possible for me, he wished to know what price I myself set upon the work. Ultimately, he sent the Duke of Ragusa to treat upon the subject, and M. de Blacas interested himself in it like-

wise. Of M. de Palmella's behaviour throughout the affair, I cannot speak with any degree of commendation.

The King afterwards said with a good deal of heartiness,

"Madame D'Abrantes is a widow. I have thought proper to undertake her defence. But if the least *claim* is revived, it will have no effect."

Such was the affair of the Bible, altogether honourable to Lous XVIII. That prince, if he had some bad qualities, was not without his good ones to redeem them.

The horizon meanwhile darkened, and heavy clouds portended a coming storm. Vienna was at the moment resplendent with all the rank and luxury of Europe concentrated upon one single point. The wealthiest and most beautiful women of the continent were there, and England contributed her full share of nobility and loveliness. M. de Metternich, who was both chamberlain and chancellor, with influence extending throughout Europe, gave laws to his own cabinet, as the chief political luminary. Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and perhaps Capo D'Istria, were stars of secondary magnitude.

I had seen Lord Wellington immediately after his arrival at Toulouse. The particular relations he had been in with my husband, had established a sort of intimacy between us, which, on my part, was heightened by a knowledge of the admirable arrangements he had made in Spain for my safety.

I asked him one day to dine with me. Several ladies of my acquaintance had been desirous of knowing him, amongst others, the Countess de Lucay, lady of the wardrobe to the Empress Maria Louisa.

"Ah," said Lord Wellington to me, "would you show me as a marvellous beast?"

"No, certainly. Whom would you have?"

"Whom you please: Metternich—he is amiable, and so witty."

I thought with him, but etiquette induced me to pause. Which of the two should I place on my right? To which of the two should I give my hand in going to table. These petty considerations prevented me from asking them at the same time.

I invited Englishmen and Frenchmen; I would have asked Cardinal Maury, who was to leave next day but one for Italy, but by virtue of his office he would claim precedence over all. It was necessary to omit him. I included Sir George Murray, the Duke's Quarter-master-general, a French Lieutenant-general, and the Count de Lucay. The day arrived, and with it one of those mishaps so disagreeable to the mistress of a house. and almost tempting her to stab herself with the point of a needle.

I had forewarned the Lieutenant-general that it was to be a dinner of ceremony, but not in uniform —no one but men of elegant manners.—The Marquis de Balincourt, and two or three similar persons, Prince Wenzel de Lichtenstein and his brother, Prince Maurice. All were suitably appointed.

The Duke of Wellington, who had then just assumed that rank, came in the full dress of a gentleman, looking as well as a private attire would permit him to do. The females present consisted of—Madame Duchâtel, Madame Lallemand, the Baroness Thomières, the Countess de Lucay, Madame Doumerc, and myself. We were all as elegant as we could be; and in those days, this was saying something. My house, always excellently furnished, was on this occasion ornamented with peculiar care; and seemed to join in our female coquetry. There were flowers everywhere—and flowers in the month of May—a month redolent of roses!

"It seems," says the Duke, "that you have adopted our fashion of dining late. Is it not a delightful one?"

I dared not tell him that I was waiting for General Count de C—: but as he had desired to dine with one of our generals, I had selected a man who belonged both to the old and the new noblesse; and, in fact, my choice struck me as excellent. However, as time passed on, I ordered dinner, and two minutes after, my expected guest arrived. But how? Heavens! in a riding-coat, with nankin trowsers and dusty shoes.

I cannot speak what I felt at this moment. It was a great act of rudeness to me, but still greater to the Duke of Wellington.—"He did not intend to do any thing that might be disagreeable to me, and trusted I would excuse his want of ceremony!" —*Mon Dieu!* As for the Duke, he looked in-

clined to laugh, but said nothing. With regard to the rest, all went well. My self-love, as hostess, might even have been flattered. But that unfortunate surtout—those miserable nankin trowsers! Wellington was very complaisant—friendly even —and stopped to hear Madame Emilie Doumerc sing; a friend of mine, and one of the most exquisite syrens God ever created. M. de Metternich, to whom I related my embarrassment, respecting the place and the arm, excused me, and came after dinner.

When Lord Wellington was gone, I said to the general,—·

"*Ah, ça!* Now, will you explain to me the trowsers and the riding-coat? You, whom I have known, in the country, dress for our society alone!"

"So I would again," replied he. "But do you imagine that I would pay the least compliment to a personage who tows us after him, like Lord Wellington?"

I stood astonished.

"We are all of the same mind!" continued he.

I confess I knew not what to say. He was so *naif*—so far from showing a disposition to offend *me*. I have set down the above anecdote, to show the spirit of the army at this epoch.

When the allied sovereigns were in London, I received intelligence of all the sumptuous entertainments, first by letter, from the Prince de Metternich, and afterwards by formal communication from that minister, (on his brief return to Paris,)

with whom I parted regretfully, for I loved him tenderly, and felt confident of finding in him a faithful friend.

He wrote me from Vienna in November,—"I have been passing a month at Baden. But my furlough has been very short, and already the political world is assembling at Vienna; as if life consisted but in attending to the requisitions of others. You will hear anon of a grand ball which I purpose giving in a charming establishment that I have in the Faubourgs of Vienna."

And this fête was given, and described in all the *feuilles* of the day, as they say at Vienna, where they seldom use the word *journal*. The Prince de Ligne observes: — "*Pardieu*, if the Congress marches not, at least it dances well."

Vienna was at this period a place of enchantment and deliciousness. Perfumed and golden pages were exhibited in the book of life, when the eye read of nought but fêtes, joy, love, ambition! Those moments were among the fugitive ones which the hand cannot arrest as they glide quickly by, but which notwithstanding often leave imperishable recollections.

In the midst of all this voluptuousness, when the ear was excited only by the music of the dance, or the words of love, suddenly another sound was raised! It consisted of one single word, but that word froze all! suspended all! The surprise was more than surprise: it was disquietude, and that of a mortal nature. This cabalistic word was Napoleon! Yes, Napoleon had returned into his dominions.

It was he, who marched not any part of the way from the Gulf of Juan to Lyons, for French arms bore him. It was he, more terrible than ever to trembling sovereigns; for he came armed with vengeance. He came to re-demand his cities, his cannon, his ramparts, his fortresses, and a thousand flags, stained with the blood of the soldiers who had conquered them. He came to claim a great account. The cannon, the ramparts, the flags—all these might be regained. The brass would dissolve again in the furnace; the dismantled ramparts might be restored; we might regain the colours: but our glory eclipsed! our beautiful France disgraced! placed under the yoke! our old soldiers hunted and humiliated — their widows and orphans without succour or asylum—with some exceptions, and I am grateful for being permitted to call myself one:—these things it was that made Napoleon terrible to the Congress, trembling at his name even, and fearing, despite the six hundred leagues which separated them, that he might arrive, as if by magic, at the gates of Vienna, without their being able to prevent his forcing them. They fancied him before them, more fierce and menacing even than after Austerlitz and Wagram; speaking, as master, to all that assemblage of kings:—

"Give me back my son! give me back my wife!—whom God has joined let no man sunder. Restore my wife and child."

And could he have so presented himself, his wife and child would assuredly have been restored

to him, for never in all his career was Napoleon so truly great as on his return from Elba.

This event baffled all anticipation. Often an idea is given, by peculiar circumstances, of the scenes that are to follow; but here, there was nothing of the kind. It resembled a thunderbolt in the middle of a serene day: it was *all* beside *nothing*. When the first news reached Paris of Napoleon's disembarkation, we regarded each other with astonishment, almost stupid, and ere we believed, gazed around to ascertain if we did not dream.

Louis XVIII. was well advised not to quit France; had he only gone to Brussels, which was no longer ours, France would not again have received him. But all his counsels were not equally wise, and this period was fatal to him in its results. He believed, like his advisers, that severity was necessary, but they inflicted punishment with as little judgment as they bestowed rewards.

CHAPTER XXII.

M. Dumoulin of Grenoble, at Porto Ferrajo—An audience—The Emperor's opinion on Dauphiné—Monsieur Fourrier prefect of Grenoble—Of moderate abilities—Departure of M. Dumoulin—Resolution of the Congress—The landing—Orders for Grenoble—M. Gavin—Proclamations—Charles de Labédoyere—Dauphiné—Nobility offer their services—Projects for defence—Café Tortoni—Caricatures—Monsieur Jacqueminot (now general) the principal actor in this scene—Madame de Vaudé—Conferences—The Duke de Feltre minister of war—Alarm of the Congress—Order of march—Monsieur Barginet of Grenoble—Recollections of the château of Vizille—Successive desertions from the King—Orders are given twice to fire upon the Emperor—by whom—"Quia viderunt oculi mei."

In a stormy evening, of the month of September, 1814, a young man, calling himself a merchant, travelling for a house at Genoa, arrived at Porto Ferrajo, and put up at the inn of the port. He immediately, on landing, inquired for Monsieur Emery, chief surgeon of the guard, and the same person to whom the Emperor left in his will 100,000 francs. This young man was M. Dumoulin, the son of a rich merchant at Grenoble, and the early friend of Monsieur Emery.

"Here I am," said Dumoulin, "but what are you doing here? Why is not the Emperor in France? If his foot were now on the shore of

France, in three days he would be at the Tuileries. The enthusiasm in his favour has been increased by his humiliation. The Emperor must return, I say—can I be presented to him?"

"You shall see him this very night."

M. Dumoulin only took time enough to change his linen, when he was conducted to the wretched dwelling of Napoleon, who started on the entrance of a stranger, but immediately recovered himself on hearing his name. He conversed with him for some time on the state of Dauphiné, and then entered, at length, on the condition of the south of France, and of France itself; he afterwards listened with evident satisfaction to Dumoulin's suggestions as to his return. There were several maps in his room, and while he spoke he traced his purposed route upon them.

"But, Sire," said M. Dumoulin, "the roads that your Majesty is tracing are impracticable, especially for cavalry."

"Resolution will overcome every thing," said Napoleon. "Cannon can be *carried;* and a soldier, if he choose, can march twenty leagues a day on foot. Do you not know the power of a firm resolve in important conjunctures?" These were the Emperor's own words, which I received from M. Dumoulin himself, who took them down the same evening that they were uttered at Porto Ferrajo. "And then," continued the Emperor, "Dauphiné is with us; they like not the royal family—they and Bretagne were the first who proclaimed

liberty at the castle of Vizille, belonging to M. Perrier."

Napoleon then questioned M. Dumoulin respecting the *triumphal* journey of Count d'Artois through the south, and laughed heartily at the relation which he received: his gaiety, however, was checked on learning the conduct of Monsieur Fourrier—a man of some talent, who wrote the preface to the excellent work on Egypt, whither the Emperor had taken him, and who owed every thing to Napoleon. He was the son of a tailor, of Auxerre, and should have been a liberal, but was, on the contrary, so anxious for the favour of the royal party, that, like St. Peter, he denied his master; asserting in exculpation, that he had *forgotten* him; an excuse which would not, certainly, have occurred to every one.

The Emperor, in speaking of him on this occasion, said, "I know him; he will not gain his end: he is a clever man, but will never make a courtier."

The conference lasted for some time, when Napoleon dismissed M. Dumoulin, who started for France, having remained on the island about thirty-six hours.

On his departure, the Emperor said to him, "Write frequently to Emery; be prudent; be faithful: I am not now rich, but I have still sufficient to assist those who may devote themselves to me, and are unfortunate."

I have spoken of this interview to show that the

Emperor was aware of the feelings which existed in his favour throughout Dauphiné. As soon, therefore, as he learned the resolution of the Congress to shut him up in a fortress, or to send him to St. Helena, he no longer hesitated to embark for France. The details of his departure and arrival are well known; and as I have but little room to spare, I shall devote my remaining space to relations, interesting, although but little known.

As soon as his foot was on the soil of France, Napoleon said to Doctor Emery—"Start for Grenoble—travel night and day until you arrive at the house of Dumoulin, who must set out immediately to join me." He intrusted him also with dispatches to the Duke de Bassano, and to the Colonel of the 7th Regiment of the Line, then at Chambéry.

When the Doctor was about to set out, the Emperor called him back, and having pointed out to him his route, said, "Be sure to send me an account of each day's journey, and, above all, of the disposition of the people."

Doctor Emery was high-minded and ardent, and well fitted for such a mission. He only stopped at Digne and Gap to change horses; so much did he fear an arrest, not for his own sake, but for the cause in which he was engaged.

On the morning of the 4th of March, Emery entered Grenoble, where every one was yet in ignorance of the landing of the Emperor, which was known at Paris by telegraph.

He hastened to Dumoulin, and his first words

were, "The Emperor has landed; let us thank God." He was overcome by fatigue: they were obliged to cut off his boots; but this was to be done with great caution, for important papers were concealed within them. These documents were to be printed, and Dumoulin placed them in the hands of M. Gavin, a printer, as determined a partizan as himself, who printed them the same evening of their arrival, in the chamber of Dumoulin. While thus engaged, they fancied themselves betrayed—they stopped to listen—then resumed their work, saying, "Only let them allow us to finish it."

About the same time letters arrived from Paris, inclosing MS. proclamations. They invited the patriots to unite in this one endeavour, to cast off the foreign yoke, and once more become Frenchmen.

"On the 1st of March," said this proclamation, "France again became free; and she must take her rank as the first of nations."

Some asserted that this attempt was in favour of the Emperor; others, of Napoleon II. The style of the proclamation was not very hostile to the Bourbons. At the same time the Imperial Guard were re-assembled under the command of Generals Lefebre—Desnouettes, and Lallemand, and of Colonel Briche. They wished to possess themselves of La Fère, but the desertion of General Lyons frustrated this well-concerted project.

There was a report, which I consider altogether false, although it gained great credit at the time.

It was said that this movement arose from a party belonging neither to the Emperor nor the Bourbons. I do not believe it. The fact is, that neither M. Emery nor M. Dumoulin knew by whom the proclamations were issued, nor have they ever been able to discover: nevertheless, when a month later, the Emperor was at the Tuileries, persons were found to claim from him a reward.

When Dumoulin knew that the Emperor's letter to M. de Labedoyère was of great importance, he resolved to be the bearer of it himself; and immediately hastened, or rather flew, to Chambéry, where, incredible to relate, he arrived at nine on the same evening.

Labedoyère read the letter with considerable emotion, and exclaimed, "Yes, indeed, the Emperor may reckon on me. I must wait till the news of his arrival be officially known before I can act. As to you, sir, return to His Majesty, and assure him that I am his for life or death!"

Alas! the unfortunate young man knew not that he was foretelling so truly his destiny!

Dumoulin again started, with a moment's rest, for Grenoble, where he arrived at five in the morning. Positive intelligence of the landing of the Emperor had now spread through Grenoble, and official notice of it had reached the Prefect, and General Marchand, by whom precautions were taken for the protection of the city, and a company of soldiers were ordered to occupy a defile through which the Emperor would have to pass on his approach.

On the morning of the 5th an extraordinary procession of old gentlemen appeared before General Marchand, and *offered him the services of the nobility of Dauphiné.* The General thanked them—and they went their way.

At this time printed proclamations were scattered about in abundance, and appeared to be well received among the garrison : murmurs were heard among them, and death was even threatened to Marchand should he attempt resistance.

"We will do no harm to the Bourbons," exclaimed some ; "but let them restore the Emperor his place again, and return as they came."

Uneasy at the disposition of the town and troops, the General and Prefect convoked the principal inhabitants, and it was determined in this council that Grenoble should hold out to the last extremity. Another meeting took place on the same day, composed of officers of the 5th Regiment, and of a company of Engineers, who all solemnly engaged not to act in any way against the Emperor, or those who accompanied him, three hundred of whom were of the battalion of his guard at Elba.

The situation of Marchand was critical; the soldiers declared that they would not oppose the Emperor; every thing seemed to threaten a rising, and the murmurs of a discontented population were already heard. M. Fourrier (the prefect) put forth an official proclamation, announcing the arrival of Bonaparte, which the people received with cries of contempt: it produced, indeed, an unfortunate effect, for it occasioned the mass to declare in fa-

vour of the Emperor. What completed the destruction of the royalist party was the call made to the *gentlemen;* for among such as could bear arms there were not two who were not devoted to the Emperor, having served in the army since '92.

A few weeks after the arrival of Louis XVIII. Paris is said to have been inundated by a famishing crowd of the old nobility, who filled the avenues of the palace, and greatly injured the cause of the Bourbons. One morning five persons entered Tortoni's in a very stately manner, and placed themselves at the same table. They were all habited alike, in the complete costume of the old times. They inquired for the *carte*, and looking disdainfully around them, appeared to pay no attention to the crowd who were amusing themselves with the peculiarity of their dress and appearance —a conversation in the same spirit as their manners and dress, accompanied their meal, which was terminated by a characteristic song.

The police, however, will not allow a jest at the expense of those in power, whatever room there may be for one, and the five who had ventured on this burlesque were conducted to prison, where they remained many weeks. I believe I may say many months. On leaving prison they were ordered to ask pardon, of the Duke d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berri, which they did. As they were leaving the Tuileries M. Jacqueminot met on the stairs a personage dressed precisely as he had been at the famous breakfast. He stopped him, and taking him by the hand said, "May I ask you if you have worn this dress long?"

"Yes, sir, very long," replied the other, with an air of indignant surprise.

"And has no mischief ever happened to you from wearing it?" said Jacqueminot, with a plaintive expression.

"Sir! Sir! do you mean to insult me? . . . no, certainly not—no mischief."

"Ah, sir, you are very fortunate; I wore it but for two hours, and I have for that spent three months in prison."

These were so many blows levelled at the royal authority. I, however, do not approve of these gentlemen's jest. Old age and poverty are never fit subjects for one: they should always be respected.

A barrister of Grenoble offered to assassinate the Emperor; this was one scheme among many. Madame de Vaudé herself tells us, in her "Reminiscences," that she wished to go, like a new Judith, and slay this poor Holophernes. For this purpose she asked for neither dagger, nor pistol, nor cannon: she only required a post-chaise. But the person to whom she addressed herself was a man of honour and good sense, he looked upon her as insane, or as acting from other motives than those which she professed. The result of both these proposals was the same.

During this time the partizans of Napoleon were busily employed. Conferences were held at the house of M. Dumoulin; and on the night of the 5th or 6th, Dr. Fournier, a rich hemp-merchant of the faubourg St. Joseph, M. Risson, and

many others, determined that every sacrifice both of person and property should be risked.

On perceiving these decided manifestations, the authorities fortified the gate of Beaune, at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Joseph, through which the Emperor would have to pass; and thirty pieces of cannon were placed upon the ramparts; the soldiers of the 4th Regiment of Artillery, the first in which Napoleon had served, were ordered to stand in readiness on the batteries—they did so, and often did the inhabitants approach and shake them by the hand.

"He is coming," said they, "we know;" "but what will you do? you will not oppose him; it is not in your nature:"—"We know what we have to do."

In the mean time the Count d'Artois and the Duke of Orléans arrived at Lyons. They were entreated to hasten to Grenoble, and were assured that no engagement should take place with the troops of the *usurper* before their arrival.

Immediately after, orders were given to the artillery to fire on the Emperor as soon as he should appear on the road leading to the gate of Beaune.

At this time Generals Marchand and Mouton-Duvernet were making careful search for Doctor Emery; but although he remained within the city, he was undiscovered. Grenoble was a point of considerable importance for the Emperor, on account of its large dépôt of artillery. While all was agitation in the south, the King convoked the

Chambers; dismissed Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, and substituted for him the Duke de Feltre, a man wholly unfit for this office. The Congress of Vienna, too, felt extreme alarm on learning this miraculous return.

The discussions with which they were now fully occupied, ceased at the voice which proclaimed the approach of Napoleon. Austria, France, and England, were already leagued against Russia and Prussia. Talleyrand already felt assured of the success of his intrigue. Had the Emperor been willing or able, to wait for the dissolution of the Congress he might then have mounted his throne. A few months only, and Napoleon would have had to contend only against internal enemies, whose numbers a few months would greatly have diminished. It has been said that he had received certain intelligence that his banishment to St. Helena had been resolved on, and that that was the reason of his hastening his return to France.

Grenoble, while these deliberations were passing in it, presented a most extraordinary spectacle. All authority was at an end, for the people would acknowledge none. The troops kept within their barracks, while the whole population filled the square and streets through which Napoleon was expected to pass on the following day. In six days he had marched seventy-two leagues, across a rough and mountainous country. What a man! what energy! and yet he fell.

On the morning of the 7th of March, a squadron of the 4th Hussars entered Grenoble from

Vienne, and at noon, the 7th Regiment of the line, commanded by Labédoyere.

This morning at day-break, Dumoulin quitted Grenoble. He started on horseback, at a gallop, and passed behind some gend'armes, whose duty it was to prevent any one from leaving the city. He rejoined the Emperor as he was leaving Lamure, a large town on the road from Grenoble to Marseilles. "Vive l'Empereur!" cried Dumoulin as he galloped past the advanced-guard. "Vive l'Empereur," they replied, and he leaped from his horse, and ran to Napoleon.

"Who are you, young man?" said the Emperor.

"I am Dumoulin, Sire, coming to offer you my arm and fortune. It was I who last autumn . . ."

"Oh I recollect—mount your horse again and let us converse."

Dumoulin was again in the saddle, when after many other questions the Emperor inquired what effect his proclamations had had upon the people and soldiers.

"That which your Majesty might expect," said Dumoulin; "they have produced the greatest enthusiasm."

"The battalion sent out from Grenoble," said the Emperor, "joined me as soon as they saw me. I had only to show myself, my old soldiers soon recollected me."

The line of march was arranged in this manner. The Emperor was preceded by four mounted chasseurs of his guard, and four Polish lancers, who

cleared the way. Then came Napoleon, some paces before his attendants, and having at his side only Generals Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambronne. At five or six paces distant were several officers, among whom could be distinguished General Count Germanouski, colonel of the Polish lancers. A dozen chasseurs and lancers followed, then the Emperor's guard, a body of a hundred horsemen, Poles and chasseurs; behind these came the body of the army, a force of six hundred men, increased by a battalion of the 5th, and a company of engineers.

Napoleon appeared absorbed in thought, for at Grenoble was to be determined his success or failure.

They were on the road from Lamure to Vizille. The Emperor had advanced before his companions, and was slowly descending the side of Laffrey; he was in deep meditation. All at once he was struck by the appearance of a group of young children, who were advancing towards him. He stopped his horse, and smiling on their young countenances, which, for the most part, expressed the liveliest emotion, he said,

"Who are you, my children; and what would you have with me?"

The children looked at one another, then one of them, chosen by his companions, advanced to the Emperor; the expression of his countenance was mild and full of intelligence. Napoleon extended his hand towards the boy, who seized it, and kissed it with a sentiment of respect and delight; he

wished to speak, but could only utter unconnected words :—"General !—Citizen !—Sire !"

This was Barginet himself, then a pupil at the Imperial school at Grenoble. He is a highly estimable young man, and possesses a heart truly French. I beg to repeat to him the assurance of my esteem. He relates this anecdote with a feeling which will be shared by all his countrymen.

"You have something to say to me, my child," said the Emperor, "speak without fear. Do I frighten you, then ?"

"Oh, no, Sire, we are not afraid of those whom we love."

"Where do you come from, and what would you have ?"

"We come from Grenoble, Sire ; we were pupils of the Imperial school, and hearing of your return, my companions and myself wished to see you one day sooner, and to assure you, Sire, that we are ready to die for you."

Napoleon was highly affected at a devotedness so entire and so enthusiastic.

"In devoting yourselves to me," said he, "you devote yourselves to France. But you are young, my children, to become soldiers. Do your parents know of your resolution ?"

The children looked at one another; M. Barginet answered, a little embarrassed, "Sire, we set out without informing any one."

"That is not right—our first duty in society is to obey our parents, never forget that—at least," he added, smiling, "you will never again fail in

this duty on a similar occasion. But come, fear nothing; tell me what they say of me in Grenoble."

This unexpected question produced on the young student, as he has since informed me, the effect of an electric shock. He answered that Grenoble and its neighbourhood looked for him with the utmost anxiety and love; but that the people also expected from him liberal institutions, peace, and the total repeal of the droits réunis, taxes, which were held in utter detestation by the French. Louis XVIII. promised to abolish them, and his neglect of this promise was highly injurious to him.

Napoleon turned away, and did not immediately reply; at length he said, "The people are right to reckon upon me. I love them, and wish them to be happy. Their rights have been outraged for the last year; I will repair this evil. France has been the most splendid empire of the world, it shall be the freest."

At this moment, a pile of buildings came in view, and Napoleon inquired what they were.

"It is the castle of Vizille, Sire, where in 1788 the estates-general of Dauphiné proclaimed liberty."

The Emperor then inquired particularly into the history of Dauphiné. This was a characteristic trait in Napoleon; he always conversed with those whom he met, on subjects on which they were best informed. And as this young student might have been expected to be better acquainted with the history of his own province than with any other subject, the Emperor led him to speak on it. He

expressed some surprise on learning that on this side of Laffrey ran the road that Hannibal had passed over two thousand years before. Hannibal was his hero, as is well known.

"I will stop at Vizille and pass the night there," said the Emperor, after a moment's consideration.

"No, Sire," said the youth.

"Why so?" said Napoleon, astonished at his decided tone.

"Grenoble is but three leagues distant, Sire; you have enemies there, and should arrive to-night."

"Who are my enemies at Grenoble?" said the Emperor, looking kindly on him.

"I cannot name them, Sire; I can only put you on your guard."

"How old are you; and where have you been educated?"

"I am sixteen, Sire, and my education is one of the benefits that I have received from you. I am a public pupil of the school of Grenoble."

"Do you understand mathematics?"

"No, Sire."

"What then do you know?"

"I have studied literature and history."

"Pooh! literature will not make a general officer. You must follow me to Paris, and you shall enter at St. Cyr or Fontainebleau."

"My parents are too poor to defray my expenses there."

"I will take care of that. I am your father also; so that is settled. Adieu; when we reach Paris

you must remind the minister of war of the promise that I have just made you.

This promise was fulfilled: a decree of the 10th April, 1815, named him as a public pupil at St. Cyr, or Fontainebleau, and a decision, dated a few days after, freed him from the payment of the fees required by the regulations.

I have mentioned the defection of the troops sent against the Emperor; I shall now give some particulars of this event. On the night of the 6th—7th of March, a battalion of the fifth regiment of the line and a company of sappers marched out towards Lamure. They were commanded by an aide-de-camp of General Marchand, and the most violent measures were enjoined to them. These troops met about forty or fifty grenadiers, who had set out from Lamure, for the purpose of clearing the road. The officers not seeing Napoleon, would not allow the two bodies to approach. The grenadiers fell back upon the Emperor, and the others took up a position on a rising ground, between Lamure and the lakes de Laffrey. On learning the resistance that his soldiers had met with, the Emperor felt uneasy: his fate was to be decided at Grenoble, or by the troops on that station. Of this he was well aware. The inhabitants of Lamure and the neighbouring villages received the Emperor as he passed with every demonstration of joy; they did not even appear uneasy as to the issue of the struggle that was about to take place.

The Emperor rode a very small and spirited mountain pony, from which he rarely dismounted;

but on seeing the troops that occupied the plain of Lamure, he quitted his horse, and advanced quickly towards them. The valley in which this important scene took place, is wild and picturesque ; it is, I think, called the vale of Beaumont. Napoleon stood on a little hill which overlooked the plain filled with the troops sent against him. He had his grenadiers with him, but they carried their pieces under their left arms. When he appeared a feeble voice ordered an advance—the soldiers stood still. Then the Emperor approaching them, and unbuttoning his grey coat, said, in a loud voice,

"Soldiers, I am your Emperor : do you not recollect me ? If there is one among you who wishes to kill his general, I am here."

"Vive l'Empereur !" shouted the soldiers, throwing down their muskets, and running to him. The young aide-de-camp twice gave the order to fire upon the Emperor, but at the second time he was obliged to fly, for the soldiers would have killed him.

The Emperor was at this time superior to himself. He would not be the head of a party, the chief of a turbulent faction. He refused the services of the officers who came to join him, and who proposed returning to Grenoble, and obliging the authorities to open the gates to him. The inhabitants of Mateyline also offered to rise *en masse* in his favour ; but he refused both. He wished to be a *sovereign*, only depending upon the love of his people and of the army.

Shortly after this memorable event, Napoleon,

finding himself thirsty, as he passed through the village of Laffrey, entered the dwelling of an old woman, who, not recognising him, spoke of him with the greatest affection. "Could I but see him," said she, "before I die, to kiss his hand, and entreat him to relieve us from the *droits réunis.*"

On going away the Emperor discovered himself to her, and gave her two or three Napoleons. "Now," said the old woman, "like Simeon I can die, for *I have seen the Lord.*"

Thus was he beloved by France, and these good and simple-minded peasants saw in him the glory of their country, and this glory was their own.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arrival of the Emperor at Vizille—What have you there, Sir Priest?—The white riband—The *Marselloise*, and the *Chant du Départ*—The approach of the troops—Seventh regiment of the line—Labedoyère embraced by the Emperor—History of the Seventh—The eagle concealed in a drum—Triumphal march—The aide-de-camp always for firing—New obstruction—Dr. Emery—For want of keys the gates of Grenoble are burst open—Novel species of homage to be offered at the feet of an Emperor—Inn kept by one of the veterans of Egypt—Knight of the Legion of Honour and brevet officer—M. Dumoulin in 1830—Lafayette twice fatal to the imperial dynasty, and the destinies of France—M. Champollion Figeac—Plan for reaching Paris without firing a gun—Diplomacy—Presentation of the Bishop and Curés of the four parishes of Grenoble—The imperial court—Rejoicings—Kiss on both cheeks—Jury tricolour flag—Speech of a free and brave man.

THE Emperor was still at some distance from Vizille, when the sound of the bells, blended with the confused murmur of its whole population coming out to meet him, told him of his welcome. Scarcely indeed had he reached the bridge than he was surrounded by a crowd, wild with joy, and covered with a complete shower of violets and mountain hyacinths. "Long live the Emperor!" was the universal shout. "Down with the *Calotte!*"

"What's that they say?" he asked.

They cry, "Down with the priests," was Dumou-

lin's answer. "But this is not the fitting spot, my friends, to show our love to his Majesty, wait till we reach Grenoble!"

"Grenoble!" exclaimed the troop; "on to Grenoble!"

In this manner Napoleon passed through Vizille, in the midst of a crowd intoxicated with zeal for him. When in front of the church, he perceived a man, dressed in black, who was behaving like a madman, and crying loud enough to split one's ears, "Long live the Emperor, long live the great Napoleon!" This was the Curé. The Emperor stopped before him.

"Good day, sir," he said, "I am obliged to you. But pray, M. l'Abbé, what have you there?" and pointed to a small white ribbon.

"Ah, Sire, your pardon; *it is nothing*," replied the Curé, quite confused, and thrusting his lily and white ribbon in his pocket. However, there arose from the crowd that fierce hum, which is, as it were, the voice of the people; the poor priest turned pale, and looked to Napoleon. The Emperor held out his hand, which the Curé kissed with transport, exclaiming, "Vive l'Empereur!" The entire population of Vizille followed the Emperor, and at this moment there were more than six thousand of the country people around him. Almost all the young men of this town, in particular, wore tri-coloured ribbons in their hats, and preceded the Emperor, singing the *Marseilloise*, and the *Chant du Départ*. Every house was thrown open, and the soldiers, who were overcome

with fatigue, were constrained to enter, and refresh themselves if but for a moment. There was something antique and beautiful, like the traditions of the olden times, in these popular rejoicings, and this universal outpouring of the love of a free nation. In this manner they reached the little village of Brié, between Grenoble and Vizille, about five in the evening, when of a sudden the Emperor stops, and taking his glass, exclaims, "I am not mistaken, here are the troops—ha! ha! it looks as if they were coming to give us battle!"

Dumoulin, who, from his residing at Grenoble, was well acquainted with the country and the troops of the garrison, spurred before to reconnoitre. After some minutes he returned with the news of his having encountered M. de Launay, Adjutant-major of the Seventh, who had been sent forward by Labedoyère to apprize the Emperor that the regiment was on its march to meet him. At that moment the soldiers of the Seventh came up running, and in the greatest disorder. It had been impossible to keep them in their ranks—they shouted, they wept!

The Emperor was much affected. "Where is the Colonel?" he said.

"Ah, Sire, do I see you once more!" exclaimed the noble young man, catching hold of Napoleon's stirrup, and covered with sweat and dust; but his fine face was radiant with joy, and his eyes filled with tears.

"In my arms, *mon cher enfant*," cried the Emperor; and Labedoyère, throwing himself into

them, Napoleon embraced him like a brother. "But my eagle?" Labedoyère presented it to him. Napoleon took it, gazed upon it, twice kissed it, and two tears fell upon this emblem of our glory, doubly sanctified by this noble baptism.

Here it becomes necessary to relate the remarkable events, which had preceded this junction of the seventh regiment of the line. I have spoken of the agitation which prevailed at Grenoble, and of the ill-will of the Prefect, of General Marchand, and even of a M. Renauldon, the mayor of the town, who willed nothing, and therefore was good for nothing. Every thing displayed a sinister aspect, as soon as the soldiers appeared, although with sadness, to prepare for the execution of their orders. Nevertheless they feared at the prefecture that the troops would not fire, and above all, there was a dread of civil war and its terrible scenes.

In the midst of this agitation, the beat of a drum was heard on Monday, March 7th, about noon, and directly after, a regiment is seen to march through the town, and draw up in order of battle on the *grande place.* This was the Seventh, which had come from Chambéry, which was the finest regiment in France, and whose colonel was one of the bravest and most singularly handsome men in the army.

Labedoyère, at this epoch, was scarcely thirty years of age, and a second Rinaldo in person. His fair hair clustered *massily* over his head, and over his ample and commanding brow; his eyes were blue, yet brilliant and full of fire; he was elegantly

made, tall, active, and of the noblest presence. His devotion to the Emperor was a worship.

On reaching the *grande place*, Labedoyère perceived that General de Villiers, commanding the department, had followed him; he was the bearer of orders from General Marchand. Labedoyère listened to them in silence, and at first did not answer a word. Whilst the General was speaking, murmurs arose from the ranks, and already every thing presaged the scene about to follow. Suddenly their Colonel scans the regiment with a rapid glance, commands silence, and cries with a loud voice, "Soldiers, I am about to lead you to battle against your Emperor! Soldiers, I resign my command, and am no longer your Colonel. I cannot lead you in the road of dishonour!"

Cries immediately arise on every side, of "No, no"—"long live our Colonel!"—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"—"Lead on, Colonel!"

"You have my thanks," exclaimed Labedoyère, "but I cannot command you. The Emperor received my first oaths, he claims me, and I must repair to him. Soldiers, my dear comrades, you can remain under your flag; for me, I return to him under whom I have always fought. Adieu, I hasten to the national flag—adieu!"

The cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* became enthusiastic; the ranks are broken, the Colonel surrounded. "Colonel," exclaims an officer, "you cannot forsake men who love you—lead them to the Emperor!"

"Yes, yes!" was the cry; "to the Emperor, to the Emperor! *Vive notre Colonel!*"

Labedoyère looked at them with emotion. Unfortunate young man! Heaven owed him these few hours of happiness to counterpoise the misfortunes in store for him!

"Then, you will have it so, my friends," he exclaimed; "well, forward! *Let him who loves me, follow me!*"

"We will all go," cried an old soldier, "and had you led us against the Emperor, we would not have followed you. Colonel, look here!—Drummer!"

Instantly the drummer tore open his drum, and drew from it the eagle of the Seventh, which had been thus preserved. He placed it in the hands of the Colonel, who took it, and kissed it with respectful joy. At the moment, the white flag was torn, and trampled under foot, both by townsmen and soldiers; and immediately, as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, each soldier had a tri-coloured cockade in his cap. The regiment forthwith began its march, drums beating, the band in front, and in quick time. More than six thousand persons left the town with them; it was a general madness.

All this took place at the same time, and hour, as the affair of the *Mure*.

To resume. Napoleon arrived before Grenoble, March 7th, at six in the evening. He had about 15,000 persons with him.

The gates were closed, and the greatest confusion prevailed in the town. After the departure of the Seventh, General Marchand held a review, harangued the soldiers, and endeavoured to raise the shout, *Vive le Roi!* The soldiery had remained dull and gloomy, and had not even lifted their eyes towards their leaders. General Marchand called a council of war, but no resolution was agreed upon, and the confusion increased at the approach of evening, with the news of the Emperor's marching upon Grenoble. At the same time, word was brought that the soldiers and officers of the Fifth, which had been ordered to its barracks, were escaping through the windows and along the ramparts to join the Emperor.

It was at this moment that Napoleon entered the Faubourg St. Joseph, and arrived at the gate of Beaune, which is separated from the road by a ditch, twenty-five feet in width. The guard had just been withdrawn, and since the inhabitants thronged over the wooden bride, it could not be destroyed. Dr. Emery, who up to this time had remained concealed in Grenoble, in order to smooth the way to it, had just come forth, and made himself known to the Emperor, who pulled him by the ear, to testify, in his way, his joy at seeing him.

"You are waited for with impatience, Sire," said M. Emery.

"Well," exclaimed one of the Emperor's suite, "we must force the gate."

"No, no," cried Napoleon, and discovering no

uneasiness at the delay, he walked in the midst of the admiring multitudes who had followed him so far from their homes, with folded arms, and tranquil looks.

It was night; and the soldiers and others lighting a quantity of torches they had purchased in the Faubourg, those picturesque features were given to the scene, which would well become the pencil of Horace Vernet, the perpetuator of so many interesting facts.

A cry was heard from the ramparts, "They are going to fire;" and indeed, the young aide-de-camp of General Marchand, the same who had given orders to fire at the *Mure*, was on the ramparts, and endeavouring to excite the soldiers. At last, exasperated at the inactivity of the troops, he grasped a match, and was about to fire himself, when a woman threw herself upon him, and wresting the match from him, exclaimed,

"Wretch! what are you about to do? Know you not that our husbands and sons are with the Emperor? Besides, we will have the Emperor—Vive l'Empereur!"

To this cry responds an electric tumult. The name of the Emperor burst from a thousand tongues. However, so close was the Emperor to the battery, that M. Emery besought him to withdraw.

"Come now," said Napoleon, "what would you have happen to me? *Besides, a bullet kills, but does not hurt.*" (His very words, which in general, have been religiously preserved.)

At last it was known that General Marchand had quitted Grenoble, and taken away the keys of the town—a poor revenge in so great a conjuncture. Immediately, the inhabitants dashed open the gate of Beaune with a post, and gave to view a glorious spectacle. Thirty thousand human beings line the streets, and the *grande place*; every house is illuminated, and the Emperor never experienced such a reception, even at the height of his power. The townsmen carry off each a soldier, they will not allow any one to invite two; all wish to share in what they call the festival of their city. The Emperor refused to repair to the prefecture, but recollecting that one of his veterans of Egypt kept an inn at Grenoble, he insisted on going to the Three Dolphins; and scarcely was he there than a deputation from the people was introduced.

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we obeyed you when you ordered us not to burst in the gates of our city, but if you will deign to turn to the window, your Majesty will perceive those very gates which we now lay at your feet, to prove our little share in the unworthy resistance that has been offered you:" and, throwing open the window, he pointed to the two gates, which were lying before the house. The Emperor smiled at these testimonies of profound affection, when more violent cries than ever of *Vive l'Empereur!* and seeming to proceed from 20,000 men, were heard. This was from a battalion of the Fifth, which had forcibly returned to the city, led by Captain Pelaprat, and

crying, " *Vive l'Empereur !* down with the Bourbons !"

Dumoulin, who had hitherto taken no rest, and Emery, had just thrown themselves on a bed, when a friend came to summon the former to the Emperor. He rose, and repaired to the Three Dolphins. He was introduced by the Grand-marshal, and the Emperor said, on seeing him, " I wish to testify to you, M. Dumoulin, my satisfaction at your noble conduct : you are a member of the legion of honour—you will follow me to Paris ?"

" Ah, Sire ! how can I acknowledge your kindness ? and in what quality ?"

" Brevet officer. Come with me, my fortune will be yours—I attach you to my person ;" and tapping him on the shoulder, as he was taking leave, " wait," he said ; opening a writing desk, he took a cross out of it : " take this," he continued, " and to-morrow, early, begin your office near my person. Grand-marshal, here is a new officer of my household," he said, pulling the ear of the newly made knight of the legion of honour. Thus did this man create his *séides*, and make himself adored.

A few words concerning M. Dumoulin, who played too conspicuous a part in 1815, not to be decried ; but the truth is on record. None of Napoleon's officers was more devoted to him. When, in 1818, Dumoulin gained many millions by transactions in the stocks, he opened a negociation with Lord Bathurst, to be empowered to send 100,000 franks yearly to the Emperor, to St. Helena.

He was arrested eight hundred and nine times, under the restoration, for attempts in favour of Napoleon; and July the 29th, 1830, he was the first to enter the Hôtel de Ville, dressed in his uniform as a household officer of the Emperor. As his reward, the provisional government appointed him commandant of the Hôtel de Ville. Then, calling to mind his oath to the Emperor to die in his cause, he hastened to David, a printer in the faubourg Poissonnière, and caused several thousand copies to be printed of a proclamation calling Napoleon II. to the throne of France, in conformity with the decree of the Chambers of the 21st of July, 1815; and the 30th of July, at nine in the morning, with the connivance of three members of the Town Council, *whose names I know*, they are about to proclaim Napoleon II., when Colonel Carbonel, partner of the money broker, Lombard, and secretary to Lafayette, informed M. Dumoulin that his general wished to speak with him, and, decoying him into a retired room, shut him up with two sentinels over him till seven in the evening. This is the second time that Lafayette was fatal to the imperial dynasty. I shall speak of the first in my "History of the Restoration," at the end of the Hundred Days. M. de Lafayette was fatal to France under every regime. He wished, I think, to rule himself.

On quitting the Emperor, M. Dumoulin met M. Champollion Figeac, now keeper of the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, and brother of the famous Champollion. He was the second of

the friends, to whom the secret of the voyage from Elba had been entrusted. He was going to undertake the office of secretary ; a post he filled during the eight-and-forty hours which the Emperor sojourned at Grenoble. The Emperor knew nothing of him, but, having asked Dumoulin for a *sure* man, the latter had recommended M. Champollion, who was devoted. I adduce this circumstance, merely for the sake of still showing Napoleon in a new light. After thanking M. Champollion, he spoke to him of Egypt, and straightway did he forget Grenoble, the island of Elba, and even Paris, and lose himself in the recollection of his beloved Egypt, of the fourteen dynasties of the Lagides, shut up in the Pyramids, of the awaking of the Arab people, of the isthmus of Suez.—" What say they of the great works which I have directed respecting the translation of the Chinese Dictionary, and the new French translation of Strabo? When I shall arrive at Paris, I must require an account of these literary labours."

The conversation prolonged itself thus until one o'clock in the morning. " Go to bed," said the Emperor to M. Champollion, " and return tomorrow as early as you can."

Next day, March the 8th, at six o'clock in the morning, M. Champollion was in the bedchamber of the Emperor. He had risen an hour previously, and awaited him.

" To work ! " said he.

At half-past eight, arrived the chief of a squadron, who came from Lyons in the name of General

Brayer. He was an officer of the General's Etat-Major, by name Molien de St. Yon. He came to assure the Emperor of the devotion of General Brayer; and had himself quitted Lyons on the 7th instant, at two o'clock, P. M.

"Return the same hour," said Napoleon, "and assure Brayer of my friendship. M. Molien, in his turn, assured the Emperor of the enthusiasm of the Lyonnais. Napoleon kept him a long time, and gave him a number of instructions.

"Above all things," said he, on parting, "tell Brayer that I will reach Paris without firing a shot."

From the morning of the 8th, the Emperor was longed for and expected by the whole city; but he occupied himself meanwhile with important cares.

"M. Fourrier has done justice to himself," said Napoleon, "in quitting Grenoble. But whom can I nominate Prefect?"

A voice named M. Savoie Rollin, formerly Prefect of Rouen.

"Savoie Rollin is here!" cried the Emperor. "Summon him on the instant. And your National Guard: it should be numerous. But he who commanded it yesterday, for the Count de Lille, cannot command it now. Mention the most worthy citizen of your town," added he, turning towards the inhabitants of Grenoble.

On seeking M. Savoie Rollin, he was found to be in the country. They offered to M. Alphonse Perrier, or M. Adolphe, (I am not sure which, but

it was a brother of the Minister,) the command of the National Guard ; but, as he was a friend of the Count de Montal, he objected to superseding him. They offered to a M. Didier, Sub-Prefect of the Isère, the vacant post of Prefect: he was a timid man, and refused.

" Well," said the Emperor, " a counsellor of the prefecture can perform the functions of Prefect." And, to command the National Guard, he named an old major of the imperial guard.

It was at Grenoble, also, on the 8th of March, that Napoleon dictated to M. Champollion his letter to the Emperor of Austria.

As soon as the Emperor was visible, M. Simon, the Bishop, presented himself at the head of his chapter, and of the four curates of parishes of the city of Grenoble. He had, in fact, all his clergy, with the exception of his Vicar-General, M. Bouchard. A curious incident took place at this audience.

As the Bishop presented the curates to the Emperor, designating them by their proper names, at the moment when he said, " I have the honour to present to your Majesty M. de la Grez—"

" Ah ! it is you, M. le Curé," said Napoleon, " who spoke so injuriously of me every Sunday in your sermons to the *cuisinières*."

" Ah ! Mon Dieu ! " answered the troubled ecclesiastic, " I assure you, Sire—"

" Oh, I know you are a good priest ! go on if it amuses you. I permit liberty of worship."

The poor curate remained stupified. Napoleon, seeing him so unhappy, said,

"Come, think no more of it. Only be kind and charitable towards all. That is the true law of Jesus Christ."

The imperial court was now announced. The Emperor was marvellously great in this audience. He talked jurisprudence like the most skilful amongst them, and, above all, mentioned the necessity of reforming several ill-constructed laws.

"I have long discussed in the Council of State," said he, "the necessity of repairing the civil code as well as the criminal. But what could I do? I had always to struggle against men who spoke only of giving the strong arm to power."

His ideas flowed lucid, powerful, just, and precise. "We shall, I trust," pursued he, "find ourselves in more peaceable circumstances, and, working together, we shall construct a good work."

But the most touching scene was to see the Emperor approached by the different officers. They seemed as if they had recovered a brother: they wept tears of joy, and trembled in speaking to him.

"The Bourbons had repudiated your glories," said Napoleon. "They, in so doing, not only committed a fault, but inflicted an insult on France."

After giving these audiences, the Emperor descended at length to pass in review the garrison and the National Guard. He was carried on the shoulders of the people. A young girl approached

him with a laurel branch in her hand, reciting some verses.

"What can I do for you, my pretty girl?" said the Emperor. The maiden blushed, then lifting her eyes on Napoleon, answered,

"I have nothing to ask of your Majesty: but you would render me very happy by embracing me."

The Emperor kissed her.

"I embrace, in you, all the ladies of Grenoble," said he aloud, turning his head on every side with a charming smile.

As he was advancing towards the place of the review, it was discovered that there was no tricoloured flag. On the instant, Dumoulin ran into a magazine of merinos, and selecting the proper colours—white, red, and blue—he mingled them together, and in a few minutes the flag was ready. As soon as its undulations were agitated by the wind, there was first a dead silence, and then enthusiastic plaudits. But nothing could paint the delirium that spread over the whole assembly, that had reached mature years, when the military music struck up the Marseilloise hymn.

After review, a deputation of respectable citizens presented itself with an address to offer to the Emperor. It was in the first instance received by Marshal Bertrand, who, having looked through the address, observed that there was one line too strongly put, which it would be necessary to suppress.

"The Emperor," said he, "with all his good-

ness, could not accord so much as you would here have him promise."

"Monsieur," replied M. Boissonet, an advocate, and a man of energetic talent, "if we drive away these Bourbons, whom foreigners have imposed on us, it is liberty that we seek. We doubt not possessing it with the Emperor; but we may likewise do so *without* him: we await, Sir, your announcing us to his Majesty."

This language, from a man of free principles, and of heart, should have made Napoleon aware that liberty had been only compromised by him; and his reflections might have still further impressed on him the proper course which opened itself on his return into the country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

M. de Lasalcette—Want of courage—Departure from Grenoble—Approach to Lyons—What Marshal Soult said to the King on the 5th of March—Progress of the Emperor from the 1st to the 8th of March—Sentiments of the pretended *bourreau des familles*—The old farrier, major, and orator—The scarf and the leather apron—A rather bitter conversation—Accolade—Reverie—Appearance of resistance—Marshal Macdonald—15th regiment of dragoons—Address to the Lyonnais—Name of the author—The Duke d'Orleans completely defeated by the Emperor's troops at Bourgoing—Nullity of M. de Blacas—Sitting of the Chamber of Deputies—Oath of the Princes to the constitutional charter—M de André, prefect of police—The Duke de Blacas and Philip IV.—Departure of Louis XVIII.—Melancholy impressions—Arrival of the Emperor at Paris—Situation of Italy at this epoch.

Near Grenoble dwelt at his country seat a Dauphinese gentleman, the camp-marshal Lasalcette. He demanded an audience of the Emperor, who received him well, and gave him the command, *ad interim*, of the 7th military division. A great singularity was attached to this man. The Emperor had not seen him since at Marseilles, at the epoch when Madame Mère, flying from Corsica, wished him to marry Paulette, the most fascinating of her daughters, and he refused. He was in good circumstances, and the young lady was beautiful, perhaps: but she fled the country—she was pro-

scribed: and General Lasalcette, who felt nothing but admiration, had not courage sufficient to front the double peril of his political situation, and of the beauty of so charming a woman.

This same day, the 8th of March, at four o'clock in the evening, Napoleon quitted Grenoble with all his *état-major*, and slept at Bourgoing, a large town ten leagues distant. From the Gulf Juan to Grenoble, he had constantly travelled either on horseback or on foot. At the latter place he purchased a carriage.

Next morning, on approaching Lyons, the Emperor ordered Colonel Germanouski to take with him six men and push a reconnaissance on to Guillotière. Scarcely had they perceived the Polish lancers, when the entire population hastened to present themselves before the Emperor. The enthusiasm that prevailed during two days was indeed greater than that at Grenoble.

At St. Denis de Brou, two stages before Lyons, Napoleon encountered the population of that city. Marshal Soult had not foreseen this when he said to the King, on the 5th of March, "Bonaparte will remain this year in Dauphiné, and next year he will attempt to take Bourgogne."

Napoleon disembarked on the 1st of March with nine hundred men. It was on the 9th of the same month that he entered Lyons with eight thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon. The road from Grenoble to Lyons is strewed with villages, or rather small wealthy towns, the entire population of which surrounded the open carriage in which the

Emperor travelled, and then formed a cortege for him, uplifting hosannas of love, and expressing their vows in the glowing language of the people of the south. One fact, not hitherto mentioned, respecting this miraculous journey, but which contributed to support the effervescence in Napoleon's favour, merits notice.

The young people of the Dauphinese and Lyonnais districts surrounded his chariot, singing the Marseilloise hymn, vowing to defend him until death, and to conduct him to Paris.

"No, my children," said he, "no, stay with your mothers and your young wives. I hope now for peace: and if there should be no longer war, you need not abandon for me your families and attention to your business."

Thus was this man, whom they accused of butchering families, the advocate of mothers, of wives, and of domestic peace. I have seen men of Dauphiné who would at this period have endured loss of life for Napoleon with joy even!

It was during the journey from Grenoble to Lyons, and not that from Cannes to Grenoble, that Napoleon was accosted by a respectable old man, who was at once the farrier and mayor of his village. He descended, together with all the inhabitants of his district, from their mountains, and presented themselves to the Emperor. On seeing this old man—his head covered with snowy hair, and his loins bound with a tricolour vest, while his leather apron had not been laid aside—Napoleon stopped his carriage, and beckoned him to approach.

"Sire," said the aged spokesman, "you have re-entered France, and are proceeding to Paris! When you shall have arrived there, forget not those who have opened to you the road. They are freemen, and determined to be so. We will have neither priests nor foreigners for our masters. We are ready to give you all you ask; but you must preserve our rights in their full integrity; recollect that we are poor, and your children. Adieu, Sire! May God guide and protect you. Remember that you represent the people."

This was an harangue very different from that of M. de Fontanes. Napoléon was silent at first; but after awhile, he replied, "Yes, I will never forget you, people of Dauphiné You have recalled to my mind all those grand and noble sentiments which, twenty years ago, made me designate France as the *great nation*. She is so still, and will be always so. As to you, Mr. Mayor," said he to the old farrier, "you have spoken to my soul! Give me your hand"

Then, suddenly, he leapt from his carriage, and embraced the old farrier heartily.

I give this fact from the testimony of an eye-witness, who told me that when the Emperor had re-entered his carriage, he spoke to no one, but remained in a profound reverie

At Bourgoing, the Emperor perceived the first marks of serious resistance he would have to encounter. The Count d'Artois had arrived at Lyons, the second city in the kingdom. Macdonald, who commanded the troops, loved not the

Emperor, and had nothing to expect from him. He was of the class of those republican generals, who, for a single warlike act, had acquired a reputation which since they had failed to maintain. He was not, in fact, worthy to be the brother-in-arms of Napoleon; but he cherished a sentiment of fierce revenge against the Emperor because he had been only made a Marshal in 1809. I have heard that when this officer received his audience *de congé* of Louis XVIII. he expressed regret at going to fight the Emperor. I would believe this, but cannot. His influence with the troops was but slight. His name had, indeed, a little éclat, but it paled altogether by the side of Napoleon's. This was evident at a review which took place in presence of the Count d'Artois.

The 13th regiment of dragoons, recently returned from Spain, was composed of old soldiers. The Colonel, interrogated first by the Marshal and then by the Prince, replied, "Monseigneur, I will shed my blood for the cause of your Royal Highness," and, drawing his sabre, he shouted "Vive le Roi!"

"No voice echoed him. The regiment remained dull and stern. The Prince then made a last effort: he approached a subaltern, whose breast was adorned with the eagle.

"Give me your hand, my brave comrade," said the Count d'Artois; "and shout with me—'Vive le Roi!'"

"No, Monseigneur," firmly, but respectfully answered the old veteran, "I honour your Royal

Highness, but I cannot join your cry. Mine is, '*Vive l'Empereur!*'"

And, at the same instant, the whole regiment repeated this name, so cherished, so beloved. The Prince retreated, and throwing himself into his carriage, exclaimed, "All is lost!"

And the chariot of the king's brother was not escorted even to the gates of the town, by the yeomanry cavaliers of the national guard of Lyons. The 13th regiment, indignant at their conduct, furnished itself a small escort, which was joined by a single mounted national guard; and I was assured at the time, I know not with what truth, that the Emperor bestowed on this young man the cross of the Legion of Honour.

While the unfortunate Prince fled before the Emperor, Marshal Macdonald retired to the bridge of La Guillotière; and these, with two battalions of infantry, having barricaded the bridge, made preparations to dispute the Emperor's passage: but scarce had his men perceived the red cloaks of the 4th Hussar Regiment, when they uplifted a unanimous cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

I own I should like to have seen the Marshal's physiognomy on hearing these cries, and when, a few minutes after, the Emperor himself traversed this bridge. He waited his Majesty's approach, and they conversed together for a few minutes. Napoleon then bade him a friendly adieu. The Marshal took immediately the road to Paris, and Napoleon entered Lyons without any obstacle.

What he said to the mounted National Guard of

Lyons is well known. When they presented themselves, he addressed them as follows :—

" The original institutions of the National Guard prohibit its becoming a cavalry troop. You have besides behaved ill to the Count d'Artois : in his misfortune you have abandoned him. I desire not your services."

But it was not thus he spoke to his good city of Lyons at large. The address he uttered on quitting it was almost wholly written by himself, and merits to be exactly copied. It shows the Ossianic turn of his mind, and affords good materials for estimating him.

" Lyonnais ! at the moment of quitting your town, to repair to my capital, I must take care to make you aware of the sentiments with which you have inspired me. You have always occupied a first place in my affections. Upon the throne, and in exile, you have always evidenced towards me the same sentiments. The elevated character by which you are distinguished, merits, indeed, all my esteem. In more tranquil moments, I shall return and occupy myself respecting your city and its manufactures.

" Lyonnais, I love you !"

In this last simple phrase, placed at the termination of a speech itself equally simple, might be recognized a pact of affection between the sovereign and his people. The Lyonnais were in a delirium of joy the day the speech was delivered.

I confess I cannot comprehend what the ministry

of M. de Blacas proposed, by making an officer of the Garde-du-Corps appear at the balcony of the Tuileries, and announce officially that the Duke d'Orleans had completely defeated the Emperor in the environs of Bourgoing. I might amuse myself here by relating the several conversations full of boasting which some persons of the royal cause held with me after the publication of this verbal bulletin. But those events were too serious and grave. Alas! the enchantment was likewise too short! Next day came couriers from Monsieur, stating the real condition of things.

Louis XVIII. was not without talents for government; but he was unequal to these circumstances; and undoubtedly, but for the Allied Powers, would have lost his throne, to regain it no more. His infatuation in employing M. de Blacas, a country 'squire, turned into a first gentleman of the court, was excessive. The impertinence of this man weighed on France as a plague, despised as he was by all the Allied Sovereigns, who saw in him nothing but a pernicious favourite of the court. He had no idea of the direction of public opinion in this crisis, and had conducted the monarchy to the brink of a precipice, whilst his creatures plied him with incense and flattery, which effectually turned his poor head. Had Louis XVIII. but known what the Allied Princes said of *him*, or even seen them shrug their shoulders in pity! M. de Blacas was no doubt very learned in some points; but what availed all his knowledge of the history of

the Lower Empire, since he was ignorant of that of yesterday, as regarded his own country?

In the twelve months which preceded Napoleon's return, I can trace nothing but an odious system of fraud and deception. Truth was never made manifest to the King until Napoleon arrived at Fontainebleau. Neither had any measures been taken to ensure the escape of the royal family, although from the 15th instant the authorities were aware of the rapid advance of the Emperor. Was this the result of heedlessness or of treason? In truth, one knows not what name to give it.

I must here describe the scene, the memory of which will never fade from the minds of those who witnessed it. I allude to the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 18th or 19th of March. The King made a speech, a good one doubtless; but nothing took effect like the exclamation of the Count d'Artois:—

"Sire," cried he, "permit that I unite my voice, and that of all your family, with your own. Yes, Sire, it is in the name of honour, that we swear fidelity to your Majesty and to the Constitutional Charter, which secures the felicity of the French!"

The Duke de Berri, the Duke d'Orleans, and the Prince de Conde, all exclaimed,

"We swear it!"

It is difficult for any one but a witness of this remarkable scene to have a just idea of it. The solemn oath taken, in the midst of the tempest, by the sovereign and his heir, had an august cha-

racter which penetrated whilst it re-assured. I confess that it made upon me a deep impression. They had talked of defending Paris with a *corps d'armée* commanded by the Duke de Berri; but this was a silly thought. In fact, if one could have laughed at all just then, it would have been at the men who surrounded Louis XVIII. The most absurd was M. Dandre, prefect of police, who was altogether a most singular personage. When he was at length convinced of what every body else had known long before, namely, that Bonaparte had disembarked in France, he did nothing but repeat the fact—

"How!" said he, rubbing his hands, "has he *dared* to come here? But so much the better: they will shoot him!"

Were time and place not wanting, one might recount strange things relating to this unhappy court. It had been too strongly marked to change. It was, in 1816, as it had been in 1791, wrapped in complete blindness. M. de Blacas sought to persuade the King that Bonaparte's disembarkation was to his great advantage. Louis XVIII. said, himself, to an individual of my family who was greatly in his confidence,

"This poor Blacas brought to my mind Olivarès announcing to Philip IV. the loss of Portugal, when he spoke to me of the good I should deduce from the arrival of Bonaparte."

About midnight, on the 19th of March, Louis XVIII. quitted the château for the Tuileries, which he had revisited after an exile of twenty-three

years. He perhaps suffered more than formerly, on recommencing this life of misfortune, for courage is exhausted by grief. He knew well too the extent of the evil that his departure might occasion—the melancholy result of that spirit of emigration commenced in 1791—of that court-spirit which had already produced such profound misfortunes, and was now in action again. The staircases, the courts, the avenues of the châteaux were crowded with persons, all silent and in consternation. At the moment when his carriage, drawn by eight horses, drew up, there was an almost spontaneous movement of every eye towards the top of the grand staircase. The king descended slowly, for his infirmities pressed the more heavily on him in this agonizing hour. This departure of a decrepit prince in the middle of the night, quitting his capital as a fugitive, could not be otherwise than touching—manifesting, as he did throughout, an elevated heart, and a soul capable of great things.

Twenty-four hours had not intervened ere this palace witnessed a scene of a very different nature —the return of the Emperor. He had arrived on the eve at Fontainebleau, with his brave grenadiers; and, upon hearing of the departure of the Bourbons, he perceived that there must be no interregnum. He, therefore, hastened forward, desirous of reaching the capital without any delay; but the crowd assembled on the road impeding him at every step, it was not till nine o'clock P. M. that he entered Paris.

What must have been his emotions on passing

under the triumphal arch of the Tuileries! on finding himself borne thither by that ever faithful army, which conducted him, through the shades of night, to this royal residence, long his own! On seeing him the people of Paris manifested joy; but it was not the joy of the provinces—the frantic enthusiasm—the worship—of the Dauphinese and Lyonnais. Napoleon perceived this, and the conviction, perhaps, determined him to have recourse to the revolutionary party.

The Emperor found himself, in fact, in a different position from that of the preceding year. Italy was still, it is true, partly his: but since that epoch, it had greatly changed. The viceroy had been compelled to fly, in order to avoid assassination, and was at Vienna, almost a prisoner. This circmstance requires to be explained more in detail, for it is very little understood.

It may be remembered that, in one of the preceding volumes, I spoke of General Pino, who found himself at Bologna, through means of the Duke of Otranto; and I said that, with them, he had offered General La Vauguyon to introduce the King of Naples into Mantua, where all the Italian army lay. It appears, from recent documents, that the viceroy was informed of the conduct of General Pino, who was superior commandant of the royal Italian guard. He recalled him to Milan, and General Lecchi, second in command, held his power in the interim.

Re-entering Milan, whilst Prince Eugene was at Mantua, General Pino took part in a secret society, whose aim was to render Italy an indepen-

dent nation, expelling both French and Austrians. No sooner was the Emperor's abdication promulgated, than the senate was convoked to deliberate. One might presume that Prince Eugene might be elected, for he was much beloved; but such was not the will of the secret society, which had, besides, certain schemes of vengeance to execute. These soon became apparent; for in truth, a troop of revolters surrounded the hall of deliberation, compelling the senators to dissolve and betake themselves to flight. The ostensible cause of this tumult was an obnoxious impost; but it soon assumed an alarming character. The insurgents tore down all the emblems of the imperial government, and popular fury directed itself principally against a Piedmontese, named Prissa, or Prisca, I am not sure which, who had been minister of finances. This unhappy man finding himself pursued, and hearing his name pronounced with threats of death, by the furious multitude, hid himself in the roof-work of his hotel. Here the populace discovered and seized him. Having tied his feet together, they dragged him thus through the streets of Milan, until the last drop of his blood had stained the pavement—until the last shred of his flesh had been lanced by the mad fury of this gang of murderers.

General Pino was the enemy of Prissa, both being Piedmontese. The spirit of hatred must have been very strong in this man, for he kept constantly at the head of the insurgents, with his *état-major*, nor could the victim utter a single cry of agony without its being heard by him.

Soon after the army mutinied, on some pretext or other, and violent murmurs were raised against the viceroy, who was at Mantua with his consort and children, and the royal guard. The latter remained faithful, and partook not of the bad spirit of the army. A provisional government (according to fashion) was formed, and General Pino formed part of it. From that moment every thing might be feared.

One day, General Lecchi, second in command of the Italian royal guard, received an order at Mantua, to conduct him to Milan. He being absent, the order was opened by one of my kinsmen, Colonel Peraldi, a cousin of my mother, in his quality of eldest colonel of the guard. Astonished, he communicated the contents to the viceroy.

Prince Eugene shuddered.

"They would commit another assassination," cried the noble young man.

"Monseigneur," said Colonel Peraldi, "you need fear nothing in the midst of your guard. We will die rather than suffer danger to approach you."

Prince Eugene took the Colonel's hand, and pressed it. He was strongly affected, but he perceived his situation to be critical. Marshal Bellegarde, informed of what had passed, and what he had to fear, hastened his departure from Mantua, on the following night. His wife, who had not yet risen from her last confinement, followed with her infants, and Colonel Peraldi escorted the noble and unfortunate family.

CHAPTER XXV.

Difference of enthusiasm—Surprise of Paris—Historical recollections o fthe Castle of the Tuileries—To whom should be ascribed the errors of 1814 and 1815—Sinister presentiments—The King of Rome—The French Marshals in 1815—The iron cage—Catastrophe — Reverses—Waterloo—What Napoleon was to France, from 1795 to 1814.

NAPOLEON, on arriving at Paris, found, as has been remarked, a great difference as contrasted with the enthusiasm of Lyons and Dauphine. The metropolis was, in fact, surprised. Paris is not like another city: it contains a swarming population, who know not how to direct their own emotions.

As we have said, it was nine in the evening when Bonaparte re-entered the Château of the Tuileries—that royal palace, formerly deserted by its masters, and made the residence of a sanguinary horde. Later still, it was entirely abandoned—becoming an asylum for the birds of night; and an object of popular traditions and terrifying stories. Lights were said to be seen by the inhabitants of the Rue de l'Orangerie, in those apartments which had been used by Louis XVI. and

Marie-Antoinette, nor were there wanting other sinister legends. When, afterwards, the monarchy was revived, the château became again royal, and the scene of a succession of splendid fêtes rendered by the renown of Napoleon immortal as his glory. Paris will never forget them. When the Emperor flew back to France from his disastrous expedition to Russia, he again reposed under the royal roof of the Tuileries: but it was merely as a traveller receiving hospitality.

Louis XVIII. came back from exile, and sought in his paternal mansion a shelter after many storms. He found its princely chambers more resplendent than ever. He entered the apartment which should be his own. The bed of Bonaparte was ready made. He was about to occupy it, and should not have forgotten (to use the words of a man of great talent) that this bed was made of laurels, and that the sheets were standards, (*que les draps étaient des drapeaux.*) But he *did* forget all—or, at least, those who surrounded him: and he was compelled again to quit this mansion, which seems to repel all crowned heads which successively strive to sleep under its shelter.

But impressions are involuntary; and Paris, although its population thronged to behold Napoleon, presented on the evening of the 20th of March, a triste and sullen aspect. The theatres were shut; and when the Emperor reached the gates of the Tuileries, he found, indeed, an immense crowd; but the absence of many faces he looked to see, was remarked by him with the greater bit-

terness, as the enthusiasm of the provinces had led him to anticipate very different things.

The fact, is, that Paris was secretly influenced by the faction at whose head was Fouché. I have related the strange circumstance, that from fifty to sixty letters arrived at Grenoble, on the morning of the 5th of March, with the Paris post-mark. The Emperor declared he had no knowledge of these letters. Who was at work then? It has been said that the Duke of Otranto was an agent for the Duke of Orleans. I believe this to be likely enough, but it matters not. The vicinity of Murat, who came within twenty leagues of Paris, also excites in me strange suspicions. The Duke of Otranto was well with the Queen of Naples—an intriguing woman, to whom France was always a point of aim and of hope—she had then lost all.

However this might be, the state of Paris was throughout forced and unnatural. In my *History of the Restoration*, I shall expose, (for I can,) the different means employed to set the feelings of the people at variance with their interests. This epoch is, in truth, extremely interesting, and is capable of throwing much light upon the obscurity in which several years of Charles the Tenth's reign are enveloped. It is worthy notice, that Monsieur and the Duchess d'Angoulême were both against M. de Blacas, the veritable plague of France, and author of all her humiliations; yet notwithstanding this apparent perception of the mischief done by Blacas, Charles X. did quite as much.

The very spirit of change seemed attached to the walls of the Tuileries; and Napoleon was subjected to its influence, when on the 20th of March, he again crossed the threshold of the palace: on the 20th March—that day which had, in the same mansion, witnessed Fortune's last smile upon him at the birth of the King of Rome. He desired to consecrate that event by a miraculous return. But by what thoughts was that return accompanied? what resolutions circled through his gigantic mind, now mastered by destiny! He perceived, on the instant, unhappy man! that fate had reversed his chances—for that infant which, like a new Messiah, had spread peace and hope throughout his immense capital—the joy of whose population reverberated round his throne, and seemed calculated to sustain it—that infant was no longer in his power.

Oh, who can divine what were the reflections which occupied the great soul of Napoleon, when he placed his hand on the marble balustrade of that staircase, which but a few months before, so many kings had ascended and descended, simply as his courtiers. Doubtless he imagined he should again see them crouch before him. His mistake was, in forgetting that it was the people alone who had borne him on their arms to the Tuileries.

What were the Marshals doing all this time?—One of them (Marshal N——) said to Louis XVIII. "Sire, I will bring him to you like a wild beast, in an iron cage." Another, (Marshal S——) issued a proclamation in which he designated Bonaparté a

villain; while a third of those men who should have made for him a rampart with their bodies, (Marshal M——) made an arrangement to invest his property in an enemy's country.

It was, then, destitute of all the aid he should have received from these individuals, (brave doubtless in themselves, but *illustrious* only through him,) that Napoleon re-entered, on the 20th of March, the château of the Tuileries, while the fire lighted on the previous evening for the use of Louis XVIII. still burnt in the principal kitchen. Napoleon did not well comprehend his position: it was new to him; and he should therefore have employed new instruments. He believed the Marshals less fickle, and regretted *his own men*, as he termed them. But these men were no longer *his*—they were *themselves*—and his error concerning them ruined him. He used plans ill cemented together to enable him to cross a bottomless abyss. He could but perish.

The 20th of March was perhaps the most unfortunate crisis in the life of Napoleon. It *might* have been a day of regeneration both for him and France: it *was* a day fatal to both.

Thus I regard the 20th of March, 1815, as the termination of the grand military and political existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here we must stop,—for greatness had done with him. Waterloo was the tomb of all that had escaped the sabre of the Cossacks, and the cannon of the Austrians and Russians. Thus was engulfed our national honour, weighed down by infamous trea-

sons. Waterloo came upon us like a flame kindled in hell, and destroyed our fortune—our glory—our all!—even hope. Oh, Waterloo! Waterloo!

No! I will not dwell on that horrible day. I will not divulge that which I *know*. I will not publish the disgrace of a French name. I will not tell that the battle *might* have been gained, yet *was* not. In such a case, silence is duty.

The 20th of March, then, is the day whereon, in these Memoirs, I quit Napoleon. I have conducted him, as it were by the hand, almost from his cradle to mature age; through the world, which rang with his marvels, and unto this day, when, more surprising than ever, he re-entered alone, at the head of a few brave men, the palace conquered by his sword—whence he issued to front entire Europe armed against him. The 21st of March no longer beheld that radiant light which had hitherto pointed out his road, like the star commissioned to guide the eastern kings. The 21st of March, in fact, begins a series of days foreign to Napoleon. I am about to publish a History of the Restoration, to commence with 1814. These Memoirs, already voluminous, cannot comprise all the necessary documents; and besides, I repeat that I regard the *illustrious* career of Napoleon terminating here.

Let us pause awhile on the recollection of so many great actions—so many brilliant achievements. Even yet we may bow before a destiny, not resembled by any other. I review it with a

sentiment profoundly religious. Napoleon was to France, from 1795 to 1814, a tutelary Providence; a light which will shine ages hence. Under gilded ceilings, or roofs of thatch, this truth will always be proclaimed and recognised; and I am happy that my name should be attached to this relation of events, designed to perpetuate the memory of that epoch.

END OF VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
SCHULZE, PRINTER, POLAND STREET.

00032153

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 04 February, 2016